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ABUSES OF PUBLIC ADVERTISING.

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IN considering the abuses of public advertising, it is best to admit at the start that advertising is a thoroughly creditable, an important, and even an indispensable part of trade, and that its benefit is scarcely less to the consumer than to the producer. Hence, discussion of its "abuses" means only discussion of the wrong use of a good thing, — as one might find, if he wished, a fruitful theme in the "abuses" of religion or of public libraries.

As a matter of fact, there are many different phases of this wrong use of public advertising, so that they cannot all be grouped under the two heads, moral and æsthetic, beneath which they would probably be placed by a general audience asked to classify them. There is, for instance, not infrequently, economic abuse. Yet the wrong uses of advertising that concern the public are undoubtedly most often violations of the ideals of morality or æsthetics.

In so far, however, as advertising is public, in the sense that it does not make a personal appeal by inclosure in an addressed envelope, by appearing on the front steps of the house, or under the door, or by its publication in a periodical admitted to the home, the moral issue has ceased to be especially pressing. Even in that personal appeal that is so general as barely to escape being "public," the

offense (when there is one) is rather in suggestiveness, or against good taste, than actually immoral in its character.

The public advertising that vaunts itself upon the highway recognizes, as regards moral standards, the force of a public opinion that has found itself. It is no part of the advertiser's business to offend people, and even had he himself a very debased moral standard, that of the community would become his law. So the moral issue, in fact or in name, is raised only now and then concerning the public advertising; and it is confined for the most part to a dispute regarding what may be called the conventional street costume of the ladies of the billboard, in communities with a stricter sense of the proprieties than is common in great cities. The matter becomes one of local option, with the advertisers willing enough to respect the existing prejudices, if they know them; since the play can hardly make a profit in the town that will not endure its posters. And of all the subjects of public advertising, only one involves these objections.

Thus it is that a consideration of the abuses of this business must deal mainly at present with its violation of æsthetic ideals. There are several reasons for this. The æsthetic standard of the community is much less definite and concurrent than the moral; and advertisers, con-

sidering the matter one only of taste, have no special compunction about offending such a standard as may exist. They may even glory in shocking the eye, on the ground that thus they will make an impression, and that, willy nilly, their announcement will be remembered. So in the business of public advertising much is done that an intelligent and increasingly large section of the public may properly deem an abuse of the public's æsthetic rights; and there is coming to be serious question concerning these abuses, and what steps can be taken to check or to remedy them.

The first question of the exasperated citizen is likely to be an impatient inquiry whether the whole business of display advertising in public cannot be stopped; whether the advertisers may not be driven to the newspapers and magazines to make their announcements, pictorial or printed; or, at best, be suffered to make public announcement only on the premises occupied by the business advertised. If the step were possible, it would be sheer folly to take it. This kind of advertising has been accurately described as an attempt "to call people's attention to something for which they are not seeking, but which it may be for their advantage to know." How long some of us would live without certain little conveniences or luxuries of table, toilet, or dress, and what a business we should have to make of watching the papers for amusement announcements, if display advertising in public were not constantly calling our attention to such matters, insuring us from overlooking them! The producer's need of advertising would not exist, did not the public need it also.

The next question, and one repeatedly advanced by those who write letters to newspapers, is whether it may not be possible for an "enlightened" public opinion to make its influence felt, and to compel respect for its taste by the advertisers, through means of the boycott. If the goods offensively advertised were not

so often the best goods of their class, and if, through the very aggressiveness of their advertisement, their names did not stick in the mind when the article of modest announcement has been forgotten, there might be a chance for the proposed boycott to succeed. But now all the weight of psychology and the force of our poor sheeplike human nature are against it.

Shall we give up the fight, then; shall we offer no obstructions to the ever rising flood of public advertisements; shall we abandon our towns and cities to them, relinquish the dream of dignity, peace, and beauty in our surroundings; shall we hold nothing sacred, — sky or ocean, rock or tree, public building, church, or monument? The churches and monuments of Paris have served as boards for despised and fluttering posters; trees have died that their dead trunks might advertise a pill; romantic scenery has been forced to offer reminder of ache or appetite; the glory of the sunset silhouettes against the sky the title of a breakfast food; and the windows of the defenseless home look out on circus girls, corsets, and malt whiskey. There is needed no apology for an assertion that the business has abuses; and clearly, if we cannot deal with it in one general act of prohibition or of boycott, there yet must be expressions and developments upon the abusive quality of which we all shall agree. For such abuses correction should be possible; but we must be fair, for against unreasonableness even the bulwark of law and ordinance cannot stand.

First, then, we may consider the desecration of natural scenery. This was one of the earliest and most flagrant of the abuses. It is still so rampant on lines of heavy travel that its correction seems a futile dream, and yet in response to a public opinion that is proceeding cautiously and reasonably in its demands reforms are in progress. The Associated Billposters of the United States and Can-

ada now officially condemn the practice of painting signs upon rocks and other natural objects in picturesque landscapes, although they seem to offer no objection to putting a hoarding for posters and paintings in front of the natural object. The distinction is a fine one, but it means some gain. Several railroads have prohibited the erection of billboards on their own property; and although this scarcely disturbs the advertiser, who can still use the private property on either side of the right of way, it shuts out one possible extension of the abuse that has tremendous possibilities. In at least one case, also, a great railroad company has taken to planting quickly growing trees at such places as to hide the hoardings erected on adjacent land. The Boston and Albany Road has gained a like end in the suburbs of Boston by planting screens of shrubs or a hedge at the top of the cut; and it has become no unusual thing for a railroad company, conscious of the popular feeling, to exert its influence, as far as it can, upon the adjacent property owners, to induce them to refuse to lease advertising rights. But a public opinion, that very unanimously considers the extension of hospitality to advertisements by a barn or other outbuilding, or even by a field, as a badge of the farmer's poverty, is perhaps doing more than is anything else to remedy this abuse.

When the natural scenery is not that of the free and open country a new phase of the difficulty appears. If it should be easy now for the public to keep advertisements out of a domain which the public has reserved for its own enjoyment, the very circumstance that the exceptional beauty or grandeur of the scene attracts multitudes of visitors makes the field one especially coveted by the advertiser. He cannot enter, but he can go to the border. For example, two governments have united at great expenditure to preserve from violation the majesty of Niagara Falls. Yet on a strip of untaken territory, in full view from nearly every

vantage point, an enormous hoarding overlooks the cataract. If it stands upon Canadian soil it advertises an American business, so that the enterprise is as fairly international as must be the recognition of the sign's unfitness there.

In *The Billposter* for January, 1903, there was the statement:—

"At a seaside resort you will find all classes gathered together, all looking for health, rest, and happiness. At these places every one is at ease, there are no business cares to worry or annoy, and when people are in that peculiarly happy frame of mind, they are more easily impressed, and the impressions last longer than at any time.

"As all advertising is simply the indenting of certain facts into the minds of the public, then at no other place can these results be reached as quickly or as surely as at a seaside resort. In large cities busy men and women may not always have the time to see a billboard or bulletin, but at a seaside resort they take the time to look at it, to read it, and to store up the statements."

This is the argument of the advertiser. It is the explanation of a development in the business that we all perceive to be an abuse. Its logical conclusion would find in the city parks, created that the people might there find rest and throw off the protective shell of hostile indifference, which in town is their only safeguard against nervous exhaustion, a capital site for billboards. But the public saw this danger, and the parks were saved from trespass. The advertiser accordingly obtained a footing on private lands in sight of the parks, and there erected posters that should scream across the meadows, overtop the shrubs and bushes, and peer among the trees. At Niagara Falls he attained a triumph that was splendid because he had so little to overcome; but in kind it did not differ from the petty victories on the park borders of countless towns and cities. Thus it has lately become clear that the public must go a

step farther, fully to safeguard its own reservations. It must regulate the advertising on the adjacent land.

In Massachusetts a legislative bill became a law in the winter of 1903, conferring upon "the officer or officers, having charge of public parks and parkways in any city or town" of the state, authority to "make such reasonable rules and regulations respecting the display of signs, posters, or advertisements in or near to or visible from public parks or parkways entrusted to their care, as they may deem necessary for preserving the objects for which such parks and parkways are established and maintained." Violation of the regulations adopted was made punishable by fine. The enactment of such a law had been vigorously contested for years, and it was only after a strong and very interesting opinion, upholding its constitutionality, had been secured from the attorney general, that the public-spirited bodies engaged in pushing the bill were able to secure its passage. Now that the bill is a law the fact that there was such a fight vastly strengthens it. A

test case, however, has been carried into the courts.

Of the rules adopted by the various park boards in response to the authority thus granted, those of the Metropolitan Commission may be fairly taken as a type. They prohibit the erection or maintenance of any sign, poster, or advertisement within such distance of the park or parkway, or in such place, as shall render its "words, figures, or devices . . . plainly visible to the naked eye within such park or parkway." But from this prohibition they except, on land or building, one advertisement not exceeding fifteen inches by twenty feet, and relating exclusively to the property on which it is placed, "or to the business thereon conducted, or to the person conducting the same." These rules, which have been accepted as "reasonable," yet safeguard even the borders of the reserved domain.¹ In Chicago there had been adopted, two years before, a local ordinance declaring that any billboard within two hundred feet of a park or parkway, and more than three feet

¹ The principal contest in regard to this legislation was waged over the point whether the state, if proposing to take from the owner of a piece of land a right that might be valuable (as the display of advertisements), should not take this right by eminent domain and compensate him for its loss, rather than under the police powers without compensation. Following are some extracts from the attorney general's opinion:—

"Any use of private property which materially interferes with the public comfort, except in those cases where the reasonable requirements of the owner afford him justification or excuse, is a nuisance. Noises and odors have always been treated as nuisances, even without legislative adjudication that they are unwholesome. . . .

"There is no legal reason why an offense to the eyes should have a different standing from an offense to the other organs. To strike the unwilling ear is in principle the same as to catch the unwilling eye. . . .

"Persons whose property is affected by such restrictions have no right to compensation, because one of the incidents to property is a condition that it shall not be so used as unreasonably to impair the interests of the community. . . .

"Since the public good justifies the spending of money to produce an aesthetic effect, the court will not hold that a reasonable regulation to preserve the effect for, which the public money was spent is beyond the power of the Legislature."

Another argument brought forward at the hearings was that the principal value of the right to be curtailed had been created by the public as an incident to the establishment of the much sought public pleasure grounds, and that it was proposed to curtail the right only in so far as its exercise interfered with the public purpose which gave rise to its value. The question of compensation has lately had a similar decision in Prussia, where within a few months the parliament has enacted a bill "to prevent the disfigurement of places remarkable for their natural beauty." The bill empowers police courts (elective municipal bodies) to prohibit "such advertisement boards and other notices and pictures as disfigure the landscape outside urban districts." No exception is made for the place or purpose of the sign, as the one criterion is disfiguring effect; and no compensation is allowed. This measure also had very thorough discussion before it was passed.

square, was a public nuisance, and should be torn down; and in New York an ordinance to like effect had been passed even earlier. It would seem that the principle, which has had such thorough examination, must apply with equal fairness in other states and cities, and thus that one popularly recognized abuse of advertising may be remedied.

From the thought that advertisements may be properly restricted in certain places in a town, because of the injury they do to a desired æsthetic effect, it is no long step to a belief that the right should be given to the municipality to determine where they may or may not be put, in all parts of the town. To illustrate: a few years ago the London branch of a Chicago firm caused two huge advertisements to be so placed at Dover that they were staringly visible against the background of the cliffs. Although no park scenery was affected, protests appeared in the newspapers, not only of Dover, but of London and other cities; and a strongly signed petition was presented to the Mayor and Council begging for interference. The officials requested the firm to forego its privilege, and the firm declined. The Mayor and his colleagues then appealed to Parliament, and secured the passage of a bill giving to the Corporation of Dover the power to grant advertisement licenses for such sites as it saw fit, and to require the removal of any advertisements for which there was no license, unless they were exhibited within a window, or gave notice of an entertainment to be held on the land or in the building that bore them. So the step was taken. And the history of its taking at Dover is little more than a repetition of the circumstances which had caused it in 1897 to be taken in Edinburgh, with the result that Edinburgh has been called the pioneer in the municipal regulation of advertisements.

But if the thought that town or city can designate the places on which advertisements may be shown, and can prohibit

their erection elsewhere, has seemed to be reached by entirely natural steps, it is not to be supposed that this conception has failed to encounter vigorous opposition from the advertisers. It is too simple and sweeping a panacea to the abuses of advertising for them calmly to submit. Fully to understand this, we should go back a little and note that there have been three interesting movements in progress in the advertising business: (1) Its amazing increase in the last few years, and the multiplication and growing extent of what may be called its abuses; (2) the consequent increase of public interest, concern, and occasional resentment, with no little hostile legislation resulting; (3) the affiliation of local billboard interests into a national body, for the purpose of more successfully opposing adverse public action.

The line of battle has thus been clearly drawn. The public in a thousand communities recognizes certain developments of advertising as abuses, and is trying to check them, while the advertisers are standing together for what they call their rights. A fourth movement that should develop with us, and for which there is already call, is a similar coördinating of the local public efforts. This has been accomplished in Great Britain, first by the organization of a National Society for Checking Abuses of Public Advertising ("Scapa"), and second by the formation of the Parliamentary Amenities Party. The latter is a committee, of which James Bryce is chairman, made up of members of both houses of Parliament, who agree to stand by and stand for the preservation of civic and rural amenities and to oppose unfavorable legislation. To accomplish its purposes, the committee appoints a small sub-committee which keeps in communication with seven societies that exist for the furtherance of one or another phase of these amenities. There are plenty of societies in this country, and the work to be done now is to make possible their concerted action.

Until this has been accomplished, the warfare between the public and the advertisers must be a series of guerrilla conflicts which can be of little satisfaction to either side. The narrative also becomes difficult to write, for it is made up from various small specific contests that have to serve as types. These can best be marshaled into order by now imagining ourselves as entering the town.

In the open country "the enemy" had gathered in strongest force along the steam road, the trolley road, and highway; coming into town we have observed that the parks are safe, and that the advertisers are retiring even from park boundaries. But we shall see that in the town there is the hardest fighting. Here the advertisers have most to lose. Such satisfactory conditions as those described in Edinburgh and Dover are exceptional in Great Britain, and are probably without parallel in the United States. Most communities have to deal separately with a large variety of abuses.

Possibly the first to attract attention is the fixture of advertisements to trees. This is done in the country also, but in the city it tends to become a prevalent rather than an occasional evil. There is a state law against it in Massachusetts; in New Hampshire one must have a written permit from the tree warden; and municipal ordinances against the abuse have become throughout the country far commoner than is their strict enforcement. It is clearly an economic waste to endanger the life of a beautiful tree that has attained its growth only after years by affixing to it posters of doubtful interest to-day and of none to-morrow. The abuse is so palpable that there has been little difficulty about making it illegal; but the advertisements put on trees are generally small, and public opinion is careless about the law's enforcement.

Frequently the ordinance designed to

protect the tree classes with it the telegraph, telephone, and lighting service pole, though the abuse in this case as far as the public is concerned is much less obvious. But the fixture of posters to a pole is almost as bad for the pole as for the tree, and if an ordinance does not protect it the company to whom the poles belong is likely to require that advertisers keep away. In the larger cities, therefore, this evil — recently so serious — is beginning to be checked.

Advertisements on the trees seemed an abuse so outrageous as to demand immediate attention; but the billboards that in the country were scattered, now that the town is reached, commence to close in upon us. They line the street where there is vacant land; they are erected even upon roofs; they are no respecters of fine views, of neighborhoods, of civic dignity, of pretensions to civic pride or stateliness. They may rise billboard upon billboard, two "deked" or three; they are of all kinds, — some neat and orderly, and some with torn posters on broken boards, thoroughly disreputable. It is plain that the billboard question of the cities is not one question, but many; and it is here that the guerrilla warfare becomes most in evidence.

There is no public demand that the billboards be utterly suppressed, — only that they be regulated; and if we are to regulate them we must determine what of their developments may be fairly called abuses. Excessive height certainly is one. Municipal ordinances usually attack this under the building laws, on the plea that hoardings wholly unlimited as to height and dimensions "might readily become a constant and continuing danger to the lives and persons of those who should pass along the street in proximity to them."¹ There is, as pointed out in some communities, an added danger from fire.

Rochester against Robert West (1900), all the judges concurring.

¹ These words are taken from the opinion written by Justice Martin of the Court of Appeals (New York) in the case of the City of

This effort to limit the height of billboards affords, by the way, some interesting illustrations of the unequal conflict now going on between the united billposters and a public that lacks union. An ordinance was adopted in Buffalo, for example, a few years ago, to limit the height of billboards to seven feet. It was contested, and the battle was carried from court to court, until finally the ordinance was approved by the highest court of the state. The Billposters' Association, in order to become a foreign corporation and thus come under the jurisdiction of the Federal courts, then obtained incorporation outside of New York, and began injunction proceedings in a United States court to prevent action under the ordinance. By this means long delays were gained, and the fight is now being made for the Buffalo posters by the National Association. This is thoroughly organized, and its system is said to be so complete that it practically controls the situation in every city and town in the United States.

The location of the billboards may be a not less aggravating abuse than excessive height, and it is even more frequent in its annoyance. We have seen how the thought that a city can forbid the placing of billboards in proximity to a park may lead by a natural advance to its claim of the right to determine where they shall be located, in all parts of the town. But the step, if natural, has proved too radical to be taken as yet except on the rarest occasions, and the billposting companies are restricted in their choice of desirable sites only by the easy task of finding a land-owner who is willing to lease to them a strip of property that otherwise probably brings him nothing. It has been many times suggested that a reasonable condition to impose would be the procurement of the consent of the adjacent property holders. A man should not be suffered to do with his property that which his neighbors consider a nuisance. In Chicago this requirement has

been put into an ordinance which demands that no billboard be erected on a residence street without the consent of three fourths of the frontage in the block concerned. Another suggested requirement is that the billboards be put back a certain number of feet from the building line, with the result that they shall be visible only when one is directly in front of them, and shall not mar the street vista.

The measures that have been adopted in some foreign cities for the control of advertisements, generally, of course affect hoardings in particular, since these exist expressly for advertisements. They will be touched upon later. Meanwhile it is only fair to say parenthetically that even the billboard, with all its faults, has good points and has improved. A well-built hoarding, with neatly framed posters, may be so much preferable to an abandoned vacant lot as to be by comparison no nuisance. And with the enormous growth and more efficient organization of the advertising business, there are factors naturally at work to remedy some of the more glaring billboard offenses. The hoardings are better constructed; they are kept in repair; the posters have distinctly improved in artistic character; it is becoming the custom, in order to secure greater effectiveness, to set each poster within its own frame or moulding; and this, with a standardizing of sizes, tends to lessen somewhat the discordance of the always inharmonious battery. Finally, the advertisers themselves have learned that mere multiplicity may go too far; and now in almost every city there are advertising rights which are leased but not used, because the signs displayed are rendered more valuable through the keeping of neighboring sites vacant. That the best billboard may invite to acts behind it that are contrary to the law, and may be so offensive in itself to a neighborhood as actually to decrease the value of property, is good evidence that the possibilities of advertising abuse are very many in the billboard, and that

unless the hoardings are legislated out of existence no general restrictions can guarantee unflinching satisfaction. There will always remain cases to be separately judged. In justice, therefore, it ought to be acknowledged that the hoarding is not wholly evil, however fruitful a source of evil; and that the billboard which is a civic abuse in one place may not be one somewhere else.

Of other advertising developments, the so-called "sky signs" are generally recognized in Great Britain as an abuse, many of the corporations having ordinances prohibiting the erection of signs of which the letters, standing clear of a building's top, show against the sky. This is forbidden even in London. Flash-lights and certain kinds of illuminated advertisements are also condemned, on the ground that they might frighten horses; and the use of vehicles exclusively or principally for the displaying of advertisements is very frequently prohibited. American cities and towns quite commonly go to the extent of prohibiting the stringing of banners across the street, or requiring for the act a special permission that is rarely granted except to political parties. Projecting signs, standing out from building fronts, have so many possibilities of abuse that ordinances almost always hedge them about, determining their minimum height above the sidewalk and their maximum projection and size.

It may be well at this point, lest these and other curbs to the advertiser's freedom to ply his business how and where he pleases seem too onerous, to ask ourselves just what would be a reasonable ideal in the display of advertisements on the street. For our modern civic art is not impractical. It would not exclude from its dream of the city beautiful the whirl and hum of traffic, the exhilarating evidences of nervous energy, enterprise, vigor, and endeavor. It loves the straining, striving, competing, as the most marked of urban characteristics, and in

the advertising problem it will feel, not hostility, but the thrill of opportunity. It will recognize evils in the present methods, but will find them the evils of excess and unrestraint, and it will perceive possibilities of artistic achievement by which even the advertising can be made to serve the ends of *art dans la rue*. As far, then, as abuses are concerned, civic art would predicate its desire for restrictions upon the conception of what the street reasonably ought to be. Any advertising display out of harmony with this conception would be considered an abuse.

There would be required, first, a clear path for travel by walk or road, which means that advertisements must retire to the building line. Second, there would be insistence that no announcement intrude upon the vista of the street. These requirements purport, concretely, that civic art — that is, the art of making cities dignified and beautiful — would prohibit advertisement erections of any kind at the curb or on the sidewalk, and would suffer no public utility, or ornament of the way, to be placarded; would frown upon projecting signs, and would have no banners hung across the street. It would sweep the street clean of advertisements from building line to building line. And, on the buildings, it would require that there be some respect for the architecture; it would not have advertisements plaster a façade. In this matter it has a positive as well as a negative creed, but that is not part of a discussion of the abuses of advertising.

Of the restrictions thus demanded several have already had mention. In regard to the removal of bulletin boards, signs, and transparencies from a position on the sidewalk, probably the most interesting case for citation is that lately offered by the Merchants' Association of San Francisco. This is interesting because the prime movers in demanding the ordinance and its rigid enforcement were merchants, — not a few visionary and impractical idealists, but the advertisers

themselves; and the action, formally taken after long thought, was that of the association which represented them, and which is one of the strongest commercial bodies in the United States. The ordinance excludes everything except clocks, and refuses to permit any advertisement on these. It should be noted in connection with this that when all the advertisers of a community are subject to the same prohibition, no one is put at a disadvantage; and that, without restrictions, there may be a competition between advertisers which will prove a very serious abuse to them.

The fixture of posters to monuments and other public ornaments of the way is not attempted in this country; but two years ago it was a serious abuse in Paris. The public utilities are usually protected by ordinance, whether owned by the municipality or public service corporations, and lately there has been an interesting extension of this restriction by its application to railroad structures. Chicago offers an example in an ordinance adopted last fall. It requires that the advertisements on so much of the elevated railroad structures and stations as is not on the company's own right of way — that is, for instance, on stations built over cross streets — shall be removed. In London advertising on railroad bridges is forbidden, and in Glasgow and many other cities of Great Britain advertisements are not allowed on the outside of the trams. This was an advertising abuse that had become much more serious in England than it ever has become with us. Finally, any advertisements on the public buildings or on the pavements, or the scattering of handbills in the streets which the city is trying to keep clean, may be properly called an advertising abuse that it is utterly inconsistent for the city to allow.

There is philosophically also an essential fitness in the protection by a city of its own property from advertising disfigurement; for if the community as a body

cannot be loyal to a wish for civic dignity and beauty, or does not on its own property set an example, it cannot expect its citizens to be zealous and particular. It has the advantage, too, that it can be frankly loyal to an æsthetic ideal, while the citizens have to show that the advertisement to which they object does injury and is a nuisance. They also are distracted by conflicting interests, and find it difficult to judge impartially of the good or evil of advertisements from the standpoint that the city, in its aloofness, takes. And no other course than the protection of its property is logical for a community that is spending money not merely to keep clean and neat, but to secure positive æsthetic results by maintaining parks and squares, and by erecting handsome public buildings, fountains, and statues.

A grievous mistake, therefore, is made when a town undertakes to advertise its attractions by means of a monster hoarding beside the railroad. This is an abuse of advertising that is growing somewhat in frequency. In the West you will often come to a town with a town-sign; but the best thing that a town can have is an ideal, and a civic spirit that will work for that ideal. The town-sign reveals, more emphatically than it says anything else, the crudity of the vision which the community has. The condition is sad enough when the great city of New York presents to the stranger on the viaduct of Brooklyn Bridge only a sea of signs; but he does not think quite as badly of it as he would if the city itself had officially set up the signs, — to show him that it was thriving! He would have then considered it thriving, and nothing better.

Akin, in lack of consistency, to a town's deliberate and official marring of its beauty by the erection of a hoarding is the permission which associations that exist to uplift communal life sometimes grant to advertisers to use their property. The Academy of Design in New York,

having purchased a spacious site for a beautiful new home, let for advertising purposes the boards surrounding its property. These were covered with a huge sign to advertise a five-cent cigar, while on the same premises the society was conducting free art classes in an effort to train the taste of the youth of New York. It is clear that all the advertising abuses are not due to the advertisers. A degree of responsibility rests upon the public itself.

In occasional discouragement, the champions of a better sort of advertising may well ask, now and then, "Whom shall we trust?" This feeling, and, above all, the knowledge of the immense and rapid growth of the business, of its increasing resources, and its efficient organization, have inspired a fear that has led to attempts to control it and restrict it as a whole. Foreign cities and nations, managing this more easily than can the United States, offer a number of interesting examples. France and Belgium have a tax on posters, and such an impost has been proposed in England. It is easily levied by means of stamps, and through the proportioning of the tax to the size of the poster considerable restraint is exercised. The tax also makes it possible for the government to scrutinize the advertisements before they are set up, the law requiring their submission before posting. In France the poster tax brings in something like four millions of francs a year. In the cities of France, Belgium, Germany, and Italy, the posters must be placed on columns or other devices especially prepared for the purpose. These are placed at designated spots, are of a design approved by the municipality, and are frankly artistic in effort.

In New York state a bill was introduced in the Legislature in the winter of 1902, and received influential backing, for the imposition of a stamp tax on posters, the suggested tax being one cent per two square feet, measuring the greatest

length by the greatest width. The bill was opposed by the labor and other interests, and failed to pass; but the introduction of the measure was not a little significant. In Pennsylvania there was enacted last winter a law which makes it necessary for the advertiser to secure the written consent of the owner or tenant upon whose property a sign or poster is attached, and prohibiting altogether the fixture of advertisements (save legal notices or announcements pertaining to the business conducted on the premises) to any property of the state or of any county, township, or city in the state. In Illinois last winter a bill was introduced and valiantly championed which would have given to the officials of the cities, towns, and villages of the state the "power to license street advertising and billboard companies, and regulate and prohibit signs and billboards upon vacant property and upon buildings advertising other business than that of the occupant." The measure was fought aggressively by the billboard trust, and at last it failed.

Now these bills are significant because they go to show that in this country also popular attention has been aroused to the abuses of public advertising. Any serious extension of these abuses is likely to provoke an adverse legislation that will be costly to the advertisers. This significance is the more marked when the origin of the bills is examined. Behind the bill which was introduced in New York state was the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society; the bill that became a law in Pennsylvania was fathered by the American Park and Outdoor Art Association, which has on this subject a standing committee, to whose interesting latest report this paper is much indebted; the Illinois bill was introduced at the request of the Municipal Art League of Chicago. The public has not yet united, as have the billboard people, — but it has taken the first step in forming itself into organized bodies for the waging of the contest. If any

abuse becomes very serious these bodies can be depended upon to act together, if they do not combine. And there are these hopeful elements in the contest: the public does not and will not fight to suppress advertising, but only to restrict it to reasonable proportions; the advertisers do not want to offend the public, but are bound to respect any genuine popular sentiment. As it is not war to the death, but a mutual adjustment of opinions (which have differed because of different points of view), that is before us, in the just settlement of the advertising problem, mere discussion must help to cure the mistakes on either side.

Finally, there is this to be said: the advertisers can gain their ends in other and unobjectionable ways. In the bare recital of abuses it may have seemed as if there were so many that, should they all be checked successfully, there would

be left to the advertiser small chance to proclaim his wares. But that is not true. He would still have opportunities, substituting — with much gain to the community and probably with some to himself — for mere bigness and multiplicity of announcements a quality of attractiveness. There would lie the new competition. He has already learned that emphasis is gained not only by screaming a word, but by pausing before and after its utterance. He is finding it more profitable to put his colors together harmoniously than to shock the eye. He has discovered that if he can entertain and amuse the public with jingles or clever names or well-drawn pictures, he makes more impression than by shouting. Thus advertisements now render many a long ride less tedious than it used to be, and even win for the billboards some friends where before, because of the abuses, all must have been their enemies.

Charles Mulford Robinson.

RACE FACTORS IN LABOR UNIONS.

[The author of this paper is professor of economics in Harvard University. His investigations in preparing his well-known work on the Races of Europe peculiarly qualify him to treat the present theme with authority. — THE EDITORS.]

SOME months ago Wall Street was currently reported to be suffering from an overload of undigested securities, — the result of unprecedented industrial promotion. This situation has now resolved itself into the "digestion of insecurities," through the long process of financial liquidation which has been in progress since last summer. American trade-unionism to-day, while numerically prosperous beyond comparison, shows symptoms of the same disorder. The incubus, in this case, consists of a vast new and as yet but half-assimilated membership.¹ This condition

of instability in labor organization as compared with Great Britain is, in part, due to the racial peculiarity of the population of the United States. Ethnic heterogeneity enormously complicates the situation for all parties concerned, but especially for the working classes themselves. Consider the situation for a moment.

For half a century about one seventh of our total population has been regularly constituted of persons born outside the United States; and for twenty-five years at least, one third of our people have not enjoyed the inestimable privilege of American-born parentage, that is to say, with both parents native born. More than half of the population of the

¹ The recent phenomenal rise of trade-unionism in the United States is traced by the writer in the *World's Work* for November, 1903.

North Atlantic States in 1900, nearly two thirds in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and three fifths in New York and Connecticut, — all primarily manufacturing communities, — was of foreign parentage, wholly or in part. True, the proportion is almost as high in Wisconsin, Minnesota, and North Dakota; but these states are mainly agricultural. This proportion of alien blood, high enough for the population at large, is more marked in the cities, which are the main centres alike of industry and of trade-unionism. New York and Chicago are more than three fourths of foreign parentage. Boston and Pittsburg follow with about two thirds of their population as yet imperfectly American; while in some of the smaller industrial centres in the East, the proportion of foreign parentage rises above four fifths, — as in Lawrence, Holyoke, Fall River, and Hoboken, — almost rivaling Milwaukee in this regard. Boston is largely an Irish town; Chicago is said to be the third largest Bohemian city in the world. It would be easy to duplicate in size many of the large cities of Europe in the foreign-born population of our municipalities. These proportions, be it observed, are for our great cities as a whole. We may push the comparison still farther by considering the proportion of population of foreign extraction, not only in the great cities at large, but in their industrial sections separately. As an example, the custom clothing trade of New York may be mentioned; wherein, on the authority of the United States Industrial Commission, it was found that nearly three fourths of those employed were direct immigrants; while among the tailors in the same city the proportion of actual foreigners rose to upwards of ninety per cent.

These proportions of alien blood are very marked among the so-called working-classes, recruited as they are directly from the Old World. The reservoir of our industrial population is indeed sup-

plied from the bottom rather than the top. The data for 1900 are not yet available, but prediction is not difficult. While approximately half of the total population of the United States in 1890 was born in the United States of American parentage, only about forty per cent of the population engaged in manufactures was thus doubly dyed American. About one fourth of those so employed in industry in 1890 were born in the United States, although their parents were foreign born; and nearly one third of the industrial class was constituted of actual immigrants. Such being the condition, how great is the task of the trade-unionist in the attempt to bring these aliens into any permanent organization, foreign as they are to one another and to us in every detail of life. Not only a large number of undigested trade-unionists has to be dealt with, but a mass of imperfect Americans as well. In 1900 there were a million and a quarter white persons in the United States who could not speak English, this being about one eighth of our foreign-born population over ten years of age. Even when by the use of interpreters — and the United Mine Workers sometimes have to use three or four different ones in their general meetings — these foreigners can be made to understand what is up, consider how various are their social standards and customs. What is mere bread and meat to a Swede may be cake or taboo to a Russian Jew, according to the dictum of his rabbi. A subsistence minimum to a German is luxury to a Pole. The old adage about "fleas upon fleas" finds application here. The English and American workman is underbid by the Scandinavian. He in turn is cut under by the Jew and Bohemian. The Pole will take less even than these, and finds at last his standard of living undermined by the Syrian and the Armenian. Even the lowly have their different social standards to uphold. The Jew will not permit his wife to work in a factory, and

insists upon sending his children to school; while the Italian is the hardest of taskmasters to his own family. The Polish factory hands are predominantly women and young girls. The Bohemian will not allow religious scruples to interfere with his livelihood, while the Jew must observe his religious holidays at any cost. The Finns and Syrians prefer to work, if at all, in bunches, under their customary clan rule. The individualistic Jew will throw up his job rather than work in a factory, subjected to its necessary and rigid discipline. Then again the workmen all have their political antagonisms and inherited hatreds. It is said that the Austro-Hungarian Empire is held together only by the life of the ruling sovereign. We annually receive many thousands from these warring nationalities of Austria-Hungary alone. The Czech hates the German; and the Hun and the Slovak will not work together. The Finn feels toward the Russian as — shall we say? — the Irish regard the English. Even within the same nationality these hatreds are observable. The Pole from Austria bears an inherited hatred of the Pole from Russia. All hands dislike the Jew, the Syrian, and the Armenian.

Certain curious differences in attitude respecting labor organization are observable among these different nationalities. The English and Scotch take to team work like ducks to water. No sooner are they landed than their trade-union cards have given them a status among their fellows. This is partly due to natural aptitude, but more to long practice in the school of experience at home. The German workmen take their places in the trade to which they were born, and speedily comprehend the novel problems of the new residence. The Swedes are said to be hard to organize, but become excellent members when once initiated. One branch of the clothing trade in Chicago, the "special order" business, has been entirely remodeled under their con-

trol. These Swedes have, in fact, compelled the Jewish, Polish, and Italian home finishers of clothing to come into an organization. The Bohemians also speedily become ardent unionists. They are reputed to be "good stickers" in a strike, and are ready to support the organization through thick and thin by prompt payment of dues. In this respect they contrast sharply with the Poles, who have well earned their racial opprobrium of strike breakers. Excellent workmen showing great endurance, and seemingly capable of great speed in piece work, in many parts of the country the Poles show an especial zeal for house owning. They are industrious, but are hated by their neighbors in industrial districts because they apparently have little sense of working-class solidarity. The long course of Polish history seems to have made them over-docile and submissive. Their priests appear to be partly responsible for this attitude of hostility to labor organizations. It was through them, for example, that the Chicago strike of 1896 was broken. This peculiarity of the Poles has operated greatly to increase their representation in the clothing trades of our great cities. An agricultural, outdoor people, they would not seem otherwise to be well suited to this sedentary occupation; yet clothing contractors, discovering that the Poles will refuse to go out on strike with the Jews and Bohemians, at the behest of the labor leaders, have encouraged the Polish shops as a consequence. The only nationalities more hated by the trade-unionist are the political rough-scuff of Europe now coming in ever-increasing numbers, such as the Armenians, Greeks, and Syrians. These are all lumped as strike breakers in a class by themselves. And where employed in large establishments, as in a prominent Philadelphia house, they are so disliked as to make it necessary to segregate them in departments by themselves.

The French Canadians, who are flock-

ing in increasing numbers into the industries of New England, show little liking or aptitude for trade-union organization and discipline. This is partly due to their low standard of living, making them content under conditions which would engender a strike among other peoples; but I am inclined to the belief that the main reason for their backwardness lies in the transient character of their employment. They are birds of passage to a considerable extent. It is estimated that from fifty to seventy thousand come and go from Canada into New England for employment in the cotton mills alone. In this respect they resemble the South Italians, and the "Blue-noses" who come down from Nova Scotia to work in competition with American carpenters. Most of these people, especially the French Canadians, remain only so long as times are good. When the mills are shut down, as in the recent Lowell strike, they betake themselves to their farms again. The French Canadians seem to be even less useful unionists than the Portuguese, who are increasing so rapidly in the same part of the country. These people are reported to be trustworthy members of working organizations. Only when the French Canadians have been long enough in the cities to become thoroughly Americanized do they respond to the demands of the trade-union leaders. This peculiarity of the industrial population of New England will serve to explain, in part, a curious contrast between the labor situation in Great Britain and the United States. In England the cotton mill operatives have one of the oldest, and, next to the miners, the most powerful organization in the country. It is over a half-century old, and numbers 130,000 members. Practically all of the Lancashire cotton mill operatives of all grades are enrolled in it. This exemplifies the close relationship between labor organization and the development of the factory system. On the other hand, our New England cotton mills were the first, and have

always been the most notable, examples of industrial organization on a large scale. Yet, strange to say, the New England cotton mill operatives have never succeeded in building up an organization of any great importance. This anomaly is doubtless due in part to the generally amicable relations which have subsisted between the employers and operatives; but it is also due in part to the large number of French Canadians who dominate the situation.

The position of the Jewish race in industry is a peculiarly interesting one. Their activities are almost entirely confined in this country to a few trades, such as tailoring, cigar-making, and the like. This is not due to any previous industrial training, for scarcely more than ten per cent of the Jewish immigrants seem to have been tailors, for example, at home; while in New York, until recently, practically all of the clothing manufacture was in their hands. The race is, in fact, condemned to follow these sedentary trades because of its physical disabilities. By reason of their predominance in these few chosen occupations the condition of trade-unionism therein plainly reflects certain racial peculiarities of the Jews. Professor Commons, in his excellent report on Immigration, for the United States Industrial Commission, aptly described the situation in the assertion that even as a trade-unionist the Jewish conception of organization is that of a tradesman rather than a workman. The Jew will join a union only when there is a bargain directly in sight in the shape of material advancement. His natural timidity renders him otherwise unaggressive; so that he is apt to be inconstant in his allegiance to the organization during flush times when wages are high and work is plenty. The Jewish unions have consequently in the past shown a rather abnormal fluctuation in their membership as compared with other organizations. Even in this period of trade-union activity, the clothing trades since October, 1902, are almost alone

in showing considerable decline in their membership. Nevertheless, the Jews are rapidly learning, under the leadership of peculiarly able men; and no more splendid service in uplifting the lot of the lowly can be found than that rendered by the warfare of the United Garment Workers of America against the sweat shops.

The future of the Jew in the labor field is bound to be interesting. Under novel American conditions he is beginning to invade many other trades. For example, I have in mind a very large shoe factory, which, by reason of the harassing exactions of the unions in a provincial trade centre, moved to one of the large cities as an experiment. The first feature to attract my attention in visiting this model plant—for such it is in its mechanical equipment—was the extraordinary number of Jews. Their presence was rendered peculiarly noticeable by the fact that the Jews were all men, working in rooms in direct competition with Irish-American and German girls and women. In other words, men were competing at women's work. This, many of the more virile nationalities will not undertake. In this instance it appeared that a vast reservoir of cheap male labor had been tapped. These Jews were rapidly adapting themselves to the new trade of shoemaking. As in tailoring, these men developed an extraordinary speed in piece work. This, together with their low standard of living, enabled them to compete on even terms with the women operatives. These city Jews are as yet unorganized except in the clothing and cigar trades, but it is not without interest to note that they labor under an autocracy no less formidable than that of the walking delegate. In this particular instance I chanced to visit the establishment just after an enforced religious holiday of three or four days. The absence of the Jews seriously crippled the entire factory of several thousand hands, nor was there any argument or board of conciliation which could sub-

due the operatives or their rabbis. Industry had run afoul of a deep-seated religion; and industry had to give place. A new element in the labor situation was apparent, threatening to prove no less menacing to the calculations of the employer than his previous interviews with strike committees.

The first step toward assimilation of the various nationalities in our country, where the trade is large enough, is by effecting the labor organization not only by occupations, but by nationalities within each trade. Where, as among the Jews in the clothing industry in New York, they are all of one race, the question is relatively simple. On the other hand, in Chicago, in the same business the situation is very different. The trade there is recruited from Swedes, Bohemians, and Jews in about equal proportions, the remaining quarter being composed mainly of Poles, with a scattering of Germans. New York has had for fifteen years a headquarters of unionism in the United Hebrew Trades. The only disturbing element now is the presence of the Italians; but in Chicago the contention is not only against the avarice and cupidity of the clothing contractors, but against the racial antipathies of the operatives among themselves. In Boston, the Italians in this industry, most of whom cannot speak English, are allowed to form by themselves a section of the local union. They meet in a separate room, debate matters of importance in their own tongue, and transmit their votes to the general assembly through an interpreter-representative.

Interesting examples of the organization of trade-unions by nationality are given by Professor Commons in the excellent report to which reference has already been made. The longshoremen on the Great Lakes have for some years had a powerful and efficient organization which has greatly improved their lot. This occupation is recruited from the Swedes, Italians, Finns, Slavs, and Por-

tuguese. The difficulty of maintaining an organization has been partially overcome at Ashtabula, for example, by having a local union for each nationality. A central council composed of English-speaking delegates from the local unions is an essential part of the same scheme. A similar arrangement is made in many industries in Chicago, notably in the wood-working trades, where the Germans, Bohemians, and mixed English-speaking unions are maintained separately. The Chicago carpenters likewise have separate and distinct unions for the French, Bohemians, Swedes, Germans, and Jews. The hod-carriers, originally polyglot, have now reorganized along similar lines, with separate unions for Germans, Bohemians, Poles, and English-speaking peoples.

There are certain disadvantages, however, in this form of organization along racial lines. Take the United Mine Workers, for example. Their ethnic heterogeneity is probably greater than that of any other occupation, over ninety per cent of them, as a whole, being actually of foreign birth. Only about half of the miners can speak English at all. This English-speaking group is about half Irish, with the remainder constituted of Welsh, English, German, and Scotch. Most of these latter are native born, being one generation removed from the original immigrants. They are mainly in charge of the collieries as superintendents, bosses, engineers, pump runners, and skilled artisans. The other fifty per cent of the miners are about half Poles, leaving the remaining one quarter of the entire body of miners about evenly divided between Ruthenians, Letts, and Hungarians. A few Italians and some Bohemians are scattered through the fields. Of these, the Poles are increasing most rapidly since 1890. Formerly the United Mine Workers were organized as far as possible along racial lines, but the attempt has been abandoned for two reasons. In the first place, it affords no chance for

the men to learn English; and, secondly, the different nationalities are so geographically scattered that organization has to be effected on the basis of locality for purposes of convenience.

The racial heterogeneity of our American population affords a rare opportunity to the Irishman. It will never cease to be a surprise to me that the Irish, who have never been allowed to govern themselves, should show among all the races of the earth the greatest aptitude for the control of political organizations. One of the most peculiar features of our American labor problem is found in the leadership which the Irish have assumed in the movement. Thus, for example, while not more than one fourth of the United Mine Workers are of Irish extraction, it appears that more than three fourths of the officers and organizers are of this stock. Curious upon this point, I have taken some pains to examine the available data. Two years ago the United States Industrial Commission took testimony from nearly seven hundred witnesses from all parts of the United States. Seventy-nine of these were representatives of organized labor. Judging by their names, — an imperfect criterion, to be sure, — thirty of these seventy-nine, or about forty per cent, were of Irish blood, while only twenty-eight of the labor leaders bore English names. The remainder were Germans or Jews. The American Federation of Labor annually publishes a list of officers of its affiliated national unions. Twenty-nine out of ninety-six unions, or about thirty per cent, so listed a year ago were officered by men of Irish extraction. The proportion of Irish leadership varies greatly, of course, as between different trades and sections. It is but natural that Irish trades should be officered by men of the same nationality. One would naturally expect the bricklayers, stone masons, lathers, and plasterers, and the street and dock laborers, to elect Irish leaders. The Irishman dominates the building trades all over the

country. Nineteen witnesses before the Industrial Commission represented organized labor in testimony concerning the Chicago strike of 1900. Of these more than half were Irish. In one hundred and twelve unions in the building trades in New York, about forty per cent of the officers were of the same nationality. Analyzing the returns from different parts of the country, the same high proportion is manifested. In Massachusetts twelve out of twenty city Central Labor Unions were officered by Irish; and of twenty-two local unions listed for Connecticut fourteen were so officered.

The Irishman tends to monopolize the situation, not alone in the distinctively Irish trades and states, but peculiarly in proportion as the rank and file in the organizations are composed of the inert, non-Teutonic, unpolitical peoples of the earth. He will hold his fair proportion of the offices in a company of Scotch, English, Swedes, or Germans; but his place is securely at the head of the line in a company comprising Bohemians, Slovaks, Huns, and Italians. The reasons are perfectly obvious: a ready command of English makes the Irishman their natural spokesman; his native eloquence makes him a most effective organizer; his strong sense of personal fealty makes him peculiarly faithful to the organization. Add to these qualities, tact, a generous good nature, and aggressive fighting qualities, and a rare combination is the result. They are precisely the qualities which have given the Emerald Isle so predominant an influence in the direction of our municipal political affairs. Kipling has put it well:—

“There came to these shores a poor exile from Erin;

The dew on his wet robe hung heavy and chill;
Yet the steamer which brought him was scarce
out of hearin’

Ere ’t was Alderman Mike inthrojucin’ a bill.”

One of the strangest features in the American situation, as contrasted with Great Britain, is revealed by this unique

position of the Irish. They tend to dominate and direct the policy of our American unions; while in the United Kingdom, they seem not only to have been backward, but rather unsuccessful, in the councils of the trade-unionists. The early English labor organizations were for a long time unable to assimilate the Irish either to their theory or to practice. According to the reliable chronicle of the Webbs, conditions of fraternal relationship amounting to tacit, if not formal, federation prevailed between the British and the Scotch trade-unions; but, after years of vain striving to incorporate the Irish successfully, the attempt was in some cases abandoned, as in 1840 by the Friendly Society of Operative Stone Masons. The records of years are filled with criticisms of the Irish trade-unionists from the British point of view. Even in 1892, according to the Webbs, no less than four principal Irish branches of the Amalgamated Society of Tailors suffered rebuke for their shortcomings. One of the difficulties in another case was well put: “Holding that there was only one element of danger, and it was the putting of too many Irishmen together.” We need not examine as to details. The failings were those which we all recognize as peculiar to the Irish as a people. Far be it from me to underestimate the fine qualities and the magnificent contributions of the Irish-Americans to our national well-being; but with their virtues certain shortcomings are to be found, which are in many cases coincidentally attributable to our labor organizations. Not least among these are the qualities, admirable in certain predicaments, of aggressive combativeness, of blind and enthusiastic loyalty, too often coupled with an inability to husband resources against a time of need. Could the leaders of our trade-unions guard against every one of these faults, all human, but also—may we say so?—peculiarly Irish, the proportion of successes to failures in the labor movement might be con-

siderably increased. Our labor leaders are too seldom tactful and compromising, and their followers are not quick enough to sink their personal loyalty in a judicial habit of mind. And the third fault which we have mentioned is a peculiarly flagrant one, namely, the financial recklessness of the organizations in time of stress. In this respect a powerful contrast with the policy of their British contemporaries is noticeable. This may form the topic of further discussion in another place.

What is the attitude of the native American, or, shall we say, of the Americanized mind toward labor organization? Assuming that it is a question of individualism, or of personal initiative and independence of action, versus collectivism, or subordination to a class will, this question would appear to be answerable by psychological analysis. One would naturally expect the free-born, liberty-loving American to rebel against the so-called tyranny of an organization, especially when the policy of that organization is dictated by a foreign-born majority. Such analysis by an appeal to mere psychology is, however, dangerous to an extreme in industrial questions. The factors are too complex. Action is too often a compromise between conflicting impulses, — the love of individual freedom as against the desire for material advancement. Too often, also, the question is merely a quantitative one, turning upon the degree of individual subordination within or without the organization. Without organization the isolated workman may be entirely at the mercy of the employer; within it he may still be as clay, but the potter, at least, is one of his own class, while he himself has a turn at the wheel. The only satisfactory answer as to the native American attitude is to be found in the recorded facts of industrial life. It is difficult to obtain statistics, and not always easy to believe them when once they have been found. Only one investigation have I been able to find,

and that from a predominantly agricultural state, — a fact rendering the returns inadequate and somewhat inconclusive. The Minnesota Bureau of Labor made an especial attempt some years ago to discover whether the trade-unions in that state were controlled by the foreign born, and also as to the attitude of the unions toward American boys seeking admission. Returns were received from 1985 workmen. Of this number 59 per cent were born in the United States, and 41 per cent were of foreign birth. In the general population of Minnesota, on the other hand, only 38 per cent of the males of voting age were native born. This was taken at the time to mean that native-born workmen were one and a half times as frequent in the trade-unions as in the adult male population at large. The phenomenal growth of unionism in recent years in the United States would seem also to support this contention, for such progress could never have obtained without successful appeal to the great body of artisans of American birth.

On the other hand, it seems clear that the native American, as well as the foreigner, must be educated to appreciate trade-union standards. He must indeed, as the advocates of organization affirm, often be forced into the organization in the first instance, in order to test its benefits. Whether as a free-born American he will thereafter remain an ardent trade-unionist must depend upon the judgment which he may form after joining. Dr. Bushée, in his excellent monograph on *Ethnic Factors of the Population of Boston*, observes that rural Americans, particularly those from northern New England, do not appear to favor the labor organizations. Another interesting instance tending to confirm this view as to the attitude of the rural American is offered by the experience of the United Mine Workers. This is described in the excellent report on Immigration to which reference has already been made. For seven years after the organization of the

United Mine Workers in 1886 they struggled against the competition of the unorganized miners in southern Illinois. Even at the present time they are seeking ineffectually to enroll the native-born West Virginia miners in their organization. In Illinois, however, the case is more interesting, because the standard of living is considerably higher than in West Virginia. In 1899, in the mine districts of northern Illinois there were as few as 11 per cent of American-born miners, while in the southern part of the same state 80 per cent of the miners were pure-blooded Americans. These latter were in the main farm laborers, who resorted to the mines as a source of ready cash. These Americans were often willing to work for less than half the price per ton paid in northern Illinois. This they could do because of the greater thickness of the veins and their comparative ease of working. The competition of such wages was, however, none the less severe. Finally, these American miners were persuaded to come into the organization by the foreign-born miners in the northern part of the state. We need not deal with the relative adjustment of wages effected, other than to say that it aimed to equalize not the earnings, but the competitive conditions. The important point for us to note is that the American-born miners were induced to demand higher wages, in order that their foreign-born competitors in another district might obtain a living wage. Organization aimed to benefit both parties, but the initiative came surely, not from the American, but from the foreign born.

The significant query for the student of American conditions is as to the future attitude of these Americans. Will they continue to be docile in the hands of their old leaders? Or will they here, as elsewhere, assume a more positive rôle in directing the policy of the organization? The future of American trade-unionism will depend largely upon the attitude thus assumed, not alone by these American-

born miners, but by workmen of American parentage and tradition in every line of industry throughout the country.

Whatever our judgment as to the legality or expediency of the industrial policy of our American unions, no student of contemporary conditions can deny that they are a mighty factor in effecting the assimilation of our foreign-born population. Schooling is primarily of importance, of course, but many of our immigrants come here as adults. Education can affect only the second generation. The churches, particularly the Catholic hierarchy, may do much. Protestants seem to have little influence in the industrial centres. On the other hand, the newspapers, at least such as the masses see and read, and the ballot under present conditions in American cities, have no uplifting or educative power at all. The great source of intellectual inspiration to a large percentage of our inchoate Americans, in the industrial classes, remains in the trade-union. It is a vast power for good or evil, according as its affairs are administered. It cannot fail to teach the English language. That in itself is much. Its benefit system, as among the cigar-makers and printers, may inculcate thrift. Its journals, the best of them, give a general knowledge of trade conditions, impossible to the isolated workman. Its democratic constitutions and its assemblies and conventions partake of the primitive character of the Anglo-Saxon folk-moot, so much lauded by Freeman, the historian, as a factor in English political education and constitutional development. Not the next gubernatorial or presidential candidate; not the expansion of the currency, nor the reform of the general staff of the army; not free-trade or protection, or anti-imperialism, is the real living thing of interest to the trade-union workman. His thoughts, interests, and hopes are centred in the politics of his organization. It is the forum and arena of his social and industrial world.

Are the positive educational advantages of trade-unionism, in the solution of our pressing racial problem, more than offset by the evils which attach to the labor movement in its present status? If the raw immigrant finds himself ruled by leaders of the Sam Parks type! If he observes that the end in view is not to increase the efficiency of the workman, but rather to enforce rules for the restriction of output, in order to "do" the employer! If the opportunity for his children to fit themselves to become honest artisans is closed by absurd restrictions concerning apprentices! If the policy of "graft" is kept to the fore by secret agreements with capitalistic mo-

nopolies to down their rivals, and jointly fleece the consumer, as has recently been revealed in the case of the New York Realty and Construction Company, the Chicago Coal Dealers' Association, and others, of a like kind, which might be named in our own Massachusetts! If recruits are to be gained and held, not by the promise of tangible benefits, social and financial, but by the methods of the foot-pad and the anarchist! If these be the lessons taught by the Unions to their neophytes, the future is dark indeed. The friend of Unionism can only hope that these shadows are cast by passing clouds, and that a brighter day for honest labor effort will ensue.

William Z. Ripley.

A ROMAN CABMAN.

It was in the vast, solemn precincts behind St. Peter's that I saw him first. Coming out under the pale November sky after a morning in the Vatican sculpture gallery, I suddenly found the cabstand at its portal the most grateful sight in Rome. He stood third or fourth in the line, and he had neither moved nor spoken, though his eye caught mine with a sympathetic sparkle. I saw that his small, black horse was plump and glossy, that the whole equipage, from his own dress to the well-brushed cushions of the open victoria, looked scrupulously neat; and, bidding the man drive to the Piazza di Spagna, I sprang in, with no thought beyond that of making this last course in a busy morning as comfortable as circumstance permitted.

"Your horse wastes no time," I said, when we came out into the great square, and shot across it through the spray of the fountains toward the bridge of Sant' Angelo.

"No, signore; the Moor is never lazy. That is his name, — the Moor, from the

accident of his color, as one sees; he eats well, sleeps well, and goes on all his four feet, — not so badly."

"And is treated not so badly, — as one also sees."

The man laughed. "Eh, signore, we have nothing to complain of, either of us. We understand each other, the Moor and I, and take the world lightly."

"A merry heart goes all the day!" thought I, with Autolyceus. "What better motto for a cabman?" Then, thinking aloud, I added, "You are a very cheerful philosopher."

He turned to look down at me, laughing louder than before. "I am a man, like another. *Che, che!* After fifty years of life, one adjusts himself to the seat, — or *Dio mio!* one gets down, signore!"

There was no more to be said, just then, for we had crossed the river, and our intricate way toward the Corso deeply engaged both the Moor and his master. Meanwhile, their cheery vigilance impressed me so favorably, that when I

spoke again it was to secure them for the afternoon; and by the hearty wish for good appetite given me as I alighted at the hotel door, I was convinced that the master, at least, if not the Moor, still found cheer in the prospect.

I sat, smoking, near a window that overlooked the courtyard, when the man drove in at the appointed hour. And, waiting on to finish my cigar, I had for the first time a good look at him. In figure he was below the middle height, broad-shouldered, sturdy, and erect; naturally dark, he was bronzed by years of Roman sunshine; his cheeks were deeply furrowed, his features large and clumsy, plain indisputably; so that his face would have been heavy, dull even, but for the smile that seemed always to lurk under his gray mustache, and the responsive light in his sharp, black eyes. The soul of good-humored jollity illuminated him now, as he stood chatting with the *portier*; the horse put up his nose for a caress, and he turned in his talk to stroke his Moorship's neck affectionately. The hint thus given of their pleasant comradeship suggested a familiar horse-dealing phrase, which, mentally, I applied to both. "Sound and kind!" I thought; and found no occasion to qualify that first judgment through any after knowledge. In all my travels along the world's highways a sounder and kinder pair than this, most assuredly, I have never known.

That afternoon, we drove far out upon the Campagna, where my tired brain sought rest and rumination from the morning's labors. The sky had clouded over, and in the mild, gray light the softened plain, stretching hazily off to the Alban hills, brought to eyes over-occupied with artistic detail their natural refreshment. We followed the old Via Latina, at first, toward the arches of the Claudian Aqueduct, by grass-grown walls and crumbling tombs; then, turning from the straight road, we took a winding cart-path through open meadows and rough

pasture-land, into the heart of the wilderness; until, nearer than Rome itself, stood out the white villages of the snow-capped hills, — Genzano, Ariccia, Rocca di Papa, — my companion identified them, one and all, — and the wine of Genzano was not so bad! At a sharp turn of the road we drew up on a bit of rising ground, to consider the strange, sombre landscape; and, looking back upon the city walls and towers, I asked my genial guide where he lived. Pointing with his whip, he explained that he lodged in the Trastevere, close under the Janiculan Hill; as we looked, in line with the cathedral dome. Then I inquired his name, and learned that he was called Bianchi Andrea, — the surname coming first, in the usual Italian fashion. And when I commented upon this custom, "Why not?" said he, "since every one calls me Bianchi, — except my wife." Ah, he was married, then? "Oh yes, signore." And he had children? "No, signore; there was a child once, — a daughter, — but, alas! . . . there is a grandchild, signore, — a boy, who lives with me, — very quick and capable, — Hector is his name."

We drove on, encountering no living creature but a shaggy dog, left on guard over his herd that grazed in a neighboring field. An inquisitive pair of crows circled lazily above our heads; then, with croaks of disapproval, flew off to join their flock hovering over the great sepulchral tower on the Appian Way. Between us and that noted landmark of the Campagna stood a solitary farmhouse to which my *vetturino* drew attention. One could find fresh eggs there at a bargain; we must pass its door; might he have the signore's permission to buy the raw material for an omelet, to celebrate his name-day, which fell upon the morrow? To wait for a little moment only?

Of course this favor was granted him; and as we approached the farm I looked at it curiously. Never had I seen a drearier dwelling-place. The stucco of

its walls was stained and weather-beaten ; the outbuildings were ruinous ; all seemed deserted as well as neglected, for no one stirred to question us. A whistle from Bianchi was unanswered. "Agostino!" he called ; then, muttering, "The boy sleeps, lazy hound!" he handed me the reins, with a "*permesso, signore?*" and went off upon his errand.

The haze was fast turning into mist, through which I heard the sound of wheels. It came from a peasant's cart, rude and cumbersome, with the customary wisp of hay attached to a forked stick projecting from one of the shafts. At this primitive lure, just out of his reach, the horse, as he labored toward me, made ineffectual plunges. I watched his slow advance with a smile, suddenly discovering that I was watched in my turn by the man and woman who sat behind him. They wore peasant costume ; the man, gray, uncouth, listless, held the reins loosely, as if he were half asleep ; but his lack-lustre eyes fixed themselves upon me with a vacant look, strangely forbidding. The woman at his side, though by no means old, had faded early, after the manner of her countrywomen. Yet her face showed signs of former beauty ; and she had in her bright colors an air of self-conscious picturesqueness that suggested a posing *contadina* from the Spanish Steps, rather than a toiling one. As if she fancied that my smile was meant for her, she leaned forward to return it, and seemed about to speak a friendly word. But either her intent changed, or I deceived myself ; for she drew back without the greeting, and to my good-day only muttered a forced reply. "He is a foreigner," I heard her say to her companion, as they passed. Then, at a little distance, both turned to stare again intently ; I looked away ; looked back, to find them still staring. So they moved out of sight mysteriously, like spectres of the mist, leaving a chill behind them.

The sinister effect, however, was only of the moment. In the next, out came

Bianchi, with the farm-hand whom he had called Agostino, — a shy, sickly boy, who turned from me with a smile to wish his compatriot a merry night of feasting. At this word, Bianchi pointed to his small purchase of eggs, wrapped in a red handkerchief. "*Ecco, signore! Per la festa di Sant' Andrea!*" Chuckling, he stowed them carefully away under the box-seat, and we drove off ; slowly, at first, for the road was heavy and steep. As we climbed up from the hollow, the sun burst through the clouds, glorifying the ruined farm buildings, when I turned for a last look at them, with a shaft of golden light. But now before the door, where I had waited, stood the cart which had passed me by ; two peasant figures, descending from it, entered the house ; they were gone in a flash ; yet, clearly enough, they were the figures that I had seen, — the man and woman whom my presence for some reason had disconcerted.

The sunlight faded, the mist shut down. Consultation with Bianchi shed no gleam upon my small adventure. He had not seen the uncouth wayfarers, nor could he recognize them by my description. The farm was leased to a shepherd, who acted as agent, or *fattore* ; honest, as men went, — we were none of us saints, nowadays ; he was absent in the pastures, as the boy had stated ; if one chattered well, having the wit to invent a "combination" and to make the most of it, he sold his eggs at a fair price. Perhaps the strangers had come to drive a bargain ; they, too, perhaps, kept the feast of Sant' Andrea ! Why not ?

We drove back to Rome in the twilight ; and long before reaching the city gate I had dismissed the intruders from my mind. But to dismiss is one thing, to forget is another. Who shall say that the brain really loses the vaguest impression which it has once recorded ? In my dreams, that night, the two sinister shapes of the Campagna passed before me again, with threatening looks like

harbingers of evil. I woke, and they were gone, — I laughed at them. These disturbers of my peace clung to me, nevertheless, dogging my steps in the form of a recurrent nightmare. Often, that winter, I saw them, — at Cairo, at Luxor, at Damascus, at Constantinople; whenever, for any cause, my sleep was oppressed, the oppression always resolved itself into that prospect of the wide and desolate Campagna, with the same grim peasant figures moving toward me in the gathering twilight. They never spoke, they threatened only with their eyes.

Gradually the visitations became more infrequent, less vivid; and they might have ceased altogether, fading even from my remembrance, but for the accident of my return to Rome, where, in the spring, as I journeyed back from the East, my stay was unexpectedly prolonged. So improbable had seemed this change of plan, that I had neglected to obtain the address of my good vetturino; and an hour after my arrival, as I walked up the Corso, I found that I missed him sorely. Rome was a strange, unfriendly city without his thoughtful assiduities. By what steps could I regain them? I had taken hardly ten steps more, when lo! they were mine again; for the man drove toward me along the crowded pavement. Upon the instant our pleasant relations were resumed.

These were the early days of April, and I was to remain until after Easter, which, that year, fell late. Winter had melted away at a breath; the grayness was all gone; and under soft white clouds, which only deepened the blue beyond them, Rome kept holiday, for the most part, in dazzling sunshine. The roses were coming on; and when we drove now over the Campagna, which no longer was desolate, but gay with nodding wild-flowers, we often started up a lark, whose flight was only to be traced by the sweetest of all bird-songs borne far above our heads straight into the sun's eye. The days passed all too swiftly, like the song;

even though, recognizing them as rare ones, I clung to each tenaciously, avoiding my kind, and keeping, so far as was possible, to myself.

One evening (that of Easter Monday, to be exact) after my coffee and cognac at the big café in the Piazza Colonna, much frequented by chattering soldiers, I grew tired of their noisy argument, and broke away from it. Having, as usual, dismissed Bianchi at sundown, I was unattached; on foot, therefore, I made my way into the Via Nazionale. Glancing up, I saw that the stars were obscured, and felt that a shower threatened. I had no umbrella; but as I carried over my arm a waterproof coat of well-tested infallibility, rain, more or less, would be nothing. A moment later, when I was halfway up the hill within a stone's throw of the theatre, the first drops fell. I stepped aside into a doorway to put on the coat, which was of that sleeveless, enveloping sort known to Anglo-Saxons as an Inverness cape, dark gray in color; pleasantly inconspicuous, it looked by night, at least, not unlike the loose cloak so often worn by Italian men.

As I stood in shelter, muffling myself about the throat, I started in surprise at seeing what appeared to be my own likeness passing swiftly along on the other side of the way. At home, it is no uncommon thing for the man of average height and figure to be taken for some one else. We are not all, unfortunately, of a type so distinguished as to induce the belief that Nature, after our satisfactory development, destroyed the mould. Yet rarely, at home or abroad, does one, unprompted, detect a close resemblance to himself. This, certainly, was the first accident of the kind in my own experience; and it proved so startling that I shrank from the impression. I watched the man disappear in the uncertain light, and thought of old, uncanny tales with fatal issues. Then I shrugged my shoulders, and, laughing at my own credulity, turned the other way.

Evidently, it was a gala night at the Teatro Nazionale. There were many signs of that besides the highly colored poster announcing a special performance of Hamlet, with a famous young actor in the title part. The bait lured me into a demand for any vacant place obtainable. Nothing, absolutely nothing, was the first answer. Stay! One of the *posti distinti* had just been returned by the purchaser at the last moment, — far from the stage it was, to be sure, but still worth having, even at the advanced price. I closed the bargain quickly, hurrying on to grope my way with difficulty; for the lights were down, the ghostly revelations upon the platform at Elsinore already in progress. They seemed a long way off, as I settled into my seat, which proved to be in the right-hand curve of the great horse-shoe, directly under the boxes. The proscenium arch slowly detached itself from the gloom, until I saw its principal box on the left of the grand tier, still vacant, elaborately draped with flags and garlands, — the royal box, decked for the King and Queen! The audience, ever on the alert, awaited their arrival with an indifference to the mimic court of Denmark which even the anguish of the Ghost could not dispel. The prevailing restlessness soon infected me, and I congratulated myself upon my point of view, which, though distant, was not unfavorable.

The curtain fell upon the first act tamely enough; the lights went up, making the whole place resplendent; while the row of chairs in the royal box stood out conspicuously, still unoccupied. During the long wait, I observed with a stranger's interest alien details, — the shrill hawkers of books and papers, the persistent, sharp-eyed flower-girls, brazen in their assurance. Then came the signal from the stage, the hush of anticipation; and at that moment something struck my shoulder, darting from it into my hand, — a little bunch of white flowers, such as the women had been pressing

upon us. But this had dropped from one of the boxes, surely. I glanced up, and saw in the third tier, almost overhead, a woman's face peering down at me. She drew back, but not before I recognized the fact that our eyes had met before; though when, I failed to recollect. Where could I have encountered those worn, gaunt features, that keen scrutiny which seemed at once to warn and threaten me? "Grim as fate!" I muttered; "they fade early, these Italians!" I had thought precisely this before of the same face, and knew it now. She was my evil spirit of the Campagna, who had passed me by on that chill November afternoon, haunting my dreams long afterward. Then she had worn peasant garb, now she was in lace and jewels: yet there could be no question of identity. It was she, beyond a doubt. I turned from the stage, and, leaning forward in my place, fixed my eyes upon the box from which the flowers had fallen. The lights were down again, however; I strained my muscles until they ached, — in vain.

The second act ended, and still royalty did not appear. There was manifest impatience everywhere, and a general outward movement for the interval. I followed, mainly to get a better view of that box in the third tier, which now was empty. Going on into the foyer, I stood in ambush there to watch the faces. All were unfamiliar. The fateful presence, having fulfilled its purpose, if such purpose existed, apparently had left the theatre. I looked at the flowers in my hand, and wondered whether they had been dropped by accident, or whether, like the eyes that seemed to guide them, they conveyed some message capable of interpretation into threat or warning.

The sprays of jasmine were still fresh and sweet. The better to slip into an unguarded buttonhole, they were bound to a long, straight twig from which the waxed thread had loosened. As I prepared to re-wind it, a gleam of white

underneath resolved itself, upon reversal of the thread, into a narrow strip of paper tightly curled about the twig. Unrolling this, I found scrawled upon it in pencil these words: —

"He will not come."

This, then, was her message. Though without date or signature, the cramped irregular handwriting had a feminine cast; not for the fraction of an instant could I doubt that it was hers. But the purport of it? Who would not come? What was his coming or not coming to me? Why, of all men, had I been selected at the moment for this covert notification?

I stuffed the flowers and the paper into my pocket, and went back to my place at the sound of the signal-bell, noting by the way that the occupant of the third-tier box had not returned. The act began; and it was well advanced when, suddenly, at a word of command the lights flashed up. At once, the voice of Denmark died away in a broken period, while all action upon the stage came to a standstill. With one impulse the spectators, high and low, rose at the entrance of the Court, which was accomplished swiftly and silently. Almost in the same instant the Queen was seated in the place of honor, bowing and smiling an acknowledgment of the applause which welcomed her, while the household grouped itself in the background. Then the lights were turned down, the motionless actors woke to life, the tragedy resumed its course.

My republican eyes found in the small ceremonial but one cause for disappointment, — the absence of the King. I had assumed, not unnaturally, that he would be there with the others; and I was not the only one to assume it, as much whispered comment about me clearly proved. But the subject was soon dismissed, and the whole house became absorbed in the question of the play, which now swept on superbly into a triumph for its chief in-

terpreter. At the end, following the audience out at leisure, I found the better part of it drawn up in the halls and corridors as if for a supplementary pageant. What ceremony else? I wondered, and was not long in doubt. Down the wide sweep of staircase, which seemed built for the purpose, came the Court, preceded by footmen in scarlet livery; there was a glitter of gold lace, a rustle of silken fabrics, a gleaming of jewels, while the crowd looked on in solemn silence, with heads uncovered. All eyes were bent upon the Queen's face, which now was sad and preoccupied, deepening by its look the reverence they paid. I stood at the foot of the stairs, and could have touched her as she passed. This unlooked-for epilogue, at once so stately and so simple, impressed me profoundly. Yet it oppressed me, too; when it was over, and the last carriage had driven off, I breathed more freely. Graceful as the expression of faith in the people had been, I doubted its worth in view of the attendant risk. In these perilous days of death-dealing inventive power, of fanatical crimes committed in the name of liberty, was it well wholly to unhedge the King of his divinity and leave humanity unbridled?

"After all, the King was not there," I argued, as I walked to my hotel through the drenched, deserted streets; "he did not come." A weak, inconsequent conclusion, yet it haunted me all the way like a refrain, and, seated by the fire, I found myself reiterating it. "He did not come." The bit of staircase etiquette with its dangerous possibilities had given me a new sensation, which stood foremost in my thoughts. By way of diverting them, I pulled out the crushed flowers, the enigmatic message which read now like the echo of my own persistent burden. "He will not come, — he did not come!" Were the two one and the same? Was it the King to whom the woman's word had reference? For the moment I seemed to have solved the riddle. But

why should she desire to furnish me — a stranger — with that information? Why, unless she mistook me for some one else? No; I must still be wide of the mark, for that was inconceivable; such a mistake would imply a very close resemblance; surely, in Rome I had no double —

The thought, the word, brought me to my feet with a sharp cry. No double? I had one, and had seen him three hours ago, — there in the Via Nazionale, a few steps from the theatre. What if my seat there had been his, but just relinquished? What if through a coincidence, strange indeed, yet not impossible, I, his counterpart, had acquired and occupied it? Admitting this, the woman's error was the most natural thing in the world. Moreover, this would explain, as nothing else could, her interest in me at our former meeting upon the Campagna. It had amounted almost to a recognition. She had been on the very point of speaking, and her changed purpose held in it a wonder ill concealed. Why? Because it was my fortune or misfortune to be the living image of a man whom she knew well, whose presence at the theatre to-night she had confidently expected.

The more I thought of it, the more convinced I became that in this resemblance lay the clue to the enigma. But when, striving to follow the clue, I sought a definite solution, I was soon lost in pure conjecture. That my double in some way had gained in advance the information conveyed to me, and so absented himself from his post, was not improbable. But to what did the information tend? to whom refer? That it involved the King I had really not the smallest proof. I was, perhaps, merely entangled in the meshes of some vulgar intrigue, — some rendezvous, frustrated or postponed.

The next morning, for once, the faithful Bianchi failed me. When his hour came, I received word that he was kept at home by a slight cold, and that I might

expect him on the morrow, if the day were fine. Perfect as that was otherwise, it brought no sign of him; and fearing that he might be seriously ill, I went as soon as possible to his address in the Trastevere, which, this time, I had been careful to procure.

The street was a dark, narrow one, between the river and the Janiculan Hill. I found the house without difficulty, amid a long row of dingy tenements. The cabman's rooms were at the top, up innumerable stairs. He lay in bed, restless and feverish, attended by his wife, a shy, gentle soul, prematurely old. The place was neat, but poorly furnished. On one bare, whitewashed wall hung a colored print of the Madonna; on another, a crucifix above a shelf filled with tawdry ornaments. The woman, agitated by my visit, nervously dusted the one chair in the room, and, after drawing it for me to the bedside, fluttered away.

Bianchi was much distressed at the thought of putting me to inconvenience. He had tried to come, but the doctor's order prevented that; and so he had written me a letter by the hand of his grandson. It was somewhere about, — on the shelf perhaps. I did my best to quiet him, begging him not to talk; then, as he insisted, to relieve his mind I looked for the letter, which lay, as he supposed, upon the shelf behind me. In taking it down I accidentally overturned a small unframed photograph that stood against a vase which held a spray of artificial flowers; and when I picked up the card to replace it, I could scarcely suppress a startled cry. For the portrait, taken from life, was of the woman — my sibyl of the Campagna and the Teatro Nazionale — who had disturbed repeatedly my waking hours and my dreams.

After a second look, to make sure, — as if the face were one that I could forget! — I put back the photograph, and a few moments later went away without gratifying or even betraying my curiosity concerning it. I had questions to ask,

but poor Bianchi was in no state to answer them, and I let them all await his convalescence or recovery. Fortunately, for my peace of mind, I did not have to wait long. His malady with timely care was soon checked; in a week he was on his box again. Then, catching him in a confidential mood on one of our long drives together, I soon discovered the surprising fact that the woman was none other than his own daughter. She had been well married in her own class to a skilled workman of the quarter; had borne him one child, the grandson, Hector, now an inmate of Bianchi's house; but, developing ambitious tastes above her station, she had followed false standards which she was pleased to call advanced, — secretly, at first, until detection precipitated an end that from the first was inevitable. Then she had left all abruptly — home, husband, child — for a rich man, whose creature she had become. He was a brute, a barbarian, a social outcast, a skeptic, irreconcilable, irresponsible; he had cast his evil eye upon her, and had enticed her away. It was believed that they were in foreign parts; just where, no one knew. The husband had died; Bianchi had taken the boy to bring him up; but as for the woman, once his daughter, he disowned her, — she was dead to him. It was his wife, poor, tender-hearted soul, who clung to that likeness of her, which he longed to tear into a thousand pieces. If the signore understood! *Santo nome di diavolo!*

His story trailed off into a storm of oaths that grew inarticulate with tearless rage. I had no heart to torment him further by any detail of my own adventure. It could avail nothing to state upon the best of evidence that his degenerate daughter was a little nearer than he imagined. I let all go, and lapsed back into silence, while my good friend's wrath slowly wore itself out. We were coming in from the Valle dell' Inferno, and at the Ponte Molle, where the ways diverged,

I chose the Flaminian one, for a turn in the Villa Borghese.

It was a perfect Roman afternoon. The old elms of the Villa avenues were in full leaf; the wide, grassy slopes gleamed with daisies, violets, and anemones; the students of the Propaganda, in particolored gowns, played ball sedately on their green amphitheatre, around which a double line of carriages circled back and forth in continuous parade. All ranks were represented, all nationalities. We were democratic and informal. Yet we could be formal, too, upon occasion; for when the Queen came by in state, we straightened in our seats and doffed our hats to her. And when the King followed, not in state at all, but driving, himself, in a high dogcart with an officer at his side, we did the same for him, even more punctiliously, if possible. Then we drove on among the moss-grown fountains, the gray marbles, the clumps of ilex, the long vistas of sun and shade; until, meeting royalty again in another segment of the circle, we looked the opposite way, according to etiquette, in the proud consciousness of duty done, — as if such exalted personages could recall our humble features and the fact that we had paid our tribute loyally.

We passed the Queen for the second time with averted faces, and the King drew near. Close before him in the advancing line came a low, one-horse victoria of no richer appointments than our own. Almost abreast of us its horse reared and balked, — plunged, reared again, refused to go on. Instantly a space opened beside us, while all beyond stood still. The King's way was blocked; general confusion threatened; there were contradictory shouts, which only confirmed the brute in his obstinacy; and the man on the box seemed to have lost control of him. The stolid fellow, with his hat pushed over his eyes to shield them from the setting sun, clutched the reins mechanically, incompetently. Bianchi hesitated for a moment. Then he pulled up the Moor,

handed me the reins, and made a dash for the bridle of the unruly horse ; he caught it, dragged him down, was dragged along in his turn almost to the ground. The victoria swept past me with its occupants, a man and a woman whom I scarcely noticed, until the man leaped down almost at our wheel and disappeared among the carriages. But not before I had a good look at his face, — a startled look it must have been ; for I recognized in him my double of the Via Nazionale.

Bianchi had conquered. I glanced behind and saw that the horse was quieted. The victoria drove on without hindrance, smoothly enough. But as it passed my vetturino, he saw the woman, and a change came over him. His genial face grew white with anger, then flushed to the temples. "*Canaglia!*" he hissed ; and, turning after her, repeated with a shout the obnoxious word, "*Canaglia!*" She paid no heed to it, — was gone. In rage ungovernable he stamped and spit upon the ground ; then, recovering himself, he rushed back, climbed to his box, seized the reins, and started forward without a word. The woman was veiled, as I remembered, and I had caught the merest glimpse of her ; yet I suspected instantly who she was ; before I could confirm the suspicion, however, a stir in front of us diverted my thought. I heard a scuffle in the crowd, a murmur of excitement. The King passed again, driving as before, unruffled, at the accustomed gait. A stern voice ordered us to move on quickly. As we obeyed, whirling by to join the fast receding line at its vanishing point, I saw a man, with his back toward me, led away by the police, and understood that within a few feet of us, for some indeterminate offense, an arrest had been made.

What had happened ? We wondered and demanded on all sides, but no one could enlighten us. When, fifteen minutes later, we returned to the scene of our adventure, the crowd had dispersed, the carriages were few and far between. Impending twilight marked the limit of

the fashionable hour, and we turned the Moor's head toward home. Bianchi's low spirits were apparent ; but I forbore to question him, until, as we crossed the Piazza del Popolo alone in the dim light, he gave me a sidelong look so mournful that it appealed for sympathy. Leaning forward, I whispered, "It was she, then !" And he, through his clenched teeth, replied : "Yes, signore. Here in Rome, *la malcreata!* Oh, the shame of it !" with an amazing sequence of muttered imprecations. I let him alone ; but, later, at the hotel door, shook his hand and tried to cheer him, — wasting my words, for he would not be comforted.

The mystery of the arrest was cleared up in the next morning's paper, where I read of a bold attempt to assassinate the King in the Villa Borghese. During a momentary halt in the line, a man had sprung — from the earth, as it seemed — to the carriage-step with a drawn knife in his hand. Providentially, at that instant the King's horses had started up ; the man's foot had slipped ; and, falling, he had been easily disarmed, captured, dragged away to prison. There he bore himself with unexampled indifference, implicating no one else, refusing to explain his motive, or to make any statement whatever, beyond the simple fact that he was an Englishman ; a fact doubted by the authorities. Then followed a rough woodcut of the prisoner, who was described as well dressed and sufficiently presentable in appearance. The sketch hardly warranted even this craftily qualified clause about his looks. Yet with its help I promptly identified my enigmatic shadow, — run to earth, at last. The resemblance, now reduced to its lowest terms, was most unflattering. But I could only attribute that to the draughtsman's lack of skill, and rejoice that things were no worse, — or no better.

Nothing in the printed report connected the assailant with the blockade in the line of carriages. The whole affair had been of a moment only ; and the

man, worming his way in and out between the wheels, might well have seemed to spring from the earth. But for his familiar face, he would have slipped by me unnoticed. Now I perceived plainly that, in his deep-laid scheme to gain a sure foothold and possible escape, the halt and the small distraction occasioned by it were important factors. He had reckoned confidently upon both; but he had reckoned without Bianchi. Through the vetturino's quick wit and ready resource, unconsciously working to a purpose unforeseen, the scheme had miscarried. Thus did my spurred imagination, so long ineffective, suddenly begin to patch these shadowy proofs together into one clear, substantial whole.

Nor did imagination stop there. Its vivid light streamed backward, making significant my adventure at the theatre. The abortive attempt in the Villa Borghese seemed to me no sudden impulse, but the outcome of a deliberate plot, an organized conspiracy, in which several minds had long been actively engaged. The woman, surely, must be an accomplice; so, likewise, the too incompetent driver of the victoria, who might or might not have been her former companion, the dull-eyed spectre of the Campagna. Intent upon the King's murder, they had awaited a favorable opportunity, which almost offered itself on that gala night in the Teatro Nazionale. Had the King attended the performance, their attempt would have been made at its close, as he walked down the staircase, within reach of the assassin's hand. But something had occurred to change his plan, and word of the change had been passed on to me, in mistake. The deed of yesterday proved the tardy dénouement to which these threads had tended.

For an hour or so I contemplated a descent upon the police, to put myself and all my theories at their disposal. But sober second thought reversed this rash intention. The ways of the police were inscrutable. My testimony, as I fore-

saw, would involve me in awkward, not to say vexatious delays, conflicting with all my plans, and of most unpleasant publicity; when all was done, it might well be deemed too slight, and lead to nothing. The plot, if plot there were, had failed completely, yielding the law its victim. Here was a conclusion upon which I could rest comfortably. It was clear that in Bianchi's mind the two incidents of the halt and the attack were unrelated. He had not seen his daughter again; he neither knew nor wished to know her whereabouts; she had passed beyond the pale of his conjecture even. There I resolved to leave her. And when I said farewell to him and Rome a few days afterward, nothing had occurred to shake my resolution.

At the moment of departure, as a matter of course, I had tossed a *soldo* into the Fountain of Trevi to insure my return; but with small faith in this traveler's charm, which, indeed, failed to work for many a day. Ten years and more elapsed. Then, through a happy whirl of Fortune's wheel, I found myself in Rome once more, with a whole month — the month of May — before me. Again, almost my first thought was of Bianchi. But, this time, no sudden stroke of good luck conjured him up. I had kept his old address, and wrote to him there, receiving no answer. I watched for him in the Corso, inspected cabstands, questioned porters, without result. At mention of his name all shook their heads. And, finally, I dropped the matter.

A Sunday came which was to be my last in Rome. As I returned on foot from St. Peter's, in the afternoon, through the Via Condotti, the declining sunlight shone full upon the distant church of Santa Trinità de' Monti rising above the vista of the Spanish Steps against a clear blue sky. I remembered opportunely that this was the hour for the fine choral service there, at which, on Sunday, the nuns of the adjoining convent assisted.

Hurrying on, I was still in time for a portion of the office; and pushing aside the leathern curtain, I went in.

The dim nave was crowded to the intersecting grate which defends the nuns and their sanctuary from the world. Through the bars, afar off, gleamed the candles of the altar, the vestments, the swinging censers; the unseen choir sang, the organ boomed, the smoke curled upward in the encroaching darkness. I listened to the music, idly watching the beam of daylight that stretched across the nearer pavement when the curtain swung inward. Suddenly, revealed for the moment in its glow, stood the figure of an elderly man, shabbily dressed, broken with years and with illness too, perhaps, for his gait was uncertain. He limped forward into the shadow, and became immediately absorbed in his devotions. The picturesqueness of the man and his reverent attitude interested me, and I studied his face, which now was but just discernible. "He is a little like Bianchi," I thought; "though much older." Then, remembering that I had not seen my former friend for ten years, I began to wonder whether it could be he. "No, impossible!" I soon decided; yet I drew toward him for a better and more searching look. Just then, in the distance, came the elevation of the host, and the man knelt slowly and painfully. Turning his head for an instant, he caught my eye, but with no light of recognition. "It is not he!" I sighed.

None the less, when, a few moments later, the man rose, and, after dusting his knees carefully, moved toward the door, I followed him out, down the steps at his own slow pace, keeping close behind him. As he reached the Piazza, he turned with an air of mild surprise. "Is your name Bianchi Andrea?" I asked.

At the sound of my voice he started, flashed upon me the old sparkling look, and knew me instantly. "*Dio mio, Dio mio, Dio mio!*" he chattered, like a parrot; "what a combination, what a com-

bination, *caro signore!* To think you should be there in the church! It was the Madonna that led me to it!"

"Bianchi! It is really you! Still at your old trade!"

"Of course!" he laughed, limping toward the *vettura*, which stood near by. "See! Here is my horse. Alas, no longer the Moor! But what a combination! *Dio mio, Dio mio, Dio mio!*"

"You have been ill? You are lame."

"Naturally, since I am old. It is nothing. My health is not so bad."

"And your wife? She is well, too?"

"Ah, *signor mio!* She is dead,—dead these two years. Yet I am not alone; the boy is with me, and"—

At that moment we were interrupted by the *vetturino's* fare for the time being,—two elderly women, severe in aspect, evidently English and single. They had followed from the church, and now eyed us with impatient wonder. I could do no more than give Bianchi my address, bidding him come to me on the morrow. He clambered to the box and drove off; while I, left alone, slowly recovered from my astonishment at this happy chance which had reestablished the old relationship,—with the Madonna's help, as I, too, was half inclined to believe.

We made the most of the two days left me, with many a blessing for the belated favor. When the end drew near, I told him that I must see his grandson before going away, and begged him to drive at once to his lodging. It was not the old place, but a brighter and better one in a new quarter. My visit had been timed for the breakfast hour, when the youth, who was a laborer, would not fail to be at home. In a few moments he appeared, stalwart and unabashed,—a tall, manly fellow, who looked as if, upon occasion, he might prove as valiant as his namesake, the Trojan hero. While we talked together, a voice summoned him, and he excused himself. The meal was ready, he had a sharp appetite. "*Con permesso!*" And he went out.

His keen, black eyes recalled others, still unforgotten, that I am not likely to forget. Upon my lips trembled a question, which I had been often tempted to ask during the previous forty-eight hours. Yet the subject was one that I wished to make Bianchi, himself, introduce, if that could be accomplished. He may have read my thought; for while he shifted his position uneasily, his eyes avoided mine. "Let us go!" I said; and he sprang eagerly toward the door; but at the sound of a step on the landing outside, he drew back, as a woman stood before him in the doorway. Pale, worn, wasted by disease, in dress of the humblest sort, she would have been unrecognizable but for the eyes, which, shining with what now seemed unnatural brightness, betrayed her identity even through the transforming mask of years. She recoiled at sight of us; then with a murmured apology for her intrusion, shuffled hastily away. An inner door closed behind her. And when all was quiet, Bianchi silently led the way out. Not until we were in the open air did he meet my inquiring glance. Then there was no need of further question. At once he told me the little there was to tell, readily and volubly.

After that chance encounter in the Villa Borghese, his daughter did not cross his path again, and he heard no-

thing of her for a long time. All trace seemed lost forever. But his wife upon her death-bed, convinced that the daughter was still alive, had exacted from him a promise that if any appeal should be made, he would hearken to it. His wife died and was buried. Then, three months later, word came that his daughter had returned to Rome ill, if not dying, and in want. He had kept his promise faithfully, going to her relief, cancelling all the past, and bringing her home to die, as he believed. She was there; she had recovered, in a measure; but there was no harm in her now, as one might see at a glance. She devoted herself to her boy, to him, to her mother's memory. Oh, an angel of devotion! What would the signore have? It had been a sad story, but it was well over. In this world, one must be a good father, or one was nothing.

Upon that word we parted company. And it is the last word of his that I remember. Our leave-taking of the next morning at the station, hurried and formal as it was, slips wholly from my recollection. The honest-hearted fellow turned back into the Roman streets, where still, perhaps, grown older and grayer, he pursues his calling. If so, at church, or Corso, or piazza, with the Madonna's help, we shall surely meet again. If not:—

"Atque in perpetuum, frater, ave atque vale!"

T. R. Sullivan.

DEAD OUT OF DOORS.

HIGH from the ground, and blown upon by air
Sun-sanctified; caught from corruption's mould,
Girdled by streams amidst the foot-hills fair,
With wind-chants making music sweet and old,

This red man rests. Unto the elements
He doth return; his soul soars glad and free,
And e'en his body seems, in going hence,
To cry, "O grave, where is thy victory!"

Richard Burton.

PRESCOTT THE MAN.

GEORGE HILLARD, writing to Prescott in January, 1844, spoke of "that warm heart of yours which makes those who have the privilege of being your friends entirely forget that you are a great historian, and only think of you as a person to be loved."

Subsequent forgetting has been of a different kind. For most of us, the historian has swallowed the man. We think of Prescott in his study, though for but few of us, even there, do his twenty pairs of old shoes piled on a step-ladder cause the face of Clio to relax; but we scarcely realize him at all in the nursery. That boon companion of children; that rich and spontaneous nature; that most charming of hosts and most welcome of guests; that devoted son, that fond father, that sportively benignant grandfather; that loyal friend, good citizen, helper of the poor; that man in whom gentleness dwelt with strength, and whom kindness clothed as with a garment, — very human, withal, and not exempt from laughable weaknesses and engagingly whimsical traits, — the winning personality has been too much lost in the stately historical writer.

This is due partly to the inevitable fading of personal tradition with the lapse of time. Those who knew Prescott in his radiant youth and sunny manhood are gone. In his family the memory of the authentic man survives, but for the world at large there remains only the written record. That, so far as the histories are concerned, necessarily yields but a feeble light upon the man behind the book. An author may unlock his heart in a sonnet, but certainly cannot in a history of dead centuries. And even in Prescott's formal biography his real personality is somewhat elusive. Ticknor was Prescott's lifelong friend, and a most painstaking biographer. He

had ample material, and used it conscientiously, — it is not necessary to say discreetly, for not a line that Prescott wrote needed to be suppressed for fear of hurting the feelings of the living or of the friends of the dead. But Ticknor was an old man when he wrote the *Life*. His own view of society and of literature, always severe, had deepened into something like austerity; and for him to have brought out vividly the playful, jocose, and warmly human aspects of Prescott's character would doubtless have seemed to him very much like taking liberties with the Muse of History. At any rate, the awful dignity of historical composition, and the weighty responsibilities going with life in that "pale of society" where Ticknor drew his well-regulated breath, are the main personal impressions which one derives to-day from the official biography of Prescott. The rest is there, no doubt, by implication, and fugitively. Prescott's social charm is asserted, though without detail; his light-heartedness at home, his vivacious wit in conversation, his grace of manner, his innocent fondness for the good things of life, — all are affirmed by Ticknor, but in a slighting way which prevents these qualities from taking the place which they ought to have in the picture of the total man. Over a great mass of material in Prescott's journals and letters, illustrating the true nature of the historian in habit as he was, Ticknor passed too hastily.

Prescott was not only well born but happily born. His heredity was nicely fitted to his problem of life. From his mother, Governor Wolcott thought, he derived his "unfailing spirits." In *Pierce's Life of Sumner* there is record of a conversation at dinner, where Webster, Ticknor, Sumner, and Prescott were present, among others. The talk turned on the question what most vitally shaped

men's characters and activities. Some said one thing, some another. "Mr. Prescott declared that a mother's influence was the most potent." He was a living witness. All the accounts which Ticknor piously gathered from Salem contemporaries agree that the boy William had his bright vivacity from his mother. "I am the only classmate of Mr. Prescott now present," said President Walker of Harvard, at the memorial meeting held in honor of the dead historian by the Massachusetts Historical Society on February 1, 1859. "My recollections of him go back to our college days when he stood among us one of the most joyous and light-hearted." He had need to be. An accident, in his junior year, destroyed the sight of his left eye, and later was followed by an obscure disease in the other which brought him to the verge of total blindness. From fear of the latter he was never exempt while he lived. Nothing but an indomitable gayety of spirit could have carried him through those early years of almost absolute darkness and the lifelong crippling, and left him the serene and happy nature his friends always found him. He was, in fact, obstinately and unreasonably cheerful. At his grandfather's house in the Azores, a lad of nineteen, he was for three months shut up in a dark room and kept on a reducing diet. Yet his spirits were throughout unflagging. He was not merely not despondent, he was positively hilarious. He sang and spouted poetry, and mouthed Latin, and walked hundreds of miles within the four walls of his large chamber, — from corner to corner, thrusting out his elbows to keep himself from running, in the dark, against the sharp angles. Indeed, as he wrote to his parents, he "emerged" from his "dungeon, not with the emaciated figure of a prisoner, but in the full bloom of a *bon vivant*." A little later, in London, he was told by the leading oculist whom he consulted that there was no hope of a permanent cure of his affection

of the eye, and that, as he wrote home, "I must abandon my profession forever." But even that could not daunt him, and he added, "Do not think that I feel any despondency. . . . My spirits are full as high as my pulse; fifteen degrees above the proper temperament."

As one proof more of Prescott's unconquerable temper and light-heartedness that never failed, may be cited what his mother said, years after, to her pastor: "This is the very room where William was shut up for so many months in utter darkness. In all that trying season, when so much had to be endured, and our hearts were ready to fail for fear, I never in a single instance groped my way across the apartment to take my place at his side that he did not salute me with some hearty expression of good cheer, — as if we were the patients, and it was his place to comfort us."

Prescott was known as "the blind historian;" and the tradition that he was totally blind became early fixed and almost impossible to dislodge. Maria Edgeworth sighed over the "poor man," on the supposition that he was entirely without sight. The *Edinburgh Review*, in its notice of the *Conquest of Mexico*, spoke of the writer as having "been blind several years." "The next thing," wrote Prescott in his journal, "I shall hear of a subscription set on foot for the blind Yankee author." At about the same time he wrote to Colonel Aspinwall, "I can't say I like to be called blind. I have, it is true, but one eye; but that has done me some service, and, with fair usage will, I trust, do me some more." But in spite of all his explanations the world went on believing that Prescott was, as he humorously protested that he was *not*, "high-gravel blind." Edward Everett wrote him from London, June 2, 1845: "I noticed the note in the *Edinburgh Review* [this was a correction of the earlier mistake] about your blindness, and I continually hear and as often contradict the same statement in conversa-

tion, but I do not always command belief. Sir John Hobhouse last Saturday evening insisted upon it you were as blind as a mole, and being a quiet man, I was obliged to let him have his own way." The truth is that Prescott always had precarious vision in one eye, which he was able to use only with extreme caution and for but short periods at a time; and even so, frequent intervals of complete blindness fell upon him with the recurrence of his disease. The oculists of the day assured him of the sufficiency of his one feeble eye for all the ordinary purposes of life, provided he would give up his literary labors. But he quietly refused to pay the price. Holding himself to a rigid regimen, carefully observing every precaution that his own experience or the skill of physicians could suggest, he yet preferred the joys of his intellectual pursuits to the certainty of eyesight. Again and again in his journals we find him calmly contemplating the possibility of absolute and permanent blindness. Even then there is no expression of regret or slackened resolution; only a weighing of the possibility of his being able to press on with his work when wholly dependent upon the eyes of others. "The obstacles," he wrote in 1830, "I do not believe to be insuperable, unless I become deaf as well as blind." As to the actual extent and effect of his disablement, a few of his own private records are worth pages of description:—

January 16, 1831. "I can dispense entirely with my own eyes."

June 26, 1836. "The discouragements under which I have labored have nearly determined me more than once to abandon the enterprise. I met with a remark of Dr. Johnson on Milton at an early period, stating that the poet gave up his history of Britain, on becoming blind, since no one could pursue such investigations under such disadvantages. This remark of the great doctor confirmed me in the resolution to attempt the contrary. . . . I must not overstate

the case, however, for certainly my eyes have not been high-gravel blind all the while."

March 24, 1846. "The last fortnight I have not read or written, in all, five minutes. . . . My notes have been written by ear-work: snail-like progress."

November 1, 1846. "I reckon time by eyesight, as distances are now reckoned by railroads. There is about the same relative value of the two, in regard to speed."

July 9, 1848. "I use my eyes ten minutes at a time, for an hour a day. So I snail it along."

February 15, 1849. "How can I feel enthusiasm when limping like a blind beggar on foot? I must make my brains—somehow or other—save my eyes."

July 15, 1849. "Worked about three hours per diem, of which with my own eyes (grown very dim, alas!) about 30 minutes a day."

October 3, 1853. "Have been quacking again for my eye."

It was not really quacking, though Prescott suffered many things of many physicians. His case seemed to be prefigured in Voltaire's *Zadig*. The great impostor Hermes, in whose person the whole faculty was satirized, declared, "If it had been the right eye I could have cured it, but the wounds of the left are incurable."

One entry more from the journals:—

June 16, 1857. "I fight as—metaphorically speaking—Cervantes fought at Lepanto—with one hand crippled."

For more than thirty years Prescott employed private secretaries. They read to him, made notes for him, and, hardest task of all, deciphered and transcribed his own blind man's writing,—his *nocographs*. In the latter form nearly all his composing was done. He himself described the writing contrivance. The apparatus, he wrote in a letter to the publisher of the *Homes of American Authors*, consisted of "a frame of the size of a common sheet of letter-paper,

with brass wires inserted in it to correspond with the number of lines wanted. On one side of this frame is pasted a leaf of thin carbonated paper, such as is used to obtain duplicates. Instead of a pen, the writer makes use of a stylus, of ivory or agate, the latter better or harder. The great difficulties in the way of a blind man's writing in the usual manner arise from his not knowing when the ink is exhausted in his pen, and when his lines run into one another. Both these difficulties are obviated by this simple writing case, which enables one to do his work as well in the dark as in the light." It is a fact, however, that one difficulty remained. Prescott sometimes forgot to insert the sheet of paper, and then, as he once wrote, he would proceed for a page "in all the glow of composition" before finding that all had been in vain. With characteristic good nature, he alluded to this occasional *contretemps* as one of the "whimsical distresses" of his method. Of the resulting manuscript, let one of his secretaries speak. Mr. Robert Carter, who was engaged by Prescott in 1847, had assigned him as his first duty the task of familiarizing himself with the noctograph writing. "I was appalled," he wrote afterwards, "by its appearance. It was nearly as illegible as so much shorthand. I could not make out the first line, or even the first word." This is fully confirmed by what Prescott wrote to R. W. Griswold in 1845. He said that the characters of his noctographs "might indeed pass for hieroglyphics." His secretaries managed to interpret them, but "sometimes my hair stood on end at the woeful blunders and misconceptions of the original which every now and then found their way into the first proof of the printer." It may be added that the noctograph original of this very letter to Griswold is preserved among the Prescott papers, and is itself a fine example of his most inscrutable writing. The resource of dictation was distasteful to Prescott. He

did, indeed, dictate his short memoir of Pickering, but his secretary states that he "did not like the method, and never again resorted to it when writing for the public." Prescott's own account of the matter is as follows: "Thierry, who is totally blind, urged me by all means to cultivate the habit of dictation, to which he had resorted; and James, the eminent novelist, who has adopted his habit, finds it favorable to facility in composition. But I am too long accustomed to my own way to change. And, to say truth, I never dictated a sentence in my life for publication without its falling so flat on my ear that I felt almost ashamed to send it to the press. I suppose it is habit."

The outward effects of Prescott's partial blindness were not so important as its influence in shaping and making beautiful his character. No one can read the remarkable record in his journals of the way in which he turned from a dim world without to a radiant world within, took himself in hand, and forged laboriously in the dark the tempered weapon of his mind and heart, without becoming persuaded that his strength was plucked from his very disabling. It was this view of the matter which led the Rev. N. L. Frothingham to say of him after his death that the mischance which robbed him of eyesight could "hardly be called a calamity, so manfully, so sweetly, so wondrously did he, not only endure it, but convert it to the highest purposes of a faithful, scholarly, serviceable life." On Prescott's tomb, as on that of another gentle scholar and intrepid invalid of New England, might have been written, "Meine Trübsal war mein Glück."

The making of the man lies open to us in Prescott's letters and especially in his journals. Never was there a sharper reminder of the physical basis of life; never, also, a more reassuring proof that, after all, it is the soul which doth the body make. In Prescott's case, the process clearly began with the physical. His bodily crippling gave him an intro-

spective habit. He watched himself like an experimenter. Every symptom he noted down. His diet he scrupulously recorded for many months. His partition of the day, — his hours of sleep; the time given to reading; the amount of exercise and recreation, with the effects of each; social amusements and the tax paid to friendship, — all was written out and studied and commented upon through several rigorous years. It was not done selfishly, least of all morbidly. Prescott had a problem to solve. How could he do the work of a man without a man's eyesight? It was to answer that question that he undertook his prolonged self-scrutiny and self-testing. He did it with almost scientific objectivity. He was as cool and unbiased as if writing of another. Not one hint of a diseased consciousness appears in the whole record, which thus stands unparalleled, I think, in the literature of diaries. To put one's nature, physical and mental, under the microscope daily, yet to betray, not simply no morbid feeling, but almost no sense of self at all; to be calm, even jocose, while recording ill health and noting limitations; to preserve a cheerful temper while wrestling with the problem how to make his life bear fruit in darkness; and to do all this in a series of records meant only for his own eye and his own guidance, — such was the high and unique achievement of Prescott.

Brought up in what was, for those times, luxury, Prescott had certain temptations of the palate. In his early travels he carefully noted, and sampled, the confectionery of the various countries he visited. Until within a few years, a Boston druggist was living who used to supply him regularly with licorice-root, — that child's dainty of a ruder age! It was used by the historian as a means of ingratiating himself with children. His grandchildren recall the little packets of licorice-root, and other sweets, which he always had ready for them.

While still a young man in Europe,

he began mortifying the flesh. A Paris physician bade him never exceed two glasses of wine per diem. The story of a traveling companion was that Prescott at once seized upon the largest wine-glasses on the table, to measure by. However that may have been, we have in his own handwriting a register of his daily wine-drinking for a period of two years and nine months. It was no calendar of a sybarite. The effect on his eye was the one standard to which everything was referred. Thus when we find him writing, July 22, 1820, "Went to Nabant — drank too much wine in Boston," — we know that he simply meant too much for his eye. Wine was prescribed for him; he found it useful; the only thing required was to work out a rule as to kind and quantity, and this he did with an amazing sort of impersonal zeal. And every other act or experience of his daily life was interrogated in the same spirit and to the same end. After months of minute inspection and full experiment, aiming at the correct regimen, he wrote down the following: —

"Eat meat; light breakfasts; temperate dinners; light teas; *no* suppers; *simple* food; no great variety at dinner; exercise = 4 miles pr. day at 3 or 4 different times; light not intense, but full, clear; no spirits; no wine except excellent and old; not exceed 4 glasses of that, nor oftener than once in 5 days; read moderately large print, when eye is well; not walk in the cold or wind; no wine when I have a cold; no goggles? not sit up late."

Other kindred entries in his journal are: —

January, 1820. "N. B. Theatre, late Balls, smoking, supper parties, always pernicious — ergo, not go — or not stay late."

"Rule about balls. Not more than one a week, and not stay after 11 or more than 2½ h."

"Club, not stay after 12."

It is easy to understand, from the fore-

going, how one of Prescott's intimate friends could speak of a certain "stoical" basis in a life of which the outward manner was only ease and smiling amiability. This man, all rippling with grace and good nature, who, as Professor Parsons said of him, "could be happy in more ways, and more happy in every one of them, than any other person I have ever known," had the power of gripping himself silently and in secret, and making himself lord of his own fate. Yet he was no methodarian. His rules were aids, not fetters. Even his dietary was not inflexible. "How can you eat that, William?" his wife would sometimes call out at table, seeing him wander into forbidden dishes. He would laugh away the warning, and affirm that the only way he knew he had rules of eating was by occasionally breaking them. During his English trip in 1850, he stood up nobly for the honor of his country's digestion, and was a valiant trencherman at the endless breakfasts and dinners to which he was invited. Sydney Smith had sent word to him in advance that, if he visited London, he would be drowned in claret or turtle soup. "I believe I can swim in those seas," wrote Prescott in his journal. His wonderful social charm was instantly recognized by the best English society. He was as much sought after there as he always was in Boston and New York. "If I were asked," said Theophilus Parsons, "to name the man, whom I have known, whose coming was most sure to be hailed as a pleasant event by all whom he approached, I should not only place Prescott at the head of the list, but I could not place any other man near him." It was not that he was a professional diner-out, still less that even more portentous person, the professional teller of stories and retailer of smart sayings. Prescott used to make horrible puns, but his social manner had its immense attraction mainly through unflinching kindness, unerring sympathy, and vivacious good spirits which nothing could depress. It

was his simplicity and spontaneity which delighted everybody.

Mr. G. T. Curtis, writing to Mr. Hilgard, says: "Prescott, the historian, not yet an author, was at that time in the full flush of his early manhood, running over with animal spirits, which his studies and self-discipline could not quench; talking with a joyous *abandon*, laughing at his own inconsequences, recovering himself gayly, and going on again in a graver strain which soon gave way to some new joke or brilliant sally. Wherever he came there was always a 'fillip' to the discourse, be it of books or society, or reminiscences of foreign travel, or the news of the day."

Sometimes this unstudied impulsiveness of his betrayed him into an unconscious malapropos. "What have I said?" he would cry out when he saw his wife, who kept a dutiful watch upon these lapses of his, looking at him severely. Naturally, such a fresh naïveté would but lay additional stress upon his original unlucky remark. Once a titled Englishwoman was arguing with him in his own home on the subject of Americanisms. She objected strongly to our use of the word "snarl" in the sense of confusion. "Why, surely," spoke up Prescott in all innocence, "you would say that your ladyship's hair is in a snarl?" As such unfortunately was the case at the time—it was the era of plastered hair—the visitor had to cool her wrath by remembering that her host was blind.

Samuel Eliot describes the home life of Prescott at his country place in Pepperell. Here he passed the happiest part of his existence. Work went on as usual, but did not seem to be his principal interest. This lay in "the enjoyment of the family and the friends forming a portion of the family; the drive or the walk; the gay dinner; the evening with readings, but oftener and more delightfully with games and songs." One game in particular was an especial favorite with Prescott. It was called Albano, because

introduced by some young friends of his who had played it in Rome. It was really only a variant of Puss in the Corner. The players chose geographical names from the four quarters of the globe; but the one that Prescott took, and which was never shouted without provoking tumultuous outbursts of glee, was Nessitisset. It was the name of the stream flowing by his farm. Eliot also tells of a comic dispute which once occurred at Pepperell between Prescott and his uncle, Isaac Davis. The old gentleman complained of growing deaf, but Prescott maintained that his uncle's hearing was as good as his own. To test it, he had his wife hang an old-fashioned watch at the end of the room, and the two men advanced slowly toward it to determine which could first hear the ticking. "Do you hear it, Davis?" "No." "Neither do I." So on, step by step, until in amazement Prescott put his ear actually to the timepiece. "Susan! the thing is n't going!" he cried to the sly woman who had stopped it. This boyish spirit and welling gayety Prescott carried into his work as well as his social relaxation. One of his secretaries wrote that whenever he came to describe some stirring scene, like a battle, he would humorously key himself up to it by bursting into song. One favorite was a ballad beginning, "O, give me but my Arab steed!" He was fond of music. Sentimental songs would sometimes set him weeping. "They are only my opera tears," he would explain. This was one sign of that "simplicity in which nobleness of nature most largely shares," to quote the words of Thucydides which Professor Felton applied to Prescott after his death. Such tributes could be multiplied. "One of the most frank, amiable, warm-hearted and open-hearted of human beings," wrote Hillard; and added, "Of all men I have known he was the most generally beloved, the most universal social favorite." It might be said of Prescott, as Sydney Smith said of Mackintosh,

that "the gall-bladder was omitted in his composition." "Not a single unkind or harsh or sneering expression," testifies one of his secretaries, "could be found in any of the hundreds of letters I wrote at his dictation." The same may be said of his private journals. Not a line of them needs to be blotted. This man had that even sweetness of temper and exhaustless benevolence which can stand the searching test of impressions made upon children and servants. Prescott was not a hero to his valet, but he was something better, — a man to win undying respect and love. All his private secretaries left his service with regret, and ever retained for him the most affectionate regard.

Prescott's self-discipline was applied as rigorously to his moral as to his physical or mental nature. His habit was to keep by him a complete inventory of his moral qualities, — chiefly a list of the faults which he set himself to strive to correct. Slips written by his own hand, and seen by his eye alone, he kept in a large envelope, each one containing a record of something he had found amiss in himself. Over this card-catalogue of failings he would periodically go, — usually on a Sunday morning after church, — and conscientiously check up his moral account. One besetting defect mastered, its record would be blotted out; a new weakness detected, it would have its scrupulous entry. To the last he kept up this recurring self-examination, and after his death the envelope was found, marked, "To be burnt." To ashes the whole was reduced. Not enough to make a moment's blaze, — the sum of the faults of one so universally loved. "The only man," wrote Hillard, "whom we never heard any one speak against."

In the early journals there are some traces of the struggle of Prescott's spirit to find itself.

"Since the age of 23, the most wretched period of my life was when my *passions and temper controlled me*, the most happy when *I controlled them*."

"Without answering for others, I may say that these qualities of mind are *sufficient for my happiness*:—

"I. Good Nature. II. Manliness. III. Independence. IV. Industry. V. Honesty. VI. Cheerful Views. VII. Religious Confidence."

On one occasion, as if bursting into a "let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter," he wrote:—

"Voilà.

P. S. I have been perfectly contented, light-hearted and happy, ye last two weeks—with my BOOKS 7 hrs. & DOMESTIC SOCIETY—and Benev^t Feels (Not thinking of it) Not VANITY "

Prescott's athletic training of mind and pen for the task he set himself can be but barely alluded to here. He knew to the full "what belonged to a scholar; what pains, what toil, what travail, conduct to perfection." The records of his rigid discipline from his twenty-sixth to his fortieth year remain as proof of what would otherwise seem, considering his handicap, the incredible amount of work he got through. With the certain prospect of indifferent health and dependence upon the eyes of another, he yet attacked light-heartedly a mass of reading which would have taxed the rudest physique. His toils were undertaken, moreover, through no necessity,—except the spur of a noble mind,—since his father's ample means assured him comfort and even luxury. Yet we find him, while still only feeling after his life-occupation, sitting down in 1822 to the following self-imposed task: "I am now," he wrote in his journal, "twenty-six years of age, nearly. By the time I am thirty, God willing, I propose, with what stock I have already on hand, to be a very well-read English scholar; to be acquainted with the classical and useful authors, prose and poetry, in Latin, French, and Italian, and especially in history; I do not mean a critical or profound acquaintance. The two following years, 31–32, I may hope to learn Ger-

man, and to read the classical German writers; and the translations, if my eye continues weak, of the Greek. And this is enough for general discipline." For German he had later to offer Spanish as a substitute; his dim eye and the aid of his secretary having proven, greatly to his disappointment, inadequate to mastering the tongue of the learned. All told, however, in those acquisitive years, almost without the knowledge of his most intimate friends or even of his own family, he put an immense amount of material behind him. The record of it remains,—not simply a bare catalogue of books, but analyses and criticisms, often very full and always careful; for, as he wrote in describing his own method and purpose, it was obvious to him that "superficial considerations are not worth recording, as the recollection of them can in no way add to the solid stores of knowledge."

To his reading, and especially to his writing, Prescott held himself faithfully, and constantly reinforced his resolution by admonitory entries in his journal. One amusing resort of his to flog himself along was his habit of imposing forfeits upon a failure to complete a given task by a day fixed. This contrivance he appears to have taken up while still in college. Very early in his journals we find traces of the custom. Thus one of his "Maxims of Composition," written down almost at the beginning, reads: "Pay a forfeit if you read a word as you are writing it—if you look over the last 3 lines you have written, except it be impossible, after trying, to recollect them (you may at last 3 words), if you review any except 2 pages when I begin to write in the day . . . I may read what has been written on the same day in which I take this liberty, provided it *shall be absolutely necessary to write further*." Later, he transmuted his system of forfeits into a plan of making wagers (the odds heavily against himself) with his private secretaries. A

memorandum of one of them survives, and runs as follows:—

"June 4th 1846. This memorandum is to witness that a bet of one dollar to fifty dollars has been made between E. B. Otis and Wm. H. Prescott Esq., the latter betting fifty dollars that he will read for, compose and write one hundred pages of his History of Peru in a hundred days, the days to be counted from the fourth day of June, 1846, inclusive, making due allowance for the excepted days hereinafter specified.

"This bet shall be renewed at the end of the hundred days (the amount, conditions, and exceptions of the second bet being the same in every particular with those herein recited;) *unless Mr. Prescott shall, within two days from the expiration of the first period of a hundred days, enter on this memorandum a written statement of his desire to dissolve the Bet.* If the History, including the Postscripts, should not hold out, but should fall short of the second hundred pages, the wager shall be construed *pro rata*, that is, Mr. Prescott shall lose his second bet of fifty dollars unless he finishes the remainder of his History at the rate of a page a day, (reckoning the days from the expiration of the first hundred days) for every day after the determination of the first wager till the work is finished, with the following exceptions.

"The days to be excepted when calculating the result of either bet are these, viz.: When Mr. Prescott is absent from town for a day or more, also a day before and after return, also two days must be allowed for moving to Nahant, to Boston and to Pepperell—each; or when prevented from study by the sickness of himself or friends for a day or more, or by the occurrence of any unforeseen event (to be determined himself) that might occupy him otherwise, also the days employed in writing the Memoir of Mr. Pickering; (Writing letters is not an unforeseen event;) also the

days that gentlemen visitors stay in the house with Mr. Prescott. No days shall be excepted but those herein specified, and entered on this sheet.

"Weakness of the eyes shall not count as illness unless upon such days as Mr. Prescott cannot read himself 2 hours and has not his secretary with him, or the latter, (when Mr. Prescott is unable to read said two hours —) from any cause is unable to read 3 hours on any day when Mr. Prescott is not employed in composing *text* of a chapter and except working (not reading) causes pain.

"If working exclusive of reading *causes pain for several days* Mr. Prescott has a right to dissolve this agreement.

"Signed June 4th.

WM. H. PRESCOTT.

EDMUND B. OTIS.

"I promise on my honor as a gentleman not to release Mr. Prescott from any forfeiture that he may incur by this Engagement except in such cases as are provided for in the contract — this contract being made at his desire for his own accommodation solely.

EDMUND B. OTIS.

"Days excepted June 7–21, 25, 26, 28. July 6–14."

Prescott always took this betting on his own industry with perfect seriousness. Sometimes he would radiantly greet his secretary with, "You have lost! You owe me a dollar." And he would exact payment. Occasionally he would, with woe-begone countenance, produce and pay over to the protesting secretary the twenty or thirty dollars he himself had lost. It was Prescott's one "oddity," remarked a friend. Madame de Sévigné, who had a similar habit, called it a *sottise*. "Je reviens à nos lectures: c'est sans préjudice de Cléopâtre [a romance in twelve octavo volumes] que j'ai gagé d'achever (vous savez comme je soutiens mes gageures): je songe quelquefois d'où vient la folie que j'ai pour ces sottises-là."

With his warm social nature, and the

constant invitations and increasing duties as host and as representative of American literature thickening upon him, Prescott often found it difficult to adhere to hours and plans of work. His friend Gardiner gave one instance of the way in which pleasure struggled with his rule of quitting any company in which he might be by ten o'clock:—

"Mr. Prescott was the entertainer, at a restaurateur's, of an invited company of young men, chiefly of the bon vivant order. He took that mode sometimes of giving a return dinner, to avoid intruding too much on the hospitality of his father's roof, as well as to put at ease the sort of company which promised exuberant mirth. His dinner hour was set early; purposely, no doubt, that all might be well over in good season. But it proved to be a prolonged festivity. Under the brilliant auspices of their host, who was never in higher spirits, the company became very gay, and not at all disposed to abridge their gayety, even after a reasonable number of hours. As the hour of ten drew near, I noticed that Prescott was beginning to get a little fidgety, and to drop some hints, which no one seemed willing to take,—for no one present, unless it were myself, was aware that time was of any more importance to our host than it was to many of his guests. Presently, to the general surprise, the host himself got up abruptly, and addressed the company nearly as follows: 'Really, my friends, I am very sorry to be obliged to tear myself from you at so very unreasonable an hour; but you seem to have got your sitting-breeches on for the night. I left mine at home, and must go. But I am sure you will be very soon in no condition to miss me,—especially as I leave behind that excellent representative,'—pointing to a basket of several yet uncorked bottles, which stood in a corner. 'Then you know,' he added, 'you are just as much at home in this house as I am. You can call for what you like. Don't

be alarmed,—I mean on *my* account. I abandon to you, without reserve, all my best wine, my credit with the house, and my reputation to boot. Make free with them all, I beg of you,—and, if you don't go home till morning, I wish you a merry night of it.' With this he was off, and the Old South clock, hard by, was heard to strike ten at the instant."

A few extracts from the journals will further light up this aspect of the historian:—

November 10, 1839. "Diverted too much by passing objects—children's recitation, talking, etc. Another year arrange what hours children may occupy the library [at Pepperell]—how often ask questions about their lessons, and allow a definite time for them—not to be exceeded."

January 10, 1841. "I have not been diligent enough. I chew on my subject more than enough. If I put my bones to it, I should do the work better as well as faster. *I will.* Or write against time and a forfeit."

September 10, 1841. "I will be steadily employed, as suits this holy quiet of the country. '*Rapido si, ma' rapido con leggi*'—as Tasso says. Work—not overwork. . . . I feel as if the country should be my *chronic* residence."

February 6, 1842. "Have not been super-industrious—on the contrary. I have got through with Dickens, who dined with me yesterday—and as the lions are all done up, I suspect for the season, I will be true and hearty, almost exclusive, in my own work—till May 4, say, my birthday. My daily labor and my thoughts by night. Eschew company, especially dining."

September 4, 1842. "Company—company—company! It will make me a misanthrope—and yet there is something very interesting and instructive in the conversation of travelers from distant regions. Last week we had Calderon—just from Mexico—Stephens

from Central America and Yucatan, General Harlan from Afghanistan, where he commanded the native troops for many years. But what has it all to do with the conquest of Mexico?"

September 8, 1842. "I am here [Pepperell] 40 miles from all enemies — and friends, worse than enemies — except a few dear ones."

November 16, 1842. "I will see if I can't adopt some rules which shall secure me as much time in town as country."

June 24, 1843. "Nahant! To-day I have been settling, clearing the decks for action. Now if I don't make the powder and shot fly! I will be out to everybody. I will have but one idea. I will be a free man by September — first week. I will not invite nor will I go out to dine, and very rarely have company — once or twice only — and that only at Nahant, and not sit long then. I will answer letters shorthand, and economize every way, eyes and time. . . . The very day of this entry a stranger came to Nahant and, being refused admittance — I being 'out' — staid overnight and passed all the evening with us. He came, he said, to Boston to see me, so what could I do less? What then becomes of the Conquest? οὐ μὲν. It is no joke."

September 15, 1844. "Pepperell. Dragged to town two days since to see Von Raumer. Neither Von nor Don shall start me again."

August 15, 1845. "Great doings for so long a stretch — and would carry me through more than 1000 pages per annum! . . . — Lucky for the world I am not starving!"

December 14, 1845. "Twaddle — twaddle! . . . I will make regular hebdomadal entries of my laziness. I think I can't stand the repetition of such records long. . . . I may find some apology in the *demi* winter days, and in an influx of visiting friends in my new quarters — and be hanged to them — not the quarters, but the friends."

January 11, 1846. "A miracle — I have kept my resolve thus far and been industrious three whole days! Now *meliora spero*."

October 1, 1855. Pepperell. "I shall have at least the sense of sweet security from friends — the worst foes to time."

October 28, 1855. "Boston is not Pepperell. The first day I dined with a large party. The second, at the theatre with Mdlle. Rachel till midnight. This is not the way they lived at Yuste."

The kindest and most considerate of men, Prescott inherited much of the energetic philanthropy of his mother. He was actively or tacitly interested in many public charities. Particularly to the Perkins Institution for the Blind did he give time and money. "Much occupied the last ten days with the affairs of the Blind," is an entry of May 9, 1833, not without its pathetic suggestion. He had his private pensioners as well, some of whom were a legacy, so to speak, from his lady bountiful mother. One of his secretaries tells us that he regularly gave away one tenth of his income. The latter was figured, in the late forties (of course, after his father had died) at upwards of \$12,000 a year. For the times, it spelled luxury. Prescott's methods in almsgiving were not always, one fears, such as would commend themselves to the Charity Organization Society. Here is a specimen of his minute accounts written down after taking a walk: "Apple 2 — newspaper 2 — gloves 1.00 — charity 25." During his stay in London he employed a valet, one Penn ("a Penn I will not cut," was his punning description to his wife), who, he wrote home, would be "perfectly invaluable if he did not drink, to which he has an amiable inclination." There is something human in the addition: "I will let him get drunk once before I part with him."

Here is as good a place as any to introduce extracts from his English letters of the summer of 1850, passed over by Ticknor: —

TO MRS. PRESCOTT.

STEAMER NIAGARA, June 3, 1850.

. . . This sea life is even worse than I thought it was. I had forgotten half its miseries. I will never trust a man hereafter who talks complacently of it. As to Kirk [his private secretary] he has been actively sick ever since we left Halifax. For myself, I have had a basis of nausea that turns my stomach against everything I usually like. Chewing camomile is my best satisfaction — almost as bad off as Milton's devils with their dust apples. . . .

But nothing can redeem the utter wretchedness of a sea life — and never will I again put my foot in a steamer, except for Yankee land, and, if I were not ashamed, should reëmbark in the Saturday Steamer from Liverpool, and settle the wager in another fortnight. . . .

LONDON, June 7, 1850.

. . . It was a rich cit's dinner — dull eno' — and concluded by a clergyman — a great gun here — making an exposition of a verse or two of "Revelations" — a hopeful theme. In the midst of the lecture a mischievous clock in the room struck ten — and at once went off with a waltz, running it off merrily, as if to distance the preacher. The poor host was in great alarm — tried in vain to throttle the imp; the more he tried, the louder the tunes it played; till the good divine was fairly silenced. Is it not a strange style of things at a dinner! But they tell me here it is not likely I shall meet with such an experience again.

. . . — before I reached the great leviathan [London] I would have given something to see a ragged fence or an old stump, or a bit of rock, or even stone as big as one's fist — to show that the herd of men had not been combing Nature's head so vigorously. I felt I was not in my own dear wild America.

LONDON, June 9, 1850.

. . . In the latter part of the evening,

as I was talking with the Duchess of Leeds — one of the Catons (Louisa) who has grown coarser, with a bad complexion — a rather striking-looking Jewish cast of physiognomy, with long love locks, attracted my eye, and she said, "That is Disraeli; would you like to know him?" "Pray," said he, "are you related to the great American author — the author of the Spanish Histories?" I squeezed his arm, telling him that I could not answer for the greatness, but I was the man himself; and though at first he was a little confused — as one or two near smiled at the blunder — we had a merry chat. . . .

LONDON, June 11, 1850.

. . . The lunch [with Richard Ford] was all Spanish; — Spanish wines — delicious; Spanish dishes, which good breeding forced me to taste, but no power could force me to eat, for they were hotter than the Inquisition.

LONDON, June 18, 1850.

. . . Lockhart said, when I was introduced to him, "You and the Nepaulese Ambassador are the lions of London, I believe." "And the hippopotamus?" — I added.

LONDON, June 19, 1850.

. . . He did not come up in costume to the Nepaul envoy, who is walking about here at the evening parties with a huge necklace of rough emeralds, — a scarlet petticoat well garnished with pearls, and a head-gear made of the beak of a bird, six inches high.

LONDON, June 30, 1850.

. . . — the Prince did me the honor to say a few words to me. He asked me, of course, how long I had been here, said he believed this was not my first visit to the country, and expressed his satisfaction that I had now repeated my visit. To all which I replied with wonderful presence of mind, "Your Royal Highness does me honor." I was introduced, by the bye, at Hallam's, the other day to a gentle-

man whom I thought he called Lord Aberdeen. Hallam in introducing me made a little flourish about my being already known, etc., and as I like to give tit for tat on such occasions, as far as may be, I said, "And the name of the person to whom I have the honor of being introduced is also known wherever the Anglo-Saxon race is to be found." Afterwards at dinner I observed that this individual, with whom I had then no further talk, seemed very shy whenever I attempted to address him across the table. On my asking the lady next me if this was not Lord Aberdeen she said it was Lord Harry Vane.

TO MRS. TICKNOR.

LONDON, July 18, 1850.

. . . Lockhart showed us the diary of Sir Walter. He (Lockhart) had two copies of it printed for himself. One of them was destroyed in printing the memoir, for which he made extracts. One he did not make because the party was living. It was this: "We dined at Sam Rogers'. He told me that it was recommended to print the Italian on the opposite pages of Rose's translation of Ariosto, in order the better to understand the English!"

TO MR. SUMNER.

LONDON, September 4, 1850.

. . . Just seen old Rogers, for the last time — Cato the Censor Atticized. He was in his drawing-room, preparing to go to Brighton, and says he has humbugged the world this time. [Rogers had been desperately ill, but had recovered; hence the humbug.]

The mention of Sumner's name suggests not merely a long and stanch friendship of Prescott's, but the question of his political sympathies. It was precisely of him, I believe, that John Quincy Adams made the remark, "A great historian has neither politics nor religion." As regards the first, at any rate, Prescott is commonly thought to have been as

colorless in life as he was in his writings. Ticknor dismisses this aspect of the man in a cold phrase or two. Nor would it be just to give the impression that Prescott ever took such keen interest in that passing pageant of present politics which makes future history, as did, for example, Dr. Arnold. Brought up a conservative Whig, and kept by his physical limitations and chosen pursuits from the hurly-burly of public affairs, it was only late in life that he showed signs of being deeply stirred by the conflicts of political doctrine which foreshadowed the civil war. He admired Sumner, and stood by him personally and socially when all blue-blooded Boston turned its very cold shoulder upon the man whose radicalism, Ticknor said, had placed him outside "the pale of society." Apropos of this early obloquy, Prescott wrote to Sumner in 1851, reminding him how Judge Story had suffered from "the bitterness of party feeling," and adding, "Boston is worse than New York in this respect." Yet Sumner understood perfectly that Prescott did not go with him politically. Writing to Lord Morpeth in 1847, he said, "Prescott shakes his head because I have anything to do with the thing [slavery]. His insensibility to it is a perfect bathos. This is wrong; I wish you would jar him a little on this side." Yet it was only six years later, when Sumner made his great speech in the Senate on the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, that Prescott wrote, "I don't see but what all Boston has got round; in fact, we must call Sumner *the* Massachusetts Senator." Brooks's infamous assault on Sumner roused Prescott as no display of the slavery spirit had before done. "You have escaped the crown of martyrdom," he wrote to his friend, "by a narrow chance, and have got all the honors, which are almost as dangerous to one's head as a gutta-percha cane. There are few in old Massachusetts, I can assure you, who do not feel that every blow on your cranium

was a blow on them." And when the Senator returned to receive the homage of Boston, Prescott and his family waved a welcome to him, as the procession passed, from the balcony of their Beacon Street house. Calling on Sumner the next day, the historian told him that if he had known there were to be decorations and inscriptions on the houses, he should have placed on his these words:

"May 22, 1856.

"Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us."

Sumner, on his part, was loyalty itself to the man with whom, as he testified, his relations "had for years been of peculiar intimacy." "This death," he wrote to Longfellow, when, in France, he heard of Prescott's end, "touches me much. Perhaps no man, so much in people's mouths, was ever the subject of so little unkindness. Something of that immunity which he enjoyed in life must be referred to his beautiful nature, in which enmity could not live." To the widow, five years later, Sumner wrote, on occasion of the publication of Ticknor's *Life of Prescott*: "The past has been revived. . . . I have felt keenly how much I was permitted to enjoy, and how much I have lost. Those evenings in the darkened room in Bedford Street, with the kind, sparkling, intimate talk on books, history, friends abroad and at home; the pleasant suppers below, where were the venerable parents, so good and cordial; then as I became absorbed in public affairs, the constant friendship which we maintained; the welcome he always gave me on my return from Washington; our free conversation on public affairs and public men; and perhaps more than all things else his tender sympathy as he sat by my bedside, revealing how his heart was moved, only a short time before the summons came to himself, — all these I think of, and in selfish sorrow I grieve that he is gone."

To piece out the account of Prescott's political associations and gradual change

of view, the testimony of his private secretary, Mr. Robert Carter, may be cited. Speaking of their first acquaintance (1847), he wrote, "He was a conservative Whig as I a Free Soiler." But he adds, "Ten years later, I had the pleasure of knowing that he voted for Fremont for President, and for Burlingame for Congress, notwithstanding his high personal esteem for his friend and neighbor, Mr. Appleton, the candidate opposed to Burlingame." It would be a mistake to class Prescott among abolitionists, or even as outspoken against the aggressions of slavery; but that his nature did not fail to thrill under the indignities heaped upon the free North is made manifest in a letter which he wrote to an Englishwoman in 1854: —

"We have had most alarming doings here lately in the fugitive slave line. . . . A regiment of the militia was called out, the streets in certain quarters were closed against passengers, and swords and muskets were flashing in our eyes as if we had been in a state of siege. I am rather of the conservative order, you know, but I assure you it made my blood boil to see the good town placed under martial law so unceremoniously for no other purpose than to send back a runaway negro to his master. It is a disagreeable business at any time, and it was only a strong conviction of the claims which the South had on us by virtue of the Constitution, which made us one nation, that induced our people to sign the famous Compromise act of 1850. But the Nebraska Bill looks to us so much like double dealing in the matter that there is now a great apathy in regard to our enforcing our own part of the contract. Then the thing was carried here with such a rash hand. The town was turned over to the military by the mayor. . . . Every petty captain of a militia corps was left to act at his own discretion. In one case the guns were leveled to fire on the multitude without any notice to warn the people of the danger; and it was by a mere acci-

dent that a bloody fray did not take place, which, if once begun, would have put us in mourning for many a day. Old Boston has rather a relish for rebellion, and when it lay in the path, as it seemed to do here, it required some restraining grace not to pick it up. . . . I am told the government was quite willing we should dip our fingers in rebellion. It knows it cannot have any support, and for that reason would be very glad to put us in the wrong with the rest of the country. The Nebraska business has called up a feeling which, though not Free Soil, or Abolitionist, is so near akin to them that they can all work in the same harness."

It is, in truth, in Prescott's English correspondence that we find the workings of his mind on American politics most clearly revealed. At one time, he is enlisting the sympathies and receiving the contributions of English friends in behalf of a slave, — presumably a fugitive. At another, he is discussing with the Duke of Argyll, or with Lord Morpeth, the fatal drift of slavery toward the extinction of human rights. Not immediately upon these themes, but on others which, after all, were kindred with them, a couple of unpublished letters are of interest.

TO MR. R. C. WINTHROP.

May 30, 1847.

. . . Everything has gone well for you here, no extra session of Congress, and none like to be. We ride on, conquering and to conquer, as you see, up to the very Halls of Montezuma, and many I should think from the positive manner they speak of them expect to find the palace of the old Aztec still standing. The Mexicans have missed it in fighting pitched battles instead of trusting to a guerilla warfare. My friend General Miller, who has much experience of the Spanish-American character, told me that the guerilla was the only way by which they could fight us with success; and if

they pursued that system they would be invincible. They may trouble us yet in that way; but the capital and seaports seem destined to come into our hands. But what shall we do with them? It will be a heavy drag on our republican car, and the Creole blood will not mix well with the Anglo-Saxon. Then there will be the slavery question as a fire-brand which will keep you hot enough next winter in the Capitol.

TO C. CUSHING.

BOSTON, April 3, 1848.

MY DEAR SIR, — I should sooner have thanked you for your friendly letter from the environs of Mexico. You are in a position for an accurate comprehension of my narrative and the subject of it. And I shall be very glad if the result does not lead to the detection of greater inaccuracies than those you have pointed out.

You have closed a campaign as brilliant as that of the great conquistador himself, though the Spaniards have hardly maintained the reputation of their hardy ancestors. The second conquest would seem *a priori* to be a matter of as much difficulty as the first, considering the higher civilization and military science of the races who now occupy the country, but it has not proved so, — and my readers I am afraid will think I have been bragging too much of the valor of the old Spaniard.

I hope we shall profit by the temporary possession of the capital to discover some of the Aztec monuments and MSS. The Spanish archives everywhere, both public and those belonging to private families in Old Spain and in the colonies, are rich in MSS., which are hoarded up from the eye of the scholar as carefully as if they were afraid of the facts coming to light. Of late these collections have been somewhat opened in the Peninsula. But such repositories must exist in Mexico, and Señor Alaman, formerly minister of foreign affairs, has communicated some to me, and made liberal use of

others in his own publications. If you meet with him you will see one of the most accomplished and clever men in Mexico. But I hear he was in disgrace a year since from his royalist predilections. Could you oblige me by saying to him if you meet him that I am very desirous to send him my *Conquest of Peru*, and if he can let me know how to do so I shall do it at once with great pleasure. Have you met on the spot any of the Mexican translations of my *Mexico*? The third volume of one of them contains and is filled with engravings taken from old pictures of the time of the Conquest, at least so it purports. This edition alone contains also some very learned and well-considered criticism on different passages of the work. I trust that your military duties and dangers are now at an end, and that Mexico will accept our propositions for peace. It has been a war most honorable to our arms, as all must admit, whatever we may think of the wisdom of the counsels that rushed us into it.

At the end of one of Prescott's noctograph letters to his wife, written from Philadelphia in 1828, appears a sentence printed with most painstaking care. It was to please the four-year-old at home, who, he was sorry to hear, was suffering from a cold, and it ran: "I love little Kitty, and will buy her a work-box in New York, if she is a good girl." But on February 1, 1829, this eldest child, Catherine Hickling Prescott, died. The event was, to her father, not only a source of profound sorrow, but the occasion of driving him to a close examination of the foundations of his religious faith. "The death of my dearest daughter," he wrote in his journal, "having made it impossible for me at present to resume the task of composition, I have been naturally led to more serious reflection than usual, and have occupied myself in reviewing the evidences of the Christian religion." To this work, with

characteristic thoroughness, he devoted many weeks. In company with his father, "an old and cautious lawyer," he read thoroughly the various standard works on the "Evidences." His conclusion was that the Gospel narratives were authentic, though he did not find in them the doctrines commonly accounted orthodox, and deliberately recorded his rejection of the dogmas of "eternal damnation, the Trinity, the Deity of Christ, Election, and Original Sin." Theologically, therefore, he confirmed his belief in that more liberal form of Unitarianism in which he had been reared. Practically, his life was one of those which make observers say that its creed can't be wrong, so reverent and pure was it, and so filled with goodness. Yet it was this gentle and tolerant man, abounding in all charity of thought and deed, whom a reviewer in the *Baltimore Catholic Magazine* dubbed a "bigot," while the *Dublin Quarterly Review* breathed a prayer for his "conversion from spiritual error." Prescott's sole comment in his journal was: "As I have always considered charity as the foundation of every honest creed, whether religious or political, I don't believe I deserve the name of bigot."

If suffering fools gladly and bearing with the infirmities of the weak are evidences of true religion, Prescott was entitled to something like canonization. From the earliest burst of his fame to the end of his life he was peculiarly beset by aspirants seeking his counsel or patronage. When, in 1840, his kinsman, Henry Prescott of Newfoundland, wrote to express his gratification at seeing the family name raised to literary distinction by Ferdinand and Isabella, he begged to invite the historian's benevolent attention to some accompanying poems by the writer's daughter. A more flattering poet was Mr. William Henry Leatham of Wakefield, England. He wrote in 1841 to request permission to dedicate to Prescott a corrected edition of his

drama, the Siege of Granada. Three years later, the same volunteer correspondent sent some verses of his own on Montezuma — suggested by reading the Conquest of Mexico. Lowell thought at one time of writing an epic on the exploits of Cortés, but he surely could never have sounded the lyre in Mr. Leatham's strain, in which, to quote himself, "human gore was seen to pour like water in the sun." To show what are the unwritten penalties of fame, a few of the lines inflicted upon Prescott may be cited: —

"He speaks no more but bows his head, his
eye-balls cease to roll.
His race is run and with the sun has passed the
monarch's soul.
Soon as the awestruck Mexicans had heard their
king was dead,
A distant wail rose on the gale, and through
the city spread.
But short their grief; each warrior-chief by
Cuitlahuac led
In wrath arose to smite his foes, if not already
fled —
Their sullen tramp has reached the camp where
Cortez vainly strives;
The Spaniard from the wave-girt wall the gal-
lant Aztec drives;
Till morning breaks o'er reedy lakes throughout
the dismal night,
The swarthy sons of Mexico prolong the bloody
fight.
And for his cursed stratagem the General dearly
paid,
For vainly did he wield his lance and keen
Toledo blade!"

Another English writer to whose impossible appeals Prescott made wonderfully considerate responses was Dr. Dunham. That worthy but dull man, having failed to support himself by his pen in his own country, had the happy thought of setting up as a literary man in America. Prescott's kind but frank discouragement of the proposal casts an instructive light upon the conditions of authorship in the forties.

TO DR. DUNHAM.

BOSTON, *January 30, 1844.*

MY DEAR SIR, — I am extremely concerned to learn that the cloud still hangs

so darkly over your prospects, now that you are again on your native soil. I was in hopes that, once more among your friends, and in a country where men of letters are sufficiently numerous to make a distinct and important class, your just claims would be recognized. It is impossible for a foreigner, like myself, to judge of the expediency of the plans you suggest for the future maintenance of your family. And I am grieved to be obliged to say that I think it would be in vain to look for a contribution towards it here. There are so many projects that appeal so directly to those most liberally disposed in our community that their resources seem to be preoccupied.

With respect to contributions to the newspapers, I fear there will be as little chance of success in that quarter. You might indeed furnish articles on literary matters to a respectable Journal like our *North American*. But the compensation is too inconsiderable to furnish an inducement; since it is only a dollar a printed page. I have known this Journal to give two dollars a page to a popular writer who would contract for a certain amount of pages per annum. I know not whether this is ever done by the present editor. Should you send anything to me for that Journal I shall have much pleasure in handing it to the Editor, and ascertaining whether he would be inclined to make an engagement with you for the future. Our newspapers do not press often into their service writers who have drunk deep of the good wells of learning, and a penny-a-line manufacturer of casualties will find more encouragement with most of them than a man of learning. I have suggested it to one of our most respectable editors, but he has given me no encouragement.

W. H. PRESCOTT.

Opening in 1858 a new volume of the journal which he had kept for more than forty years, Prescott wrote on the inside of the cover, "Literary Memorandum

Book No. XIV — and, as I eschew long entries, probably the last." Less than three pages were, in fact, written in this volume. On February 4, 1858, he suffered a slight stroke of apoplexy. Though his strength slowly returned, the remainder of his life was passed in something of a shadow, — yet his spirit continued undaunted and his brightness undimmed. Parting from his wife in merry laughter on January 28, 1859, he went into his study. The blow fell swiftly; he was

heard groaning, was found absolutely unconscious, and died in a few hours. As grieving Motley wrote, "The night of time had suddenly descended upon the unfinished peristyle of a stately and beautiful temple." Before burial, the body of Prescott was taken, in accordance with a request he had made, to lie for a time in his library. The best of all ages looked down upon him from their books, but not one of those "lettered dead" was manlier or purer than he.

Rollo Ogden.

THE SMALL BUSINESS AS A SCHOOL OF MANHOOD.

FOR generations the small business, that is, the business house as it was before the advent of the great Corporation and the Trust, was a school of character second in importance only to the Church. It is now rapidly being superseded, and the question is, What is to be the effect upon the business world?

Many years ago I was confidential clerk in a typical city business house of the old style. Its heads were two young merchants, both from New England. As I was their confidential clerk, I had the opportunity of knowing them both intimately, and of observing the effect of their business upon their characters. The one was a gentleman by instinct and family connection, — courteous, kindly, and unselfish. The other was self-made, aggressive, cold-blooded, ambitious, selfish, and intelligent enough to know the value of honesty as a policy, but without convictions. The daily routine of the business divided itself between these two men by a kind of natural law. Everything that required courtesy and the cultivation of the good will of customers fell to the one; while the planning of the business, and all those important decisions which had to do with men whose good will was not particularly important to the firm, were

passed upon by the other. The business itself, with its daily necessities and routine, constituted a school of character, giving play to the talents of both, and holding their limitations in restraint. It would be interesting to look over the office letter-books of those days and read in the correspondence the characteristic features of those two men, one of whom has since become very prominent. There would be found recorded, as accurately as in the record of a boy at school, their native traits and the story of their growth. Each knew, as all the men of their day knew, that the success of every business house depended upon the personal traits of the partners and their individual relations to the world of business, quite as much as upon the wisdom of their plans.

This is understood in all forms of individual business, from the village store to the city establishment, where in each instance the storekeeper is made keenly aware of the value of the good will of his customers. As a consequence he is kept under an impulse to be courteous and honest and considerate and truthful, until these traits become largely characteristic. Whatever men may think about the business of the world, it is inconceivable that the great business houses of the

older type, which, passing from father to son, sometimes survived for centuries, could have continued under any other conditions. The great guilds of the Middle Ages were simply associations of men of this pattern. They organized for self-defense as individual merchants or tradesmen, not in any sense as partners in a corporation. And membership in these guilds quickly came to be dependent upon certain established types of character. Because of this the guilds held together, and became the permanent power which resulted in making the cities the instruments which enabled the early kings to shake off the power of the barons, and to break up the foundations of the feudal system in Europe. The Chinese guilds, the oldest existing organizations of business men, are also of this class.

The record of those early days still remains in our literature. Shakespeare's tale, the Merchant of Venice, turns upon the integrity, indisputable and dominant, of the merchants of that time; and the effect of the Chinese guilds upon the Chinese mercantile life is everywhere apparent. The other day the president of the Anglo-Chinese Bank at Shanghai, resigning, to return to England, after twenty-five years of service, in a public address testified that not a dollar had ever been lost by the bank through a Chinese merchant, and that the great fear he had for the changes now going on in the relations between the Orient and the Occident was lest the influx into China of foreign merchants, with a different standard of personal honesty, would do more to complicate and disturb the relations of China with the outside world than any other cause. For the Chinese have not been familiar with the lower standards of business integrity which prevail elsewhere.

Over against the guilds have arisen the modern Corporation and the modern Trust. They have so completely changed the essential conditions of business life as these bear upon the individual busi-

ness man, that it is well to attempt to estimate the effect. Many men in New York remember when A. T. Stewart opened his great establishment in the Chambers Street building. It soon became known in the street that when any failure occurred in the dry-goods district, the principal man in the broken firm would be quickly invited by Mr. Stewart to enter his employ. And it was not long before in the Stewart establishment could be seen many well-known business men, whose houses had been unfortunate, now servants of Mr. Stewart, as buyers, or heads of departments. A change in the bearing of these men was noticeable even to young people. They no longer had either the responsibilities or the dignity of their former position. Their income, it is true, was assured, and perhaps was in some cases as large as it had been before. They were not burdened with cares for the business as a whole, and could go home at night with the same feeling of a day's work done that other clerks enjoyed. But they were no longer business men, in the old sense. They were servants, in that their powers were obedient to the decisions of another; and they were removed from the stimulus, intellectual and moral, which the necessities of meeting the conditions of independent business require. It is true they slept well at night, and grew fat and sleek; but one was reminded of the fable of the wolf and the house dog,—one looked for the sign of the collar, and mourned for the loss of something fine in manhood. Such a man came into the employ of the firm for which I worked, and his struggle to maintain his self-respect, and his little-repressed exultation in being a member of a social club to which his ambitious employer could not obtain election, were to his fellow clerks both intelligible and pathetic.

The pride of the merchant, or the manufacturer, in the business to which he was giving his life, and which bore his name, and which he hoped to make

permanent in the community and to transmit to his children, has given place to another temper of mind in the passing of those smaller men into the great corporations. Names still linger from the early days: the Maydole hammer, the Buck chisel, the Disston saw, the Scott gun, the Morley hosiery, the Clay woolen, the Torrey strop, the Hassell brush, tell of a day when the skillful workman began to produce a better article than his neighbor, and soon discovering that his customers recognized its merits, found the way open to a career in which his heart found its sweetest pride, and his business life its most satisfactory reward. All that has vanished with the passing of the old conditions.

Under the new conditions a very few men are carrying the heavy strain, or may be considered as responding to the old challenge to be their very best, and to prove themselves masters in a splendid contest. It must be admitted that the prizes of the business world were never so magnificent for the capable few as they are to-day. The title "merchant prince" has taken on a new significance. But this applies only to the very few. Where there are in every great corporation or trust two or three or, perhaps, a few more, men at the head who carry the responsibility and find their powers taxed to the utmost by their daily duties, there are thousands of all grades of capacity, who now have no other feeling than that of the clerk, or the servant. Their intellectual activity is limited to doing the task that is set for them. They need to be keen, simply to understand directions and to meet the requirements of their department. Their moral responsibility is limited to obeying orders and earning their daily wage. The tax made upon them is only to do their day's work as it arrives, and at night leave their desk clear. They are part of a vast machine to whose perfection they are contributing; and in so doing are limiting their own powers, and bringing on the day

when they can the more readily be dispensed with and forgotten. The best they can hope for is a pension. As life goes that is much, but it is not the best.

The other day I asked the auditor of a great Trust, "What is the method upon which your new business is being organized,—to make a machine so perfect that no knave can take advantage of it, or to develop individual character to such an extent that the machinery shall be relatively secondary?" He looked at me for a moment, and then with a curious smile, said, "The latter is what I should be glad to do, but my directors have different ideas. We are trying to make a machine which will be as absolutely perfect as possible." "Then," I said, "you will be beaten, for a man is always cleverer than a machine." "Yes," he said, "I fear so." He has himself since resigned, and gone back into private business.

The great corporation is unquestionably the necessity of the hour. It will continue to take on constantly new forms of development. It is already playing and will continue to play a tremendous part in the progress of civilization. But its limitations are none the less real. The evils that are inevitably connected with it must be clearly realized if they are to be offset. Among them all none is more serious than this radical one of the effect upon the character of many employees, who, under former conditions, would have been either managing their own business or ambitious for the opportunity of doing so. The life, in a multitude of homes where a salary takes the place of business earnings, is doubtless calmer and steadier, and also in many cases ampler, in that the income is larger. A certain stability is hoped for in a society where anxiety over business conditions is exchanged for the contentment of an assured stipend. And the steadying and quieting of the temper, no longer made irritable by the daily anxiety, is unquestionably a notable social

contribution. Indeed, it is quite conceivable that whole communities, like our new suburban settlements, made up of pretty homes, with their flowers and their lawns, which are occupied so largely by the well-to-do employees of the great corporations, may be regarded as one of the most beautiful and most characteristic features of modern life. But when one looks within and asks what is to take the place of the old discipline, with its insistent demand for those traits of character which have made the merchant and the manufacturer the sturdy, thoughtful, self-respecting men they always have been, we are at a loss for an answer.

When thoughtful writers like Mr. Benjamin Kidd speak of "the freest possible play of forces within the community, and the widest possible opportunities for the development of every individual's faculties and personality" as the condition of progress, and of "the personal rivalry and competition of life" as being not only now, but having been from the beginning "the fundamental impulse behind all progress," there is surely cause for concern as we find ourselves tempted to exploit agencies which effectually remove or destroy those conditions.

It is certain that a great change is going on, and one of that subtle and unperceived kind the effect of which is

sure to be widely felt before it is understood, not to say corrected. How much it means of difficulty, or even of disaster, in the business world of the future, it may be difficult to determine, but it will certainly have a profound effect in shaping the prospects even of the Trust. It creates conditions under which it will be growingly difficult to produce men with the character and the intellectual stamina which are necessary in the management of the great corporations. Men who have grown up simply as clerks will never be truly competent to fill these positions. They will become more and more men of detail. And the system of inbreeding, that is, of limiting the filling of their more important posts to men who have risen through all the ranks of lower service, — which now is proclaimed by some of our great railways, — is a policy as truly suicidal as it is unintelligent. Great administrative positions require men who have been accustomed to that independence of action and that breadth of view which only the responsibility of directing their own affairs can produce. It is a temper of mind and of spirit as far as possible from that of the lifelong clerk or employee. And no problem in the business world is more vital, or has farther-reaching relations, than the question how such men are in the future to be produced.

Henry A. Stimson.

THE DREAM OF AKINOSUKÉ.

THERE used to live, in the district of Toichi, in the province of Yamato, a *gōshi* named Miyata Akinosuké. . . . [Here I must tell you that in Japanese feudal days there was a privileged class of soldier-farmers, freeholders, — corresponding to the class of yeomen in England, — and these were called *gōshi*.]

In Akinosuké's garden there was a very old and very large sugi tree,¹ under

which he liked to rest on sultry days. One very hot afternoon, while he was sitting under this tree with two of his friends, fellow-*gōshi*, drinking wine, he felt all of a sudden very drowsy, — so drowsy that he begged his comrades to excuse him for taking a nap in their presence. Then he lay down at the foot of the tree, and dreamed this dream : —

¹ *Cryptomeria Japonica*.

He thought that he saw, as he lay there, a procession advancing, like the train of a daimyō, and that he got up to look at it. A very grand procession it proved to be, — more imposing than anything of the kind that he had ever seen before; and in the van of it he observed a number of young men, in costly apparel, drawing a great lacquered palace-carriage, or *gosho-guruma*, hung with bright blue silk. When the procession arrived within a short distance, it halted; and a richly dressed stranger, evidently a person of rank, approached Akinosuké, bowed profoundly, and then said: —

“You see before you, honored Sir, a *kerai* [follower] of the Kokuō of Tokoyo.¹ My master, the King, commands me to greet you in his name, and to place myself at your service. He also bids me convey to you this message, — that he augustly desires your presence at his palace. Be therefore pleased to enter immediately this august carriage which he has sent for you.”

Upon hearing these words, Akinosuké wished to make some fitting reply; but he found himself too much astonished and embarrassed to utter a word; and at the same time his will seemed to melt away, so that he could do only as the *kerai* bade him. He entered the carriage; the *kerai* took a place beside him, and gave a signal; the drawers, seizing the silken cables, turned the great vehicle southwards; and the journey began.

In a very short time, to Akinosuké's surprise, the carriage stopped before a huge two-storied gateway (*rōmon*), of Chinese style, which he had never before seen. Here the *kerai* dismounted, — saying, “I go to announce the august arrival,” — and disappeared within. After some little waiting, Akinosuké saw

two noble-looking men, wearing robes of purple silk and high caps of the form indicating lofty rank, come from the gateway. These, after having profoundly saluted him, helped him to descend from the carriage, and led him, through the gate and across a vast garden, to the entrance of a palace whose front appeared to extend, west and east, to a distance of miles. Presently he was shown into a reception hall of wonderful size and splendor. His guides conducted him to the place of honor, and respectfully seated themselves apart; while serving-maids, in costume of ceremony, brought refreshments. When Akinosuké had been duly served, the two purple-robed attendants bowed low before him, and addressed him in the following words, — each speaking alternately, in accordance with the fashion of courts: —

“It is now our honorable duty to inform you . . . as to the reason of your having been summoned hither. . . . Our master the King augustly desires that you become his son-in-law; . . . and it is his wish that you wed this very day . . . the August Princess his daughter. . . . We shall soon conduct you to the presence-chamber . . . where His Augustness even now is waiting to receive you. . . . But it is necessary that we first invest you . . . with the appropriate garments of ceremony.”

Having spoken thus, they rose together, and opened an alcove at the further end of the apartment; and they took, from a chest of gold-lacquer in that alcove, various robes and girdles of rich material, and a *kamuri*, or regal cap. With these they attired Akinosuké as befitted a princely bridegroom. Then they conducted him to the presence room, where he saw the Kokuō of

¹ This name is strangely indefinite. According to circumstances it may mean any unknown or far-off country, — or it may signify that “undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns,” — or it may signify the Fairyland

of Far-Eastern fable, the Realm of Hōrai, the Elysian Mountain. — The term “Kokuō” means the ruler of a country, — therefore a monarch or king.

Tokoyo, seated upon the *daiza*,¹ wearing the high black cap of state, and robed in robes of yellow silk. Before the *daiza*, to left and right, a multitude of dignitaries sat, motionless as images within a temple; and Akinosuké, advancing between their ranks, saluted the King with the triple prostration. The King then greeted him with gracious words, and said:—

“You have already been informed as to the reason of your having been summoned to Our presence. We have decided that you shall become the adopted husband of Our daughter; and the wedding ceremony shall now be performed.”

As the King finished a sound of joyous music was heard; and a long train of beautiful court ladies entered from behind a curtain to conduct Akinosuké to the room in which his bride awaited him.

The room was immense; but it was scarcely able to contain the multitude of guests that had assembled to witness the ceremony. All bowed down before Akinosuké, as he took his place, facing the King's daughter, on the kneeling-cushion made ready for him. As a maiden of heaven the bride appeared; and her robes were beautiful and bright as a summer sky. And the marriage ceremony was performed amid great rejoicing.

Afterwards, the pair were conducted to a suite of apartments that had been prepared for them in another portion of the palace; and there received the congratulations of many noble persons, and wedding gifts almost beyond counting.

Some days later, Akinosuké was again summoned to the presence room. On this occasion he was received even more graciously than before; and the King said to him:—

“In the southwestern part of Our dominion, there is an island called Raishū. We have now appointed you the Governor of that island. You will find the people loyal and docile; but their laws have not yet been brought into proper ac-

cord with the laws of Tokoyo, and their customs have not yet been properly regulated. We entrust you with the duty of improving their social condition as much as possible; and We desire that you shall rule them with wisdom and kindness. All the preparations necessary for your voyage to Raishū have been made.”

So Akinosuké with his bride departed from the palace of Tokoyo, accompanied by a great escort of nobles and of retainers, and embarked upon a ship of state provided by the King. And with favoring winds he sailed safely to Raishū, and found the good people of the island assembled upon the beach to welcome him.

Then he entered upon his new duties at once; and they did not prove difficult. During the first three years of his governorship, he was occupied chiefly with the devising and the enactment of laws; but he had wise counselors to help him, and he never found the work unpleasant. When it had all been finished, he had no active duties to perform, beyond attending the ceremonies and rites ordained by ancient custom. The country was so healthy and so fertile that sickness and want were unknown; and the people were so good that no laws were ever broken. And Akinosuké dwelt and ruled in Raishū for twenty years more,—making in all twenty-three years of sojourn, during which no shadow of sorrow traversed his life.

But in the twenty-fourth year of his governorship a great misfortune came to him; for the princess his wife, who had borne him seven children,—five boys and two girls,—fell sick and died. She was buried with high pomp on the summit of a hill in the district of Hanryōkō; and a monument, exceedingly splendid, was erected above her grave. But Akinosuké felt such grief at her loss that he no longer cared to live.

Now, when the legal period of mourning was over, there came to Raishū a in state. Literally the term signifies “great seat.”

¹ This was the name given to the Estrade, or dais, upon which a feudal prince or ruler sat

King's messenger (*shisha*) from Tokoyo. The *shisha* delivered a message of condolence to Akinosuké, and then said to him:—

"These are the words of our august master, the King of Tokoyo, which I am bidden to repeat: We will now send you back to your native place. As for the seven children, they are the grandsons and the granddaughters of the King, and shall be properly cared for. Do not, therefore, allow your mind to be troubled concerning them."

On receiving this mandate, Akinosuké prepared for his departure. When all his affairs had been arranged, and the ceremony of bidding farewell to his counselors and trusted officials had been concluded, he was escorted with great honor to the port. There he embarked upon the ship sent for him;—and the ship sailed out into the blue sea under the blue sky;—and the shape of the island of Raishū turned likewise blue, and then turned gray, and then vanished like a ghost. And Akinosuké suddenly awoke—under the sugi tree in his own garden! . . .

For the moment he was dazed and stupefied. But he saw his two friends still seated near him,—drinking and chatting merrily. He stared at them in a bewildered way, and cried aloud, "How strange!"

"Akinosuké must have been dreaming," one of them said, with a laugh. "What did you see, Akinosuké, that was so strange?"

Then Akinosuké told them all his dream,—that dream of three-and-twenty years passed in the island of Raishū, in the realm of Tokoyo;—and they wondered very much, because he had really slept for no more than a few minutes.

One of the *gōshi* said:—

"You saw strange things indeed! We also saw something strange while you were asleep. A little yellow butterfly was fluttering over your face for a moment or two; and we watched it. Then

it lighted on the ground beside you, close to the tree; and almost as soon as it perched there, a big, big ant came out of a hole, and seized it, and dragged it down into the hole. Just before you awoke, we saw that very butterfly come out of the hole again, and flutter over your face as before. Then it disappeared: we do not know where it went."

"Perhaps it was Akinosuké's soul," the other *gōshi* said; "certainly I thought that I saw it fly into his mouth. . . . But even if that butterfly was Akinosuké's soul, the fact would not explain his dream."

"The ants might explain it," said the first speaker. . . . "Ants are queer beings,—possibly goblins. . . . Anyhow, there is a big nest of ants under that sugi tree."

"Then let us look!" exclaimed Akinosuké, greatly impressed by the suggestion; and he went for a spade.

The ground beneath and about the tree proved to have been excavated in the most surprising way by a prodigious colony of ants, whose tiny constructions of sticks and straws and leaves and clay bore an odd resemblance to miniature cities. In the centre of one construction, larger than the rest, there was a marvelous swarming of small ants around one very big ant, which had yellowish wings, and a long black head.

"Why, there is the King of my dream!" cried Akinosuké, "and there is the palace of Tokoyo! . . . How extraordinary! . . . Raishū ought to lie somewhere southwest of it,—to the left of that big forked root . . . Yes! here it is! . . . How very strange! Now I am sure that I can find the hill at Hanryōkō, and even the grave of the princess." . . .

He searched and searched in the wreck of the nest, and actually discovered a tiny mound, on the top of which was lying a water-worn pebble, resembling in shape a Buddhist tomb. Underneath it he found, embedded in clay, the dead body of a female ant . . . !

Lafcadio Hearn.

PART OF A MAN'S LIFE.

"The uttered part of a man's life, let us always repeat, bears to the unuttered, unconscious part a small unknown proportion. He himself never knows it, much less do others." — *Carlyle's Essay on Scott*.

BOOKS UNREAD.

"Μηκέτι πλανῶ· οὔτε γὰρ τα ὑπομνηματίᾳ σοῦ μέλλεις ἀναγινώσκειν, οὔτε τὰς ἀρχαίων Ῥωμαίων καὶ Ἑλλήνων πράξεις, καὶ τὰς ἐκ τῶν συγγραμμάτων ἐκλογάς, ἅς εἰς τὸ γῆρας σπαντῶ ἀπετίθεσο." — MARCUS ANTONINUS, iii, 14.

"No longer delude thyself; for thou wilt never read thine own memoranda, nor the recorded deeds of old Romans and Greeks, and those passages in books which thou hast been reserving for thine old age."

In the gradual growth of every student's library, he may or may not continue to admit literary friends and advisers; but he will be sure, sooner or later, to send for a man with a tool-chest. Sooner or later, every nook and corner will be filled with books, every window will be more or less darkened, and added shelves must be devised. He may find it hard to achieve just the arrangement he wants, but he will find it hardest of all to meet squarely that inevitable inquiry of the puzzled carpenter, as he looks about him, "Have you really read all these books?" The expected answer is, "To be sure, how can you doubt it?" Yet if you asked him in turn, "Have you actually used every tool in your tool-chest?" you would very likely be told, "Not one half as yet, at least this season; I have the others by me, to use as I need them." Now if this reply can be fairly made in a simple, well-defined, distinctly limited occupation like that of a joiner, how much more inevitable it is in a pursuit which covers the whole range of thought and all the facts in the universe. The library is the author's tool-chest. He must at least learn, as he grows older, to take what he wants and to leave the rest.

This never was more tersely expressed

than by Margaret Fuller when she says, "A man who means to think and write a great deal must, after six and twenty, learn to read with his fingers." A few men of leisure may satisfy themselves by reading over and over a single book and ignoring all others, like that English scholar who read Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey* every year in the original, devoting a week to each canto, and reserving the minor poems for his summer vacation. Nay, there are books in the English language so vast that the ordinary reader recoils before their text and their foot-notes. Such, for instance, is Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, containing substantially the history of the whole world for thirteen centuries. When the author dismissed the last page of his book, on June 27, 1787, in that historic garden at Geneva, knowing that he was to address his public at once in four different languages, is it not possible that he may have felt some natural misgiving as to whether any one person would ever read the whole of it? We know him to have predicted that Fielding's *Tom Jones* would outlast the palace of the Escurial and the imperial eagle of Austria, but he recorded no similar claim for his own work. The statesman, Fox, to be sure, pronounced the book to be "immortal," simply because, as he said, no man in the world could do without it; and Sheridan added, with undue levity, that if not luminous, it was at least voluminous. But modern readers, as a rule, consult it, they do not read it. It is, at best, a tool-chest.

Yet there lies before me what is, perhaps, the most remarkable manuscript

catalogue of books read that can be found in the English-speaking world, this being the work of a man of eighty-three, who began life by reading a verse of the Bible aloud to his mother when three years old, had gone through the whole of it by the time he was nine, and then went on to grapple with all the rest of literature, upon which he is still at work. His vast catalogue of books read begins with 1837, and continues up to the present day, thus covering much more than half a century, a course of reading not yet finished and in which Gibbon is but an incident. One finds, for instance, at intervals, such items as these: "Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, read twice between 1856 and 1894;" "Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, third reading, 1895;" "Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, vols. 1 and 2, fourth reading;" followed soon after by "Gibbon, vols. 3-6, fourth reading;" "Gibbon, vols. 7-8, fourth reading." What are a thousand readings of *Tom Jones* compared with a series of feats like this? And there is a certain satisfaction to those who find themselves staggered by the contemplation of such labor, when they read elsewhere on the list the recorded confession that this man of wonderful toil occasionally stooped so far as cheerfully to include *That Frenchman* and *Mr. Barnes of New York*.

The list of books unread might properly begin with those painted shelves of mere book covers which present themselves in some large libraries, to veil the passageway. These are not books unread, since they are not books at all. Much the same is true of those which perhaps may still be seen, as formerly, in old Dutch houses round Albany; the effigies of books merely desired, but not yet possessed; and only proposed as purchases for some day when the owner's ship should come in. These were made only of blocks of wood, neatly painted and bound in leather with the proper labels, but surely destined never to be read, since they had in them nothing readable.

Almost as remote from the real books are those dummies made up by booksellers to be exhibited by their traveling agents. Thus I have at hand a volume of my own translation of *Epictetus*, consisting of a single "signature" of eighteen pages, repeated over and over, so that one never gets any farther: each signature bearing on the last page, by one of Fate's simple and unconscious strokes, the printed question, "Where is progress, then?" (page 18). Where, indeed! Next to these, of course, the books which go most thoroughly unread are those which certainly are books, but of which we explore the backs only, as in fine old European libraries; books as sacredly preserved as was once that library at *Blenheim*,—now long since dispersed,—in which, when I idly asked the custodian whether she did not find it a great deal of trouble to keep them dusted, she answered with surprise, "No, sir, the doors have not been unlocked for ten years." It is so in some departments of even American libraries.

Matthew Arnold once replied to a critic who accused him of a lack of learning that the charge was true, but that he often wished he had still less of that possession, so hard did he find it to carry lightly what he knew. The only knowledge that involves no burden lies, it may be justly claimed, in the books that are left unread. I mean those which remain undisturbed, long and perhaps forever, on a student's bookshelves; books for which he possibly economized, and to obtain which he went without his dinner; books on whose backs his eyes have rested a thousand times, tenderly and almost lovingly, until he has perhaps forgotten the very language in which they are written. He has never read them, yet during these years there has never been a day when he would have sold them; they are a part of his youth. In dreams he turns to them; in dreams he reads Hebrew again; he knows what a *Differential Equation* is; "how happy could he be with either."

He awakens, and whole shelves of his library are, as it were, like fair maidens who smiled on him in their youth but once, and then passed away. Under different circumstances, who knows but one of them might have been his? As it is, they have grown old apart from him; yet for him they retain their charms. He meets them as the ever delightful but now half-forgotten poet Præd meets his "Belle of the Ball-Room" in later years:

"For in my heart's most secret cell

There had been many other lodgers;

And she was not the ball-room's belle,

But only Mrs. Something Rogers."

So in my case, my neighbors at the Harvard Observatory have solved the differential equations; my other neighbors, the priests, have read — let us hope — the Hebrew psalms; but I live to ponder on the books unread.

This volume of Hirsch's *Algebra*, for instance, takes me back to a happy period when I felt the charm given to mathematics by the elder Peirce, and might easily have been won to devote my life to them, had casual tutorships been tossed about so freely as now. No books retain their attraction when reopened, I think, as much as the mathematical; the quaint formulæ seeming like fascinating recluses with cowed heads. A mere foreign language, even if half forgotten, is something that can be revived again. It is simply another country of the world, and you can revisit it at will; but mathematics is another world. To reënter it would be to leave common life behind, and yet it seems so attractive that even to sit down and calculate a table of logarithms would appear tempting. The fact of dwelling near an observatory, as I do, might seem to nourish this illusion, yet I have never encountered any pursuit, not even astronomy, which does not leave its votaries still, by their own confession, bound by the limitations of mortal men.

Many books go unread in our libraries that are prized for their associations only. There is, for instance, yonder set

of Fourier in five volumes. I have read them little, but they are full of manuscript notes in the fine Italian hand of the dear friend to whom I loaned them in our days at the University. His life and career have ever been a note of sadness in those early memories, but when I open the books he comes before me in all his youthful charm. There is Fourier's portrait, still noble and impressive as when I pasted it in the first volume; nothing in his books ever equaled it, yet its expression is as hard to read as were his books. How much of that period they all represent! and each time I open them, the face of Fourier seems to fade away, and there is the shadowy impression of that of my friend, just receding at the open door.

The same illusion extends also to all one's shelves of Greek and Latin authors; they reproduce their associations. We chant with Pindar, sing with Catullus, without taking a book from its place. Yonder series of volumes of *Æschylus*, with his commentators, holds the eye with charm and reverence; I rarely open any one of them except that which contains the *Agamemnon*; and that most often to verify some re-reading of FitzGerald's wonderful translation; the only version from the Greek, so far as I know, in which the original text is bettered, and one in which the translator has moreover put whole passages of his own, that fitly match the original. Yet he wrote in a letter which lies before me, "I am yet not astonished (at my all but seventy years of age) with the credit given me for so far succeeding in reproducing other men's thoughts, *which is all I have tried to do*. [*Italics my own.*] I know yet many others would have done as well, and any Poet better." And again, on those other shelves are sixteen volumes relating to Aristophanes, of which only three contain the originals, and all the rest hold only commentaries or translations, exhibiting the works of the one light or joyous brain which ancient

Greece produced ; a poet who was able to balance all the tragedians by the grace and charm of his often translated but never reproduced comedy of *The Birds*.

Books which we have first read in odd places always retain their charm, whether read or neglected. Thus Hazlitt always remembered that it was on the 10th of April, 1798, that he "sat down to a volume of the *New Éloïse* at the Inn at Llangollen over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken." In the same way I remember how Professor Longfellow in college recommended to us, for forming a good French style, to read Balzac's *Peau de Chagrin* ; and yet it was a dozen years later before I found it in a country inn, on a lecture trip, and sat up half the night to read it. It may be, on the other hand, that such haphazard meetings with books sometimes present them under conditions hopelessly unfavorable, as when I encountered Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* for the first time on my first voyage in an Azorian barque ; and it inspires to this day a slight sense of nausea, which it might, after all, have inspired equally on land.

Some of my own books, probably the most battered and timeworn, have recalled for nearly half a century the associations of camp life during the civil war. They represent the few chosen or more likely accidental volumes that stood against the wall in the primitive little shelves at some picket station. A part of them survived to be brought home again : the small *Horace* ; the thin volume containing that unsurpassed book of terse nobleness, Sir Thomas Browne's *Christian Morals* ; the new translation of Jean Paul's *Titan* just then published, sent from home by a zealous friend, and handed from tent to tent for reading in the long summer afternoons ; books interrupted by the bugle and then begun again. They were perhaps read and re-read, or perhaps never even opened ; they may never have been opened since ; but they now seem like silent members of

the Loyal Legion or the Grand Army of the Republic. I may or may not care much for the individual men as they are, but they represent what was and what might have been ; and it is the same with the books. The same mixture of feelings applies to certain French or German books bought in the lands where they were printed, or even imported thence, or from old bookstores in London. No matter ; their land is the world of literature ; their mere presence imparts a feeling like that which Charles Lamb applies to himself in the cloisters at Oxford which he had visited only during the weeks of vacation : "In graver moods, I proceed Master of Arts."

The books most loved of all in a student's library are perhaps those which first awakened his literary enthusiasm, and which are so long since superseded by other and possibly better books that he leaves them unread and yet cannot part with them ; books which even now open of themselves at certain favorite passages, having a charm that can never be communicated to a more recent reader. Remembering, as I do, the first books which created in America the long period of enthusiasm for German literature which has now seemingly spent itself, I turn to them with ever fresh delight, although I may rarely open them. Such, for instance, are Heine's *Letters on German Literature*, translated by G. W. Haven in this country in 1836, and Mrs. Austen's *Characteristics of Goethe*, largely founded on Falk's recollections, and published in 1841. A passage in this last book which always charmed me was that which described how the heroes of German literature — Goethe, Herder, Wieland, and Gleim — went out with the Court into the forests where Goethe's gypsy songs were written ; and another passage where it says, "At the hermitage, where a visit from a wandering stag is not uncommon, and where the forester watches the game by the light of the autumnal moon, a majestic tree is yet

standing, on which, inscribed as in a living album, the names of Herder, Gleim, Lavater, Wieland, and Goethe, are still distinctly legible." How many vows I made in youth to visit that little hermitage built of trunks of trees and covered with moss, on whose walls Goethe had written the slumber song of summer:—

Ueber allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh,
In allen Wipfeln
Spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde.
Warte nur, balde
Ruhest du auch.

Thus much for Goethe's Characteristics. I fear that my boyish copy of Heine opens of itself at the immortal compliment given by the violin player Solomons to George III of England, then his pupil: "Violin players are divided into three classes: to the first belong those who cannot play at all; to the second belong those who play very miserably; and to the third, those who play finely; Your Majesty has already elevated yourself to the rank of the second class." Tried by such a classification, Heine certainly ranks in the third class, not the second; yet strange it is that, of the two German authors who bid fair to live longest on the road to immortality, the one, Goethe, should be the most absolutely German among them all, while Heine died in heart, as in residence, a Frenchman.

But there are other books, perhaps inherited or bought in a deluded hour, that have no page at which they open of themselves through mere habit. "What actual benefits do we reap," asks Hazlitt, "from the writings of a Laud, or a Whitgift, or a Bishop Bull, or a Bishop Waterland, or Prideaux's Connections, or Beausobre, or St. Augustine, or of Pufendorf, or of Vattel?" Take from this list St. Augustine, and I could indorse it; but his Confessions I think will forever remain fascinating because they are intensely human, though one cannot easily read more than one or two pages at a

time. He makes revelations which are, in depth of feeling, when compared to the far-famed Confessions of Rousseau, as Hamlet to Love's Labour's Lost. I refer especially, in case we must read it in English, to a fine anonymous fragmentary translation, far superior to Pusey's, and edited by Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody in Boston, sixty years ago. Upon what superb sentences does one open in this version, "How deep are Thy ways, O God, Thou only great, that sittest silent on high and by an unwearied law dispensing penal blindness to lawless desires!" How this thought of penal blindness haunted the author! and who ever penetrated the desultory tragedies of too ardent youth like Augustine? "Thy wrath had gathered over me, and I knew it not. I was grown deaf by the clanking of the chain of my mortality, the punishment of the pride of my soul, and I strayed further from Thee, and Thou lettest me alone, and I was tossed about, and wasted, and dissipated, and I boiled over in my fornications, and Thou heldest Thy peace, O Thou my tardy joy! Thou then heldest Thy peace, and I wandered further and further from Thee, into more and more fruitless seed-plots of sorrow, and a proud dejectedness, and a restless weariness." What trenchant phrases are these!—and what self-analysis in such revelations as this: "What is worthy of blame but Vice? But I made myself worse than I was, that I might not be dispraised; and when in anything I had not sinned like the abandoned ones, I would say that I had done what I had not done, that I might not seem contemptible in proportion as I was innocent; or of less account, the more chaste."

Who can wonder that the heretical Pope, Clement XIV (Ganganelli), wrote, "Take care to procure the Confessions of St. Augustine, a book written with his tears"? or who can be surprised that a certain Bishop said to Augustine's mother, when she reproached him for not watching and questioning her son incessantly,

santly, "Go thy ways and God bless thee, for it is not possible that the son of these tears should perish"? Most important of all, and a passage which I, for one, would gladly see engrossed on parchment and hung above the desk of every teacher of elocution in America, is the following:—

"Behold, O Lord God, yea, behold patiently, as Thou art wont, how carefully the sons of men observe the covenanted rules of letters and syllables that those who spake before them used, neglecting the eternal covenant of everlasting salvation received from Thee. Inasmuch, that a teacher or learner of the hereditary laws of pronunciation will more offend men, by speaking without the aspirate, of a 'uman being,' in despite of the laws of grammar, than if he, a 'human being,' hate a 'human being' in despite of Thee. . . . In quest of the fame of eloquence, a man standing before a human judge, surrounded by a human throng, declaiming against his enemy with fiercest hatred, will take heed most watchfully, lest, by an error of the tongue, he murder the word 'human-being;' but takes no heed, lest, through the malice of his heart, he murder the real human being."

There are many books which, although left unread, are to be valued for single sentences only, to be found here and there. Others are prized for the picturesque manner in which their quarto or folio pages are filled with capital or italic letters, or even for the superb and daring eccentricity of their title-pages alone. I have volumes of Jacob Behmen where each detached line of the title-page has something quaint and picturesque in it, and a dozen different fonts of type are drawn upon to conduct the reader through their mazes, as for instance in this:—

"Aurora.
That is, the
Day-Spring.
Or

Dawning of the Day in the Orient
Or

Morning-Rednesse
in the Rising of the
Sun.

That is

The Root or Mother of
Philosophie, Astrologie & Theologie
from the true Ground.

Or

A Description of Nature.

All this set down diligently from a true
Ground in the Knowledge of the
Spirit, and in the impulse of God,

By

Jacob Behme

Teutonick Philosopher.

Being his First Book.

Written in Gerlitz in Germany Anno
Christi M. DC. XII. on Tuesday after
the Day of Pentecost or Whitsunday
Ætatis sue 37.

London, Printed by John Streater, for
Giles [*sic*] Calvert, and are to be sold at
his Shop at the Black-spread-Eagle at
the West-End of Pauls, 1656."

Could I represent this title-page by photography as it is, you would see "Day-Spring" in lower-case letters; but in the largest type of all, as if leading a flight, the "Morning-Rednesse" in broad smiling German text, the "Dawning of the Day in the Orient" in a long italic line which suggests the very expansion of the light; and the "Sun" in the very centre of the page, as if all else were concentrated there; the word itself being made still terser, if possible, by the old-fashioned spelling, since it reads briefly "SVN."

Or consider such a magnificent hurling together of stately and solemn words as this; the whole Judgment Day of the Universe, as it were, brought together into a title-page:—

"Signatura Rerum:

or the

Signature of all Things:
shewing

The Sign, and Signification of the several

Forms and Shapes in the
Creation :
And what the
Beginning, Ruin, and Cure of every
Thing is ; it proceeds out of Eternity
into Time,
and again out of Time into Eternity,
and comp-
rizeth All Mysteries.
Written in High Dutch, MDCXXII.
By Jacob Behmen,
aliàs
Teutonicus Phylosophus.
London,
Printed by John Macock, for Gyles Cal-
vert, at the black spread
Eagle, at the West end of Pauls Church,
1651."

Here again the words "Beginning, Ruin, and Cure" are given in large italic letters, and I never open the book without a renewed sensation of awe, very much as if I were standing beside that gulf which yawned at Lisbon in 1755, and had seen those 30,000 human beings swallowed up before my eyes.

We do not sufficiently appreciate, in modern books, the condensed and at least readable title-pages which stand sentinel, as it were, at their beginning. We forget how much more easily the books of two centuries ago were left unread, inasmuch as the title-page was apt to be in itself as long as a book. Take, for instance, this quaint work, not to be found in Allibone's Dictionary of Authors, but owing its authorship to "J. Bland, Professor of Physic," who published in 1773, at London, "An Essay in Praise of Women; or a Looking Glass for Ladies to see their Perfections in with Observations how the Godhead seemed concerned in their Creation; what Respect is due to them on that Account; how they have behaved in all Ages and especially in our Saviour's Time." Thus begins the title-page, which is as long as an ordinary chapter, and closes thus: "Also Observations and Reflections in Defense against base and

satirical Authors, proving them not only erroneous and diabolical but repugnant to Holy Scripture. The Whole being a Composition of Wit and Humor, Morality and Divinity fit to be perused by all the curious and ingenious, especially the Ladies." After this title-page, it is asking too much of any one to read the book, unless it be to study the manner in which the tea-table, now held so innocent, had, in 1733, such associations of luxury and extravagance that Professor J. Bland is compelled to implore husbands not to find fault with it. "More harmless liquor could never be invented than the ladies in this age have made choice of. What is so pleasant and grateful to the taste as a dish of tea, sweetened with fine loaf sugar? What more innocent banquet could have ever been in use than this? and what more becoming conversation than the inoffensive, sweet and melodious expressions of the fair ones over an entertainment so much like themselves?"

Or let us turn to one of the early American books, "The Columbian Muse, a Selection of American Poetry from various Authors of Established Reputation. Published in New York in 1794." The most patriotic American could not now read it with patience, yet the most unpatriotic cannot deny its quaint and fervent flavor. It is full of verses on the President's birthday and the genius of America; and of separate odes on American sages, American poets, and American painters. The monotonous couplets, the resounding adjectives, the personifications, the exclamation points, all belong to their period, the time when "Inoculation, heavenly maid" was deemed an appropriate opening for an ode. The very love poetry was patriotic and bore the title "On Love and the American Fair," by Colonel Humphreys, who also contributes a discourse on "The Future State," which turns out to refer to "Western Territory." Aside from the semi-political allusions there is no local coloring whatever, except that Richard

Also in an elegy written in February, 1791, gives the very first instance, so far as I know, of an allusion in verse to any flower distinctively American:—

"There the Wild-Rose in earliest pride shall bloom,
There the Magnolia's gorgeous flowers unfold,
The purple Violet shed its sweet perfume:
And beauteous Meadia wave her plumes of gold."

This last plant, though not here accurately described, must evidently have been the *Dodecatheon Meadia*, or "Shooting Star." This is really the highest point of Americanism attained in the dingy little volume; the low-water mark being clearly found when we read in the same volume the work of a poet then known as "W. M. Smith, Esq.," who could thus appeal to American farmers to celebrate a birthday:—

"Shepherds, then, the chorus join,
Haste the festive wreath to twine:
Come with bosoms all sincere,
Come with breasts devoid of care;
Bring the pipe and merry lay,
'Tis Eliza's natal day."

Wordsworth says in his *Personal Talk*,

"Dreams, books are each a world;"

and the books unread mingle with the dreams and unite the charm of both. This applies especially, I think, to books of travel; we buy them, finding their attractions strong, but somehow we do not read them over and over, unless they prove to be such books as those of Urquhart,—the *Pillars of Hercules* especially, where the wealth of learning and originality is so great that we seem in a different region of the globe on every page. One of the most poetic things about Whittier's temperament lay in this fact, that he felt most eager to visit each

foreign country before he had read any book about it. After reading, the dream was half fulfilled, and he turned to something else, so that he died without visiting any foreign country. But the very possession of such books, and their presence on the shelves, carries one to the Arctic regions or to the Indian Ocean. No single book of travels in Oceanica, it may be, will last so long as that one stanza of Whittier's,—

"I know not where Thine islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
But this I know, I cannot drift
Beyond Thy love and care."

How often have I known that poem to be recited by those who did not even know the meaning of the word "fronded"! It is the poet, not the explorer or the geographer, who makes the whole round world his own.

'After all,' as the brilliant and melancholy Rufus Choate said, "a book is the only immortality;" and sometimes when a book is attacked and even denounced, its destiny of fame is only confirmed. Thus the vivacious and cheery Pope, Pio Nono, when asked by a too daring author to help on his latest publication, suggested that he could only aid it by putting it in the *Index Expurgatorius*. Yet if a book is to be left unread at last, the fault must ultimately rest on the author, even as the brilliant Lady Eastlake complained, when she wrote of modern English novelists, "Things are written now to be read once, and no more; that is, they are read as often as they deserve. A book in old times took five years to write and was read five hundred times by five hundred people. Now it is written in three months, and read once by five hundred thousand people. That's the proper proportion."

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

THANKS.

THANKS to you, sun and moon and star,
And you, blue level with no cloud, —
Thanks to you, splendors from afar,
For a high heart, a neck unbowed.

Thanks to you, wind, sent to and fro,
To you, light, pouring from the dawn;
Thanks for the breath and glory-flow
The steadfast soul can feed upon.

Thanks to you, pain and want and care,
And you, joys, cunning to deceive,
And you, balked phantoms of despair;
I battle on, and I believe.

Thanks to you ministers benign,
In whatsoever guise you come;
Under this fig tree and this vine,
Here I am master, and at home.

John Vance Cheney.

THE COMMON LOT.¹

VIII.

"HELLO, Jackie!"

Such familiarity of address on the part of Wright's head draughtsman had long annoyed Hart, but this morning, instead of nodding curtly, he replied briskly, —

"Hello, Cookey!"

The draughtsman winked at his neighbor and thrust out an elbow at a derisive angle, as he laid himself down on the linen plan he was carefully inking in. The man next to him snickered, and the stenographer just outside the door smiled. An office joke was in the air.

"Mr. Hart looks as though something good had happened to him," the stenographer remarked in a mincing tone. "Perhaps some more of his folks have

died and remembered him in their wills."

But Cook dismissed the subject by calling out to one of the men, "Say, Ed, come over here and tell me what you were trying to do with this old hen-coop."

He might take privileges with the august Jackson Hart, whose foreign training had rather oppressed the office force at times; but he would not allow Gracie Bellows, the stenographer, to "mix" in his joke.

Cook was a spare, black-haired little man, with beady brown eyes, like a squirrel's. He was a product of Wright's Chicago office, having worked his way to the practical headship of the force. Although he permitted himself his little

¹ Copyright, 1903, by ROBERT HERRICK.

fling at Hart, he was the young architect's warmest admirer, approving even those magnificent palaces of the French Renaissance type which the Beaux Arts man put forth during the first months of his connection with the firm.

The little man, who was as sharp as one of his own India ink lines, could see that Hart had something on his mind, and he was curious, in all friendliness, to find out what it was. But Hart did not emerge from his little box of an office for several hours. Then he sauntered by Cook's table, pausing to look out of the window while he abstractedly lighted a cigarette.

Presently the stenographer came up to Hart and said:—

"Mr. Graves is out there and wants to see you particular, Mr. Hart. Shall I show him into your office?"

"Ask him to wait," the young architect ordered.

After he had smoked and stared for a few moments longer, he turned to Cook.

"What did we specify those I-beams on the Canostota? Were they forty-twos or sixties?"

Without raising his hand from the minute lines of the linen sheet, the draughtsman grunted:—

"Don't remember just what. Were n't forty-twos. Nothing less than sixties ever got out of this office, I guess. May be eighties."

"Um," the architect reflected, knocking his cigarette against the table. "It makes a difference in the sizes what make they are, does n't it?"

"It don't make any difference about the weights!" And the draughtsman turned to his linen sheet with a shrug of the shoulders that said, "You ought to know that much!"

The architect continued to stare out of the murky window.

"When is Harmon coming back?"

"Ed lives out his way, and he says it's long-term typhoid. You can't tell when he'll be back."

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"Has the old man wired anything new about his plans?"

"You'll have to ask Miss Bellows."

"He said he'd be here next Wednesday or Thursday at the latest."

The draughtsman stared hard at Hart, wondering what was in the man's mind. But he made no answer to the last remark, and presently Hart sauntered to the next window.

As Hart well knew, Graves was waiting to close that arrangement which he had proposed for building an apartment house. The architect had intended to look up the Canostota specifications before he went further with Graves, but he had been distracted by other matters.

Jackson Hart was not given to undue speculation over matters of conduct. He had a serviceable code of business morals, which hitherto had met all the demands of his experience. He called this code "professional etiquette." In this case he was not clear how the code should be applied. The Canostota was not his affair. It was only by the merest accident that he had been sent there that day to help the electricians, and had seen that drill-hole which had led him to question the thickness of the I-beams, about which he might very well have been mistaken. If there were anything wrong with them, it was Wright's business to see that the contractor was properly watched when the steel work was being run through the mill. And he did not feel any special sense of obligation toward Wright, who had never displayed any great confidence in him.

He wanted the contractor's commission, now more than ever, with his engagement to Helen freshly pricking him to look for bread and butter; wanted it all the more because all thought of fighting his uncle's will had gone when Helen had accepted him.

When he rang for the stenographer and told her to show Graves into his office, he had made up his mind. Closing his door, he turned and looked into

the contractor's heavy face with an air of alert determination. He was about to play his own game for the first time, and he felt the man's excitement of it!

The two remained shut up in Hart's cubby-hole for over an hour. When Cook had returned from the restaurant in the basement where he lunched, and the other men had taken their hats and coats from the lockers, Hart stepped out of his office and walked across the room to Cook's table. He spread before the draughtsman a fresh sepia sketch, the water scarcely dried on it. It was the front elevation for a house, such a one as is described impressively in the newspapers as "Mr. So-and-So's handsome country residence."

"Now, that's what I call a peach!" Cook whistled through his closed teeth, squinting at the sketch admiringly. "Nothing like that residence has come out of this office for a good long time. The old man don't favor houses as a rule. Is this for some magnate?"

"This isn't for the firm," Hart answered.

"Oh!" Cook received the news with evident disappointment. "Just a fancy sketch?"

"Not for a minute! This is my own business. It's for a Mrs. Phillips at Forest Park."

Cook looked again at the elevation of the large house with admiring eyes. If he had ever penetrated beyond the confines of Cook County in the state of Illinois, he might have wondered less at Hart's creation. But he was not familiar with the Loire châteaux, even in photograph, for Wright's taste happened to be early English.

"So you're going to shake us?" Cook asked regretfully.

"Just as soon as I can have a word with Mr. Wright. This isn't the only job I have on hand."

"Is that so?"

"Don't you want to come in?" Hart asked abruptly. "I shall want a good

practical man in the office. How would you like to run the new office?"

Cook's manner froze into caution.

"Oh, I don't know. It's pretty good up here looking after Wright's business."

Hart picked up his sketch and turned away.

"I thought you might like the chance. Some of the men I knew in Paris may join me, and I shan't have much trouble in making up a good team."

Then he went out to his luncheon, and when he returned, he shut himself up in his box, stalking by Cook's desk without a word. When he came forth again the day's work was over, and the office force had left. Cook was still dawdling over his table.

"Say, Hart!" he called out to the architect. "I don't want you to have the wrong idea about my refusing that offer of yours. I don't mind letting you know that I ain't fixed like most of the boys. I've got a family to look after, my mother and sister and two kid brothers. It isn't easy for us to pull along on my pay, and I can't afford to take any chances."

"Who's asking you to take chances, Cookey?" Hart answered, mollified at once. "Perhaps you might do well by yourself."

"You see," Cook explained further, "my sister's being educated to teach, but she's got two years more at the Normal. And Will's just begun high school. Ed's the only earner besides myself in the whole bunch, and what he gets don't count."

Thereupon the architect sat down on the edge of the draughting-table in friendly fashion and talked freely of his plans. He hinted at the work for Graves and at his prospects with the railroad.

"I have ten thousand dollars in the bank, anyway. That will keep the office going some time. And I don't mind telling you that I have something at stake, too," he added in a burst of confidence. "I am going to be married."

Cook grinned sympathetically. It pleased him vastly to be told of Hart's engagement in this confidential way. After some further talk the matter of the new office was arranged between them then and there. Cook agreed to look into a new building that had just pushed its head among the skyscrapers near the Maramanoc, to see if there was anything left that would answer their purposes. As they were leaving the office, Hart stopped, exclaiming, —

"I've got to telephone! Don't wait."

"That's always the way," the draughtsman replied. "You'll be telephoning most of the time, now, I expect!"

The architect did not telephone to Helen Spellman, however. He called up his cousin's office to tell Wheeler that he had concluded not to contest the will.

"And Everett," he said frankly, "I guess I have made rather an ass of myself, telling you I was going to kick up a row. I hope you won't say anything about it."

The lawyer wondered what had brought about this change of heart in his cousin. Later, when the news of the engagement reached him, he understood. For he knew Helen, in a way better than her lover did, — knew her as one knows the desired and unattainable.

A few days later Wright reached the office, and Hart told him of his plan to start for himself, asking for an early release because important business was waiting for his entire attention.

Wright had arrived only that morning; he was seated before his broad desk, which was covered to the depth of several inches with blue prints, typewritten specifications, and unopened mail. He had been wrestling with contractors and clients every minute since he had entered the office, and it was now late in the afternoon.

"So you are going to try it for yourself," he commented, a new wrinkle

gathering on his clouded brow. It occurred to him that Hart might be merely hinting politely for an advance in salary, but he dismissed the thought. "Have you had enough experience?" he asked bluntly.

"I'll be likely to get some more!"

Hart replied, irritated at the remark.

"I mean of the actual conditions under which we have to build, — the contractors, the labor market, and so on? Of course you can leave at once if you wish to. I should n't want to stand in your light. It is rather a bad time with Harmon home sick. But we can manage somehow. Cook is a pretty good man for almost everything. And we can draw on the St. Paul office."

Hart murmured his regret at the inconvenience of his departure, and Wright said nothing for a few minutes. He remembered now that some one had told him that Hart was drawing plans for Mrs. Phillips. That had probably made the young architect ambitious to start for himself. He felt that Hart should have asked his consent before undertaking this outside work. At least it would have been more delicate to do so. But Wright was a kindly man, and bore no malice. In what he said next to the young architect he was moved by pure good will.

"I don't want to discourage you, Hart, but I know what sort of luck young fellows, the best of them, have these days when they start a new office. It's fierce work getting business, here especially."

"I suppose so," Hart admitted conventionally.

"The fine art side of the profession don't count much with client or contractor. It's just a tussle all the time!" he sighed, reflecting how he had spent two hours of his morning in trying to convince a wealthy client of the folly of cutting down construction cost from fifty to thirty cents a cubic foot.

"You young fellows just over from the other side don't realize what it means to run an office. If you succeed, you

have no time to think of your sketches, except after dinner or on the train, maybe. And if you don't succeed, you have to grab at every little job to earn enough to pay office expenses."

Hart's blank face did not commit him to this wisdom.

"The only time I ever had any real fun was when I was working for the old firm, in New York. God! I did some pretty good things then. Old man Post used to trim me down when I got out of sight of the clients, but he let me have all the rope he could. And now, — why, it's you who have the fun!"

"And you who trim me down!" Hart retorted, with a grim little smile.

"Well, perhaps. I have to keep an eye on all you Paris fellows. You come over here well trained, damned well trained, — we can't do anything like it in this country, — but it takes a few years for you to forget that you are n't in la belle France. And some never get over their habit of making everything French Renaissance. You are n't flexible. Some of you are n't creative — I mean," he said, getting warm on a favorite topic, "you don't feel the situation here. You copy. You try to express everything just as you were taught. You have got to feel things for yourself, by thunder!"

Hart kept his immobile face. It did not interest him to know what Wright thought of the Beaux Arts men. Yet he had no intention of falling out with Wright, who was one of the leading architects of the country, and whose connection might be valuable to him.

"I see you don't care to have me preach," the older man concluded humorously. "And you know your own business best."

The Powers Jackson educational bequest meant that there would be a chance for some one to do a large public building. Probably the family interests had arranged to put this important piece of work into Hart's hands. Wright hoped

for the sake of his art that the trustees would put off building until the young architect had developed more independence and firmness of standard than he had yet shown.

"I think I understand a little better than I did two years ago what it takes to succeed here in Chicago," Hart remarked at last.

Wright shot a piercing glance at him out of his tired eyes.

"It means a good many different kinds of things," the older man said slowly. "Just as many in architecture as elsewhere. It is n't the firm that is putting up the most expensive buildings that is always making the biggest success, by a long shot."

"I suppose not," Hart admitted.

And there the conversation lapsed. The older man felt the real impossibility of piercing the young architect's manner, his imperturbability.

"He does n't like me," he said to himself reproachfully.

For he would have liked to say something to the younger man out of his twenty years of experience, something concerning the eternal conflict there is in all the professions between a man's ideals of his work and the practical possibilities in the world we have about us; something, too, concerning the necessity of yielding to the brute facts of life and yet not yielding everything. But he had learned the great truth that talk never saves a man from his fate, especially that kind of talk. A man lives up to what there is in him, and Jackson Hart would follow the rule.

So he dug his hands into the letters on his desk, and said by way of conclusion: —

"Perhaps we can throw some things your way. There's a little job, now." He held up a letter he had just glanced at. "They want me to recommend some one to build a clubhouse at Oak Hills. There is n't much in it. They can't spend but seven thousand dollars. But

I had rather take that than do some other things!"

"Thank you," Hart replied with considerable animation. "Of course I want every chance I can get."

He took the letter from Wright's outstretched hand.

IX.

After the few swift months of spring and summer they were to be married, late in the fall.

Above the lake at Forest Park, in a broad, open field, Mrs. Phillips's great house had already risen. It was judged variously by those who had seen it, but it altogether pleased the widow; and the architect regarded it — the first work of his manhood — with complacency and pride. Helen had not seen it since the walls had passed the first story. Then, one day late in September, the architect and she made the little journey from the city, and walked over to the house from the Shoreham station, up the lake road.

It was a still, soft fall day, with all the mild charm of late summer that comes only in this region. The leaves still clung in bronzed masses to the little oaks; a stray maple leaf dipped down, now and then, from a gaudy yellow tree, and sailed like a bird along their path. There was a benediction in the country, before the dissolution of winter. The girl's heart was filled with joy.

"If we could only live here, Francis!"

"All the year?" he queried doubtfully.

"Yes, always. Even the worst days I should not feel lonely. I shall never feel lonely again, anyway."

As he drew her hand close to his breast, he said contentedly, with a large view of their future: —

"Perhaps we can before long. But land is very dear. Then you have to keep horses and servants, if you want to live in the country."

"Oh! I did n't think of all that."

They walked slowly, very close together, neither one anxious to reach the misty horizon, where, in a bed of opalescent gray, lay the beautiful lake. The sunshine and the fruity odors of the good earth, the tranquil vistas of bronze oaks, set the woman brooding on her nesting time, which was so close at hand. And the man was thinking likewise, in his way, of this coming event, anxiously, yet with confidence. The plans for the Graveland, the contractor's big apartment house, were already nearly finished. New work must come to the office. There were the Rainbows, who had moved to Shoreham, having made a sudden fortune. And Raymond, the railroad man, on whose good will he counted, with Mrs. Phillips's assistance.

Suddenly the house shot up before their eyes, big and new in all the rawness of fresh brick and stone. It towered blusteringly above the little oaks, a great red-brick château, with a row of little round windows in its massive, thick-tiled red roof.

Helen involuntarily stood still and caught her breath. So this was his!

"Oh!" she murmured. "Is n't it big, Francis!"

"It's no three-room cottage," he answered, with a little asperity.

Then he led her to the front, where she could get the effect of the two wings, the southerly terrace toward the lake, the sweeping drive, and the classic entrance.

"I know I shall grow to like it, Francis," the girl said loyally. "It must be very pretty inside, with those lovely French windows; and the brick court is attractive, too."

She felt that she was hurting her lover in his tenderest spot, and she tried anxiously to find better words, to show him that it was only her ignorance which limited her appreciation. They strolled about among the refuse heaps of the builders, viewing the place at every angle. Just as they were about to enter the

house, there came from the Shoreham road the puffing of an automobile, and presently Mrs. Phillips arrived in a large touring car, with some people who had been lunching with her at the Shoreham Club. They came up to the house, talking and joking in a flutter of good-natured comment. The architect recognized the burly form of Colonel Raymond. He was speaking:—

"Well, Louise, you will have to take us all in next season. I did n't know you were putting up a hotel like this."

"Hotel! It is a perfect palace!" exclaimed a short, plump woman who was following close behind. "I hope you are going to have a pergola. They're so nice. Every country house has a pergola nowadays."

"Why not an English garden and a yew hedge?" added a man who had on the red coat of the Hunt Club. "I hope you have got your stabling up to this, Mrs. Phillips."

Then they recognized the architect and Helen. Mrs. Phillips introduced them to her friends, and they all went inside to make a tour of the rooms. The painters, who were rubbing the woodwork, looked curiously at the invading party; then, with winks among themselves, turned indifferently to their tasks. The visitors burst into ripples of applause over the hall with its two lofty stone fireplaces, the long drawing-room that occupied the south wing of the house, the octagonal breakfast room and the dining-room in the other wing. The architect led them about, explaining the different effects he had tried to get. He did it modestly, touching lightly on architectural points with a well-bred assumption that the visitors knew all about such things. The plump little woman followed close at his heels, drinking in all that he said. Helen wondered who she might be, until, in an eddy of their progress, Hart found a chance to whisper to her, "It's Mrs. Rainbow; she's thinking of building."

He seemed very much excited about

this, and the general good luck of being able to show these people over the house he had made. After the first floor had been exhausted, the party drifted upstairs in detachments. Helen could hear her lover's pleasant voice as he led the way from suite to suite above. The voices finally centred in Mrs. Phillips's bathroom, where the sunken marble bath, the walls of colored marble, caused much joking and laughter.

"Can you tell me where Mrs. Phillips is?" a voice sounded from the door. Helen turned with a start. The young girl who asked the question was dressed in a riding habit. Outside on the drive a small party of people were standing with their horses. The girl spoke somewhat peremptorily, but before Helen had time to reply, she added:—

"Are n't you Miss Spellman? I am Venetia Phillips."

Then the two smiled at each other in the way of women who feel that they may be friends. "I was off with my uncle the day you dined with mamma," she continued, "so I missed seeing you. Isn't this a great—barn, I was going to say." She laughed and caught herself. "I did n't remember! We have just been out with the hounds,— the first run. It's too early to have a real hunt yet. Do you ride?"

They sat down on the great staircase and were at once absorbed in each other. In the meantime the party of visitors had returned from the upper story by the rear stairs, and were penetrating the mysteries of the service quarters. Hart was showing them proudly all the little devices for which American architecture is famous,— the interior telephone service, the laundry shoots, the electric dumbwaiters, the electric driers. These devices aroused Colonel Raymond's admiration. When the others came back to the hall he took the architect aside and discussed driers earnestly. From that they got to the heating system, which necessitated a visit to the basement.

Mrs. Phillips took this occasion to say to Helen:—

"You can be proud of your young man, Miss Spellman. He's done a very successful piece of work. Every one likes it. It's all his, too," she added generously.

Helen found nothing to say in reply. The widow was not an easy person for her to talk to. On that other occasion when they had met, in Mrs. Phillips's city house, the two women had looked into each other's eyes, and both had remained cold. The meeting had not been all that the architect had hoped for it.

So this time Mrs. Phillips examined the younger woman critically, saying to herself, "She's a cold piece. She won't hold him long!"

At last the party gathered itself together and left. The big touring car puffed up to the door, and the visitors climbed in, making little final comments of a flattering nature, to please the architect, who had charmed them all. He was assiduous to the very end, laughing at Mrs. Rainbow's joke about the marble tub, which she repeated for the benefit of those who had not been upstairs.

After Hart had helped her to mount the steps of the car, she leaned over and gave him her hand.

"So glad to have met you, Mr. Hart," she said with plump impressiveness. "I am sure if we build, we'll have to come to you. It's just lovely, everything."

"I shall have to give that away to Rainbow," the colonel joked. "There's nothing so bad to eat up money as a good architect."

Then he shook hands cordially with Hart, lit a cigarette, and swung himself to the seat beside Mrs. Phillips. After the car had started, the riders mounted. Hart helped Venetia Phillips to her seat, and slipped in a word about the hunt. But the girl leaned over on the other side toward Helen, with a sudden enthusiasm.

"When you are married, can't I see a lot of you?"

Helen laughed, and the two held hands for a moment, while the man in the red coat talked with the architect.

When they had all gone, Jackson turned to Helen, a happy smile of triumph on his face.

"It seemed to take!"

There had not been one word of comment on the house itself, on the building as a home for generations of people. But Hart did not seem to notice that. He was flushed with the exhilaration of approval.

"Yes," Helen answered, throwing all the animation she could into the words; "I think they all liked it."

She was silent, with many vague impressions from the little incident of the afternoon. There had been revealed to her a new side of her lover, a worldly side, which accorded with his alert air, his well-trimmed mustache, and careful attention to dress. He had been very much at home with all these people; while she had felt more or less out of her element. He knew how to talk to them, how to please them, just as he knew how to build a house after their taste for luxury and display. He could talk hunters or motor cars or bridge whist, as the occasion demanded. He was one of them in instinct!

She cast a timid look at the great façade above them, over which the cold shadows of the autumn evening were fast stealing, leaving it still more hard and new and raw. She was glad it was not to be her fate to live there in all its grandeur and stiff luxury.

The architect had to speak to the superintendent of the building, and Helen sat down on the stone balustrade of the terrace to wait. The painters were leaving their job, putting on their coats as they hurried from the house. They scarcely cast a glance her way as they passed, disappearing into the road, fleeing from the luxurious abode and the silent woods, which were not theirs, to the village and the city. . . . This great Amer-

ican château was so different from what she had always dreamed her lover would build, this caravansary for the rich, this toy where they could hide themselves in aristocratic seclusion and take their pleasures. And the thought stole into her mind that he liked it, this existence of the rich and prosperous, their sports and their luxuries, — and would want to earn with his life their pleasures, their housing, their automobiles, and hunters. It was all strange to her experience, to her dreams!

From the second floor there came the sound of voices: —

"I tells you, Muster Hart, you got to rip the whoal dam piping out from roof to basement if you wants to have a good yob of it. I tole you that way back six weeks ago. It ware n't specified right from the beginning."

"I'll speak to Rollings about it tomorrow and see what can be done."

"That's what you say every time," the Swede growled.

"See here, Anderson! Who's running this job?" . . .

The girl strolled away from the voices toward the bluff, where she could see the gray bosom of the lake. The twilight trees, the waveless lake soothed her: they were real, her world. The house back there, the men and women of it, were shadows on the marge.

"Nell!" her lover called.

"Coming, Francis."

When he came up to her she rested her head on his shoulder, looking at him with vague longing, desiring to keep him from something not clearly defined in her own mind.

"We must hurry to get that train. When we live out here we'll have to sport a motor car, won't we?" he said buoyantly.

She answered slowly, "I don't know that I should want to live just here, after all."

"Why, I thought you were crazy about the country! And I've been

thinking it might be the very thing for us to do. There's such a lot of building in these places now. Mrs. Phillips has asked me several times why I didn't move out here on the shore. Just before she left she asked me if I didn't want to build a lodge for her and take it for a year or so. Of course that's a joke. But I know she's bought a lot of property on the bluff here, and might be willing to let me have a small bit on reasonable terms. She's been so friendly all along!"

He was still in the flush of his triumph, and talked rapidly of all that opened out before his fervent ambition. Suddenly he took note of her mood and said sharply, "Nell, you don't like her."

"Why do you say that?" she exclaimed, surprised in her inner thoughts. "I don't really know."

"Why, it's plain enough. You don't talk to her. You are so cold! And the same way with Mrs. Rainbow."

"O Francis! I didn't mean to be cold. Ought I to like them if you are to do work for them?"

The architect laughed at her simplicity.

"Rich people always puzzle me," she continued apologetically. "They always have, except uncle Powers, and you never thought of him as rich! I don't feel as if I knew what they liked. They are so much preoccupied with their own affairs. That other time when I met Mrs. Phillips she was so much worried over the breakfast room and the underbutler's pantry! What is an underbutler's pantry, Francis?"

This raillery over the needs of the rich seemed almost anarchistic to the architect. They walked to the station silently in the gathering darkness. But after a time, on the train, he returned to the events of the afternoon.

"She can do anything she likes with Raymond. It would be a big stroke to get that C. R. & N. business!"

Helen made no reply to this observa-

tion, and they relapsed again into silent thought.

The night before their marriage the architect told her exultantly that he had been sent for by Raymond's private secretary to talk over work for the railroad corporation.

"That's Mrs. Phillips's doing," he told Helen. "You must remember to say something to her about it to-morrow, if you get the chance. It's likely to be the biggest wedding present we'll have!"

"I am glad," Helen replied simply, without further comment.

He thought that she did not comprehend what this good fortune meant. And he was quite mystified when she refused to see him again before the ceremony of the following day. He could not realize that in some matters — a few small matters — he had bruised the woman's ideal of him; he could not understand why these last hours, before she took him to her arms forever, she wished to spend alone with her own soul in a kind of prayer. . . .

There were only a few people present at the marriage in the little Maple Street house the next day. Many of their fashionable friends were still away from the city. Mrs. Phillips had made a point of coming to the wedding, and after much insistence she had been made to bring Venetia, who had discovered a sudden enthusiasm for weddings. Pemberton, an old friend of the Spellmans who had recently been added to the Jackson trustees, was there, and also little Cook, who was the backbone of the new office. Everett Wheeler was the best man. He and Hollister had put off their yearly fishing trip to do honor to Jackson Hart, who had earned their approval, because the young man had swallowed his disappointment about the will and was going to marry a poor girl. Hollister and Pemberton had brought Judge Phillips with them, because he was in

town and liked weddings, and ought to send the pair a goodly gift. Of the presence of all these and some others the young architect was pleasantly conscious that October morning.

Only that morning, on the way to the house, Everett had referred to the great school, a monumental affair, which the trustees would have to build some day. It was in the aroma of this new prospect, and of all the other good fortune that had been his since he had taken up his burden of poverty, that Jackson Hart was married.

But the girl walked up to him to be married, in a dream, unconscious of the whole world, with a mystery of love in her heart. When the ceremony was over, she looked up into her husband's resolute face, which was slightly flushed with excitement. Venetia, standing by her uncle's side a few steps away, could see tears in the bride's eyes, and the girl wondered.

Did Helen know now that the man who stood there face to face with her, her husband, was yet a stranger to her soul? She raised her lips swiftly to him, and he bowed his head to kiss her, there before all.

X.

After a winter in the city the Harts went to live at Shoreham, taking rooms for the season at the club. The new station which the railroad was building at Eversley Heights, and the Rainbows' cottage on the ridge just west of the club, had brought the architect considerable reputation. His acquaintance was growing rapidly among the men who rode to and fro each day on the suburban trains of the C. R. & N. It was the kind of acquaintance which he realized might be very valuable to him in his profession.

Between Chicago and Shoreham, the northernmost of the long line of prosperous suburbs, there lay a considerable

variety of American society. As the train got away from the sprawling outskirts of the city, each stop marked a pause in social progress. Each town gathered to itself its own class, which differed subtly, but positively, from that attracted by its neighbor. Shoreham was the home of the hunting set, its society centring in the large club. At Popover Plains there was a large summer hotel, and therefore the society of Popover Plains was considered by her neighbors as more or less "mixed." Eversley Heights was still undeveloped, the home of a number of young people, who were considered very pleasant, even incipiently smart. But of all the more distant and desirable settlements Forest Park had the greatest pride in itself, being comparatively old, and having large places and old-fashioned ugly houses in which lived some people of permanent wealth. All these suburban towns had one common characteristic: they were the homes of the prosperous, who had emerged from the close struggle in the city with ideals of rest and refreshment and an instinct for the society of their own kind. Except for a street of shops near the stations, to which was relegated the service element of life, the inhabitants got exclusively the society of their kind.

The architect went to the city by one of the earlier trains and came back very late. He had all the labor of superintending the construction of his buildings, for the work in the office did not warrant engaging a superintendent. He emerged from the city, after a day spent in running about here and there, with a kind of speechless listlessness, which the wife of a man in business soon becomes accustomed to. The dinner in the lively dining-room of the clubhouse, with the chatter about sport and the gossip, the cigar afterwards on the veranda overlooking the green, turfy valley golden in the afterglow of sunset, refreshed him quickly. He was always eager to accept

any invitation, to go wherever they were asked, to have himself and his wife in the eyes of their little public as much as possible. His agreeable manners, his keen desire to please, his instinct for the conventional, the suitable, made him much more popular than his wife, who was considered shy, if not positively countrified. As the season progressed, Hart was sure that they had made a wise choice of a place to settle in, and they began to look for a house.

In spite of all the apparent prosperity which the little office enjoyed from the start, the profit for the first year was startlingly small. The commission from the Phillips house had long since been eaten; also as much of the fee from Graves as that close contractor could be induced to pay over before the building had been finished. The insatiable office was now devouring the profits from the railroad business. When Cook saw the figures, he spoke to the point:—"It's just self-indulgence to build houses. We must quit." If they were to succeed, they must do a larger business,—factories, mills, hotels,—work that could be handled on a large scale, roughly and rapidly.

The Harts were living beyond their means, not extravagantly, but with a constant deficit, which from the earliest weeks of their marriage had troubled Helen. Reared in the tradition of thrift, she held it to be a crime to spend money not actually earned. But she found that her husband had another theory of domestic economy. To attract money, he said, one must spend it. He insisted on her dressing as well as the other women who used the club, although they were for the most part wives and daughters of men who had many times his income. At the close of the first six months of their marriage venture Helen spoke authoritatively:—

"At this rate we shall run behind at least two thousand dollars. We must go back to the city to live!"

They had been talking of renting a house in Forest Park. But she knew that in the city she could control the expenditure, the manner of living. The architect laughed at her scruples.

"I'll see Bushfield to-day and find out when they are to get at the Popover station."

She still looked grave, having in mind a precept that young married people, barring sickness, should save a fifth of their income.

"And if that is n't enough," her husband added, "why, we must pull out something else. There's lots doing!"

He laughed again, and kissed her before going downstairs to take the club 'bus. His light-hearted philosophy did not reassure her. If one's income was not enough for one's wants, he said, — why, expand the income! This hopeful, gambling American spirit was natural to him. He was too young to realize that the point of expansion for professional men was definitely limited. A lawyer, a doctor, an architect, had but his one brain, his one pair of hands, his own eyes, — and the scope of these organs was fixed by nature.

"And we give so little!" she protested in her heart that morning. Her mother had given to their church and to certain charities always a tenth of their small income. That might be a mechanical, old-fashioned method of estimating one's dues to mankind, but it was better than the careless way of giving when it occurred to one, or when some friend who could not be denied demanded help. . . .

The architect, as he rode to the early morning train in the club 'bus, was talking to Stephen Lane, a rich bachelor, who had a large house and was the chief promoter of the Hunt Club. Lane grumbled rather ostentatiously because he was obliged to take the early train, having had news that a mill he was interested in had burned down overnight.

"You are going to rebuild?" the architect asked.

"Begin as soon as we can get the plans done," Lane replied laconically.

It shot into the architect's mind that here was the opportunity which would go far to wipe out the deficit he and Helen had been talking about. With this idea in view he got into the smoking car with Lane, and the two men talked all the way to town. Hart did not like Stephen Lane; few at the club cared for the rich bachelor, whose manners carried a self-consciousness of wealth. But this morning the architect looked at him from a different angle, and condoned his tone of patronage. As the train neared the tangled network of the city terminal, he ventured to say, "What architects do your work?"

He hated the sound of his voice as he said it, though he tried to make it impersonal and indifferent. Lane's voice seemed to change its tone, something of suspicion creeping in.

"I have always had the Stearns brothers. They do that sort of thing pretty well."

As they mounted the station stairs, Lane asked casually, "Do you ever do that kind of work? It is n't much in your line."

"I've never tried it. But of course I should like the chance!"

Then Lane, one hand on the door of a waiting cab, remarked slowly, "Well, we'll talk it over, perhaps. Where do you lunch?" and gave the architect two fingers of his gloved hand.

He was thinking that Mrs. Hart was a pleasant woman, who always listened to him with a certain deference. And these Harts must be hard put to it, without old Jackson's pile.

Hart went his way on foot, a taste of something little agreeable in his mouth. He had to stop at the railroad offices to see the purchasing agent.

The railroad did its own contracting, naturally, and it was through this man Bushfield that the specifications for the buildings had to pass. The architect had

had many dealings with the purchasing agent, and had found him always friendly. This morning Bushfield was already in his office, perspiring from the July heat, his coat off, a stenographer at his elbow. When Hart came in he looked up slowly, and nodded. After he had finished with the stenographer, he asked, —

"Why do you specify Star cement at Eversley, Hart?"

"Oh, it's about the best. We always specify Star for outside work."

"How's it any better than the Climax?" the purchasing agent asked insistently.

"I don't know anything about the Climax. What's the matter with Star?"

Bushfield scratched his chin thoughtfully for a moment.

"I have n't got anything against Star. What I want to know is what you have got against Climax?"

The smooth guttural tones of the purchasing agent gave the architect no cause for suspicion, and he was dull enough not to see what was in the air.

"It would take time to try a new cement properly," he answered.

The purchasing agent picked up his morning cigar, rolled it around in his mouth, and puffed before he replied: —

"I don't mind telling you that it means something to me to have Climax used at Eversley. It's just as good as any cement on the market. I give you my word for that. I take it you're a good friend of mine. I wish you would see if you can't use the Climax."

Then they talked of other matters. When Hart got back to the office he looked up the Climax cement in a trade catalogue. There were hundreds of brands on the market, and the Climax was one of the newest. Horace Bushfield, he reflected, was Colonel Raymond's son-in-law. If he wished to do the Popover station, he should remain on good terms with the purchasing agent of the road. Some time that day he got out the type-written specifications for the railroad

work, and in the section on the cement work he inserted neatly in ink the words, "Or a cement of equal quality approved by the architect."

Not many days later the purchasing agent telephoned to him: —

"Say, Hart, the Buckeye Hardware people have just had a man in here seeing me about the hardware for that building. I see you have specified the Forrest makes. Are n't the Buckeye people first-class?"

The architect, who knew what was coming this time, waited a moment before replying. Then he answered coolly, "I think they are, Bushfield."

"Well, the Buckeye people have always done our business, and they could n't understand why they were shut out by your specifying the Forrest makes. You'll make that all right? So long."

As Hart hung up his telephone, he would have liked to write Raymond, the general manager, that he wanted nothing more to do with the railroad business. Some weeks later when he happened to glance over the Buckeye Company's memoranda of sales for the Eversley station, and saw what the railroad had paid for its hardware, he knew that Horace Bushfield was a thief. But they were talking of the Popover station then.

Something similar had been his experience with the contractor Graves.

"Put me up a good, showy building," the contractor had said, when they discussed the design. "That's the kind that will take in that park neighborhood. People nowadays want a stylish home with elevator boys in uniform. . . . That court you've got there between the wings, and the little fountain, and the grand entrance, — all just right. But they don't want to pay nothin' for their style. Flats don't rent for anything near what they do in New York. Out here they want the earth for fifty, sixty dollars a month; and we got to give 'em the nearest thing to it for their money."

So, when it came to the structure of the building, the contractor ordered the architect to save expense in every line of the details. The woodwork was cut to the thinnest veneer; partitions, even bearing-walls, were made of the cheapest studding the market offered; the large floors were hung from thin outside walls, without the brick bearing-walls provided by the architect. When Hart murmured Graves said frankly:—

"This ain't any investment proposition, my boy. I calculate to fill the Graveland in two months, and then I'll trade it off to some countryman who is looking for an investment. Put all the style you want into the finish. Have some of the flats Flemish, and others Colonial, and so on. Make 'em smart."

The architect tried to swallow his disgust at being hired to put together such a flimsy shell of plaster and lath. But Cook, who had been trained in Wright's office, where work of this grade was never accepted, was in open revolt.

"If it gets known around that this is the style of work we do in this office, it'll put us in a class, and it ain't a pleasant one, either. . . . Say, Jack, how's this office to be run, — first-class or the other class?"

"You know, man," the architect replied, "how I am fixed with Graves. I don't like this business any better than you do, but we'll be through with it before long."

He growled in his turn to the contractor, who received his protest with contemptuous good humor.

"You'd better take a look at what other men are doing, if you think I am making the Graveland such an awful cheap building. I tell you, there ain't money in the other kind. Why, I worked for a man once who put up a first-class flat building, slow-burning construction, heavy woodwork, and all that. It's old-fashioned by this time, and its rents are way down. And I saw by the paper the other day that it was sold at the sher-

iff's sale for not more than what my bill came to! What have you got to say to that?"

Therefore the architect dismissed the Graveland from his mind as much as he could, and saw little of it while it was under construction, for the contractor did his own superintending. One day, however, he had occasion to go to the building, and took his wife with him. They drove down the vast waste of Grand Boulevard; after passing through that wilderness of painful fancies, the lines of the Graveland made a very pleasant impression.

Hart had induced Graves to sacrifice part of his precious land to an interior court, around which he had thrown his building like a miniature château, thus shutting out the sandy lots, the ragged street, which looked like a jaw with teeth knocked out at irregular intervals. A heavy wall joined the two wings on the street side, and through the iron gates the Park could be seen, just across the street.

"Lovely!" Helen exclaimed. "I'm so glad you did it! I like it so — so much more than the Phillips house."

They studied it carefully from the carriage, and Hart pointed out all the little triumphs of design. It was, as Helen felt, much more genuine than the Phillips house. It was no bungling copy, but an honest answer to a modern problem, — an answer, to be sure, in the only language that the architect knew.

Helen wanted to see the interior, although Jackson displayed no enthusiasm over that part of the work. And in the inside came the disaster! The evidences of the contractor's false, flimsy building darkened the architect's brow.

"The scamp!" he muttered, emerging from the basement. "He's propped the whole business on a dozen or so 'two-by-fours.' And he's put in the rottenest plumbing underground that I ever saw. I don't believe it ever had an inspection."

"Show me what you mean," Helen demanded.

He pointed out to her some of the devices used to skim the building.

"Even the men at work here know it. You can see it by the way they look at me. Why, the thing is a paper box!"

In some of the apartments the rough work was scarcely completed; in others the plasterers were at work; but the story was the same everywhere.

"I can't see how he escaped the Building Department. He's violated the ordinances again and again. But I suppose he's got the inspectors in his pay!"

He remembered the Canostota: he had no manner of doubt, now, about those I-beams in the Canostota!

"Francis!" Helen exclaimed with sudden passion; "you won't stand it! You won't let him do this kind of thing?"

The architect shrugged his shoulders.

"It's *his* building. He bought the plans and paid for them."

She was silent, troubled in her mind by this business tangle, but convinced that some wrong was being done. A thing like this, a fraud upon the public, should be prevented in some way.

"Can't you tell him that you will report him to the Building Department?" she asked finally.

Hart smiled at her impetuous impracticality.

"That would hardly do, would it, to go back on a client like that? It's none of my business, really. Only one hates to feel that his ideas are wasted on such stuff as this is made of. The city should look after it. And it's no worse than most of these flat buildings. Look at that one across the street. It's the same cheap thing. I was in there the other day. . . . No, it's the condition of things in this city, — the worst place for good building in the country. Every one says so. But God help the poor devils who come to live here, if a fire once gets started in this plaster-and-lath shell!"

He turned to the entrance and kicked open the door. His wife's face was pale and set, as if she could not dismiss the matter thus lightly.

"I never thought of fire!" she murmured. "Francis, if anything like that should happen! To think that you had drawn the plans!"

"Oh! it may last out its time," he replied reassuringly. "And it doesn't affect the appearance of the building at present. It's real smart, as Mrs. Rainbow would say. Don't you think so, Nell?"

She had turned her back to the pleasant façade of the Graveland, and was staring into the Park across the street. She turned around at his words and cast a swift, scrutinizing glance over the building.

"It is n't right! I see fraud looking out of every window. It's just a skeleton covered with cloth."

The architect laughed at her solemnity. He was disgusted with it himself; it offended his workman's conscience. But he was too modern, too practical, to allow merely ideal considerations to upset him. And, after all, in his art, as in most arts, the effect of the thing was two thirds the game. With her it was altogether different. Through all outward aspect, or cover, of things pierced their inner being, from which one could not escape by illusion.

As they were getting away from the building, the contractor drove up to the Graveland for his daily inspection. He came over to the architect, a most affable smile on his bearded face.

"Mrs. Hart, I presume," he said, smiling. "Looking over your husband's work? It's fine, fine, I tell you. Between ourselves it beats Wright all out."

Helen's stiffness of manner did not encourage cordiality. Graves, thinking her snobbish, bowed to them, and went into the building.

"You'll never do anything for him again, will you, Francis? Promise me!"

And he promised lightly enough, for he thought it highly improbable that the contractor ever would return to him, or that he should feel obliged to take his work if he offered it.

Nevertheless, the contractor did return to the office, and not long afterwards. It was toward the end of the summer, when the architect and his wife were still debating the question of taking a house in the country for the winter. One afternoon Hart returned from his luncheon to find Graves waiting for him in the outer office. The stenographer and Cook were hard at work in the room beyond, with an air of having nothing to say to the contractor. As Graves followed Hart into his private office, Cook looked up with a curl on his thin lips that expressed the fullness of his heart.

"Say," Graves called out as soon as Hart had closed the door to the outer room, "I sold that Graveland a month ago, almost before the plaster was dry. A man from Detroit came in to see me one morning, and we made the deal that day."

"Is that so?" Hart remarked coolly.

"It was a pretty building. I knew I should n't have any trouble with it. Now I have something new in mind."

Hart listened in a non-committal manner.

"Part of that trade with the Detroit feller was for a big block of land out west here a couple of miles. I am thinking of putting up some tidy little houses to sell on the installment plan."

"What do you mean to put into them?" the architect asked bluntly.

"Well, they'd ought to sell for not more than eight thousand dollars."

"And cost as much less as you can make them hold together for? I don't believe I can do anything for you, Mr. Graves," the architect replied firmly.

"Is that so? Well, you are the first architect I ever saw who was too busy to take on a paying piece of business."

He sat down more firmly in the chair opposite Hart's desk, and he began to describe his scheme. There was to be a double row of houses, three stories and basement, each one different in style, in a different kind of brick or terra cotta, with a distinguishing "feature" worked in somewhere in the design. They were to be bait for the thrifty clerk, who wanted to buy a permanent home on the installment plan rather than pay rent. There were many similar building schemes in different parts of the city, the advertisements of which one might read in the street cars.

"Why do you want me to do the job?" Hart asked at last. "Any boy just out of school could do what you are after."

"No, he could n't. He has n't the knack of giving a fresh face to each house. It won't be hard work for you!"

This, the architect knew, was very true. It would be very easy to have Cook hunt up a lot of photographs from French and English architectural journals, which, with a little arrangement, would serve. With a few hours' work he could turn out that individual façade that Graves prized commercially. Here was the large job that could be done easily and roughly, ready to hand.

"I don't like to have such work go through the office. That's all there is about it!" he exclaimed at last.

"Tony, eh? Well, we won't fight over that. Suppose you make the sketches and let another feller prepare the details?"

There were many objections to this mode of operation, but the contractor met every one. Hart himself thought of Van Meyer, a clever, drunken German, to whom he had given work now and then when the office was busy. He would do what he was told and say nothing about it. . . .

It was late when Graves left the office. Cook and the stenographer had

already gone. Hart went down into the street with the contractor, and they nodded to each other when they parted, in the manner of men who have reached an understanding. On the way to the train, Hart dropped into his club for a drink. He stood staring into the street while he sipped his gin and bitters. The roar of the city as it came through the murky windows seemed to him more than commonly harsh and grating. The gray light of the summer evening filtered mournfully into the dingy room. . . . He was not a weak man; he had no qualms of conscience for what he had made up his mind that afternoon to do. It was disagreeable, but he had weighed it against other disagreeable alternatives which might happen if he could not get the money he needed. By the time he had reached Shoreham he had entirely adjusted his mind to Graves, and he met his wife, who had walked over to the station, with his usual buoyant smile. And that evening he remarked:—

"I guess we had better take the Loring place. It's the only fit one for rent. We'll have to keep a horse,—that's all."

They had been debating this matter of the Loring house for several weeks. It was a pleasant old house, near the lake, not far from Mrs. Phillips's in Forest Park. It was Mrs. Phillips who had first called the architect's attention to it. But, unfortunately, it was too far from either station of the railroad to be within walking distance. And it was a large establishment for two young persons to maintain, who were contemplating the advent of a baby and a nurse.

All this Helen had pointed out to her husband, and lately they had felt too poor to consider the Loring place.

"What has happened, Francis?" she asked.

"A lot more business has come in,—houses. They will be very profitable," he answered vaguely, remembering Helen's antipathy to the contractor. "Did you lunch with Venetia?"

XI.

The Lady Venetia de Phillips, as the young woman used to call herself in the doll age, had never set foot in a common street car, or, indeed, in anything more public than a day coach on the Forest Park suburban train; and in that only because the C. R. & N. had not found it profitable to provide as yet a special coach for her class. Mrs. Phillips, who had known what it was to ride in an Ottumwa buggy, comfortably cushioned by the stout arm of an Ottumwa swain, understood the cardinal principle of class evolution, which is separation. She had educated her children according to that principle.

So it happened shortly before Mrs. Phillips had taken possession of her new home that Miss Phillips, having to pay a visit on the North Side of the city, was driving in her mother's victoria, in dignity, according to her estate. Beside her sat her favorite terrier, Pete, scanning the landscape of the dirty streets by which they were obliged to pass from the South to the North Side. Suddenly as the carriage turned a corner, Pete spied a long, lank wharf rat, of a kind that did not inhabit his own neighborhood. The terrier took one impulsive leap between the wheels of the victoria, and was off up Illinois Street after the rat. It was a good race; the Lady Venetia's sporting blood rose, and she ordered the coachman to follow. Suddenly there dashed from an alley a light baker's wagon, driven by a reckless youth. Pete, unmindful of the clattering wagon, intent upon his loping prey, was struck full in the middle of his body: two wheels passed diagonally across him, squeezing him to the pavement like an india-rubber ball. He dragged himself to the sidewalk, filling the street with hideous howls. The passers-by stopped, but the reckless youth in the baker's wagon, having leaned out to see what

damage had been done, grinned, shook his reins, and was off.

Before the coachman had brought the victoria to a full stop Venetia was out and across the street. Pete had crawled into an alley, where he lay in a little heap, moaning. When his mistress tried to gather him into her skirt he whimpered and showed his teeth. Something was radically wrong! The small boys who had gathered advised throwing Pete into the river, and offered to do the deed. But Venetia, the tears falling from her eyes, turned back into the street to take counsel with the coachman. A young man who was hurrying by, swinging a little satchel and whistling to himself, stopped.

"What's up?" he asked, smiling at the girl's tears.

Venetia pointed at the dog, and the stranger, pushing the small boys aside, leaned over Pete.

"Gee! He's pretty well mashed, ain't he? Here, Miss, I'll give him a smell of this and send him to by-by."

He opened his little satchel and hunted for a bottle. Venetia timidly touched his arm.

"Please don't kill him!"

"That's just what I'm going to do, sure thing!" He paused, with the little vial in his hand, and looked coolly at the girl. "You don't want the pup to suffer like that?"

"But can't he be saved?"

The stranger looked again at Pete, then back at Venetia. Finally he tied a handkerchief over the dog's mouth, and began to examine him carefully.

"Let's see what there's left of you after the mix-up, Mr. Doggie. We'll give you the benefit of our best attention and skill, — more'n most folks ever get in this world, — because you are the pet of a nice young lady. If you were just an alley-cat you would n't even get the chloroform. Well, Miss, he'd have about one chance in a hundred, after he had that hind leg cut off."

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"Could you cure him? Mamma will be very glad to pay you for your services."

"Is that so?" the stranger remarked. "How do you know that my services don't come very high? Well, come on, pup! We'll see what can be done for you."

Drawing the improvised muzzle tighter, he gathered Pete up in a little bundle. Then he strode down the street to the west. The coachman drew up beside the curb and touched his hat.

"Won't you get in?" Venetia asked.

"It's only a step or so to my place," he answered gruffly. "You can follow me in the carriage."

But she kept one hand on Pete, and walked beside the stranger until he stopped at an old, one-story, wooden cottage. Above the door was painted in large black letters, "S. COBURN, M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON."

"May I come in?" the girl asked timidly.

"Sure! Why would I keep you sitting on the doorstep?"

Inside there was a little front room, apparently used as a waiting-room for patients. Back of this was a large bare room, into which the doctor led the way. It occupied all the rest of the cottage. A wooden bench extended the entire length of this room, underneath a row of rough windows, which had been cut in the wall to light the bench. Over in one corner was a cot, with the bed-clothes negligently dragging on the floor. Near by was an iron sink. On a table in the centre of the room, carefully guarded by a glass case, was a complex piece of mechanism which looked to the girl like one of the tiresome machines her teacher of physics was wont to exhibit.

"My laboratory," the doctor explained somewhat grandly.

Venetia stepped gingerly across the dirty floor, glancing about with curiosity. The doctor placed the dog on the

table, and turned on several electric lights.

"You'll have to help at this performance," the doctor remarked, taking off his coat.

Together they gave Pete an opiate and removed the muzzle. The doctor then turned him over and poked him here and there.

"Well," he pronounced, "Peter has a full bill. Compound fracture, broken rib, and mashed toes. And I don't know what all on the inside. He has a slim chance of limping around on three legs. Shall I give him some more dope? What do you say?"

"Pete was a gamy dog," Venetia replied thoughtfully. "I think he would like all his chances."

"Good!" The doctor tossed aside the sponge that he had held ready to give Pete his farewell whiff. He told the girl how to hold the dog, and how to touch the sponge to his nose from time to time. They were absorbed in the operation when the coachman pushed his way into the room.

"What shall I do, Miss, about the horses? Mis' Phillips gave particler instructions I was n't to stay out after five-thirty. It's most that now."

"Tell him to go home," the doctor ordered. "We'll be an hour more."

"But how shall I get home?" the girl asked, perplexed.

"On your feet, I guess, same as most folks," the doctor answered, testing a knife on his finger. "And the cars ain't stopped running on the South Side, have they?"

"I don't know. I never use them," Venetia replied helplessly.

The doctor put the knife down beside Pete, and looked at the girl from her head to her feet, a teasing smile creeping over his swarthy face.

"Well, it's just about time for you to find out what they're good for. I'll take you home myself just to see how you like them. You won't get hurt, not a bit.

You may go, Thomas!" He waved his hand sarcastically to the coachman. "And when you go out, be good enough to slip the latch. We have a little business to do here, and don't want to be interrupted."

When the coachman had left, Venetia turned to the doctor with a red face, and copying her mother's most impressive tones, asked, —

"What would you like me to do now, Dr. Coburn?"

"Nothing special. Turn your back if you don't like to see me take a chop out of doggie."

He laughed at her dignity; therefore she kept her face turned resolutely on poor Pete. She could not help being interested in the man as she watched his swift movements. He was stocky and short, black-haired, with a short black mustache that did not disguise the perpetual sardonic smile of his lips. She noticed that his trousers were very baggy and streaked at the bottoms with mud. They were the trousers of a man who, according to her experience, was not a gentleman. The frayed cravat, which showed its cotton filling, belonged to the same category as the trousers. But there was something in the fierce black eyes, the heavy jaw, the nervous grip of the lips when the man was thinking, that awed her. The more Venetia looked at him, the more she was afraid of him; not afraid that he would do any harm to her, but vaguely afraid of his strength, his force. His bare arms were thick and hairy, although the fingers were supple, and he touched things lightly. Altogether he was a strange person in her little world, and somewhat terrifying.

Dr. Coburn talked all the time, while he worked swiftly over the dog, describing to the girl just what he was doing. Venetia watched him without flinching, though the tears would roll down her face. She put one hand under Pete's limp head to hold it, as she would have liked to have her head held under the

same circumstances. At last the doctor straightened himself and exclaimed:—

"Correct! He's done up in first-class style." He went to the sink and washed his arms and hands. "Yes, Peter is as well patched as if the great Dr. Parks had done it himself and charged you ten thousand dollars for the job. I donno' but it's better done. And he would have charged you all right!" He gave a loud ironical laugh, and swashed the water over his bare arms.

Then he came back to the operating table, wiping his hands and arms on a roller towel that was none too clean.

"You can quit that sponge now, Miss, and I guess doggie won't appreciate the little attention of holding his head yet a while. He has n't got to the flower and fruit stage yet, have you, eh, purp?"

Venetia stood like a little girl, awkwardly waiting for orders.

"What's your name?" the doctor demanded abruptly.

"Venetia,—Venetia Phillips."

"Well, Miss Venetia, you seem fond of animals. Would you like to see my collection?"

He strode to the farther end of the room and opened a trap door.

"Come over here!"

The girl peeped through the trap door into the cellar. There, in a number of pens, were huddled a small menagerie of animals,—dogs, cats, guinea-pigs, rabbits.

"What do you do with all of them?" the girl asked, her heart sinking with foreboding.

"Cut 'em up!"

"Cut them up?"

"Sure! And dose 'em. This is an experimental laboratory." The doctor waved his hand rather grandly over the dirty room. "There are not many like it in the city of Chicago, I can tell you. I am conducting investigations, and I use these little fellers."

"It's horrid!" the girl exclaimed, looking apprehensively at Pete.

"Not a bit of it!" The doctor reached his hand down and pulled up a rabbit, a little mangy object, which tottered a few steps and then fell down, as if dizzy.

"Jack's had fifteen minims of the solution of hydrochlorate of manganese this morning. He looks kind of dopy, don't he? He'll be as smart as a trivet tomorrow. But I guess he's about reached his limit of hydrochlorate, eh, Jack?"

In spite of herself the girl's curiosity was aroused. When the doctor had returned Jack to his pen, she asked, "What's that queer machine over there?"

"That's to pump things into your body, to squirt medicines into you, instead of dropping them into your tummy loose, as doctors usually do. See? When I stick this long needle into you and work this handle, a little stream of the thing I want to give you is pumped into your body at the right spot. Would you like to have me try it on you? No! I thought not. That's why Jack has to take his dose every morning."

He went into his explanation more thoroughly, and they talked of many things that were as wonderful to Venetia, brought up in the modern city of Chicago, as if she had come out of Thibet.

"I suppose I shall have to leave Pete. May I come to see him sometimes?" she said at last.

"Sure! As often as you like. I'm generally in afternoons. I'll telephone if the patient's pulse gets feeble or his temperature goes up."

"You need n't make fun of me. And I think I can find my way home alone," she added, as the doctor took his hat from the table and jammed it on his head.

"I said I'd see you home. I am not going to miss seeing you take that first ride on the cable, not much! Perhaps you won't mind walking across the bridge and up the avenue to the cable line? It's a pretty evening, and it will do you good to take the air along the river."

So the two started for the city and crossed the busy thoroughfare of the Rush Street Bridge just as the twilight was touching the murky waters of the river. The girl was uncomfortably conscious that the man by her side was a very shabbily dressed escort. She was glad that the uncertain light would hide her from any of her acquaintances that might be driving across the bridge at this hour. The doctor seemed to be in no hurry; he paused on the bridge to watch a tug push a fat grainboat up the river, until they were almost caught by the turning draw.

"That's a fine sight!" he remarked.

"Yes, the sunset is beautiful," she replied conventionally.

"No! I mean that big vessel loaded with grain. That's what you live on: it's what you are,—that and a lot of dirty cattle over in the pens of the stockyard. That's you, Miss Venetia,—black hair, pink cheeks, and all!"

"What a very materialistic way of looking at life!" Venetia replied severely.

"Lord, child!" the doctor exclaimed ironically. "Who taught you that horrid word?" He proceeded to give her a little lecture on physiology, which occupied her attention all the way to the cable car, so that she forgot her snobbish anxieties.

The car was crowded, and no one offered her a seat. She was obliged to stand crowded in a corner, swaying from a strap overhead, while the persistent doctor told her all about the car, the motive power, the operatives, the number of passengers carried daily, the dispute over the renewal of the franchise, and kindred matters of common concern.

"Now, it's likely enough some of your folks own a block of their watered stock," he continued in his clear, high voice, that made itself felt above the rattle of the car. "And you are helping pay them their dividends. Some day, though, maybe the rest of us won't want to go on

paying five cents to ride in their old cars. Then your stock will go down, the water will dry up, and perhaps you'll have one or two dresses less. You'll remember then I told you the reason why."

Venetia had heard enough about stocks and bonds to know that a good deal of the Phillips money was invested in the City Railway. But she had also learned that it was very vulgar for a man to discuss money matters with a girl. Furthermore, peering about the crowded conveyance, she had caught sight of Porter Howe, one of her brother Stanwood's friends. He was looking at her and the doctor, and she began to feel uncomfortable again. It had never occurred to her that the young men of her class were in the habit of using the street cars, at least until they had reached those assured positions at the head of industry which awaited them.

So the novelty of the ride in the public car had something of torture in it, and she was glad enough to escape through the front door at Eighteenth Street.

"Won't you come in?" she asked the doctor politely when they came to the formidable pile of red brick where she lived.

"Thanks. I don't believe your folks will want me to stay to supper, and I am getting hungry. Hope you enjoyed your ride. Some day I'll come and take you for a trolley ride down towards the south."

He shook her hand vigorously and laughed. Then he started briskly for the city, his hands thrust in his trousers' pockets, his black felt hat drawn forward over his brows. Venetia had barely mounted the first bank of steps before she heard her name.

"Say, Miss Venetia!"

The doctor was shouting back to her, one hand at the side of his mouth.

"Don't you worry about that pup! I think I can bring him round all right."

She nodded, and stepped into the vesti-

bule with a sense of relief from her companion. She knew that Dr. Coburn was what her brother called a "mucker," and her mother spoke of as a "fellow." Yet

she recognized that there was something in the man to be respected, and this insight, it may be said, distinguished Venetia from her mother and her brother.

Robert Herrick.

(To be continued.)

THEODOR MOMMSEN.

THE conditions of human life vouchsafe an immortality of personal fame to every great artist, but the scholar's portion is usually to be forgotten; he builds his share of the City of Knowledge, proud if they who come after him carry on the work along his lines, content if they tear down what he has done, and use for a fairer building the stones which he has quarried. For a few brief years after his death the fragrance of his personality may linger, the impact of the whole man may still be felt, but slowly he will pass over into the long list of scholars known only to scholars, and even to most of them only by name. We must needs remind ourselves of these things because they are truths which we are apt to forget in the presence of an individual case, truths which we are only too ready to doubt in the fullness of our present knowledge. And yet, if they are true, a great scholar's life when it is completed deserves an immediate study before the color has faded from the sunset sky. It is safe to say that none of us will ever again see the like of Theodor Mommsen, and the elements of the scholar's life which we may study elsewhere, piecing them together, here a bit and there a bit, are found combined in him, and writ so large that even the most unsympathetic must be impressed by them.

Christian Matthias Theodor Mommsen was born November 30, 1817, at Garding, a small village in Schleswig-Holstein, not far from the North Sea.

It was not without result that his earliest years were passed in the borderland of Germany, in a province whose heart was with Germany, but whose land was then reckoned a part of Denmark, in the years when the reaction from Napoleon was setting in, and the German national feeling was springing into life. Up to the age of seventeen he lived with his parents in company with his two younger brothers, Tycho (born 1819), afterwards known for his work on Pindar and Horace, and August (born 1821), whose reputation rests principally on his studies in Greek and Roman chronology. After spending five years at the Gymnasium at Altona (near Hamburg), he matriculated in 1838, aged twenty-one, at the University of Kiel. There he studied for another five years, attaining his Doctorate of Philosophy in 1843 with a modest treatise on a subject connected with Roman Law, the forerunner of so many hundreds of monographs from his pen. In the following year he obtained a traveling fellowship, which enabled him to pursue his studies in Italy. He spent there the years 1843-47. These *Wanderjahre* were a time of wonderful development for the young Mommsen. He made the acquaintance of the great Borghese, the most famous authority of his day on Roman Inscriptions. Subsequently (in 1852) the dedication of Mommsen's first great work, the *Inscriptions of the Kingdom of Naples*, to Borghese, "*Magistro, Patrono, Amico*," bears trib-

ute to these years. The thirty-year-old student was already looking far into the future, for in the last year of the Italian stay (1847) he published a Plan for a Corpus of Latin Inscriptions. As early as 1844 the famous jurist Savigny had proposed to the Berlin Academy that Mommsen be put in charge of the Collection of Roman Inscriptions which the Academy proposed to publish. But when Mommsen's ideas had been explained to them they feared the expense and favored a rival claimant, a certain Zumpt, who proposed an economical (and worthless) rehashing of existing printed collections, whereas Mommsen demanded that the original stones be sought for again and recopied. It took Mommsen a year to establish his point, and he was compelled to give tangible proof of it in his Inscriptions of the Kingdom of Naples, published independently, before he was eventually put in charge of the undertaking.

It is characteristic of the man that even in the midst of this scholastic work in the congenial surroundings of Italy his ear should not have been deaf to the call of his fatherland. Christian VIII of Denmark had begun to threaten the liberty of Schleswig-Holstein, and Mommsen the epigraphist became apparently lost temporarily in Mommsen the patriot. With his wonted energy he not only returned to Schleswig-Holstein, but became the editor of a political paper in Rendsburg. In the nature of things his work there came to an end in the early months of 1848, when Friedrich VII succeeded Christian VIII, Denmark became a constitutional monarchy, and the war of the Duchies began. And so in 1848 the editor of the Schleswig-Holsteinische Zeitung became the Professor of Roman Law in the University of Leipzig. It need not surprise us that in this same year the ex-editor, now professor, should publish a learned work on Roman surveying, nor that in the following year his political interests, invoking his sympathy with Prussia, should have

made him so hostile to the Saxon authorities that he was compelled to resign his professorship and seek refuge in hospitable Switzerland. Nothing daunted by his voluntary exile, he accepted a professorship at the University of Zurich in 1852, and made the most of his opportunities. These were the years in which he was quietly working on his Roman History; but alongside of this he found time to turn his environment to a profitable use, writing the admirable article on Switzerland in Roman Times, and publishing a collection of the Latin inscriptions found in Switzerland. These small articles are characteristic of the man's ever present consciousness of environment and his sympathetic touch with it. In 1854 his Roman History began to appear, and at the same time he was transferred from Zurich to Breslau, again as Professor of Roman Law. The success of the Roman History was phenomenal, and in less than a decade it had been translated into most of the European languages. It was largely owing to the success of the book that he was called to Berlin in 1858 to a professorship of Ancient History.

In the year of his coming to Berlin falls the publication of his Roman Chronology, a work which, altogether aside from its historical value, is of peculiar personal interest because it was largely inspired by the writings of his brother August, and was written in opposition to his theories. The preface gives a frank statement of the case, and combines in a rare degree personal sympathy and admiration for "brother August" and reckless objective criticism of the theories of "A. Mommsen," ending with a prayer to the reader not to confuse the two standpoints. "If future biographers shall repeat in connection with this controversy the note in the list of the Roman Consuls, '*Hei fratres gemini fuerunt*,' let them do so unhindered. But those who wish to know the truth in the matter will, I hope, convince them-

selves that the personal element does not enter into the discussion." We can only wish that the same distinction of person and thing had characterized all his subsequent expression of opinion in other connections.

From 1858 on, except for one short interval, his home was in Berlin; and, for most of these forty-five years till his death, in the modest little house in Charlottenburg where he died. During this almost half-century his scholarly activity continued unbroken up to within a few days of his death, for it would be a great error to consider that his outside interests, notably his political life, in any wise interfered with his literary activity. The two proceeded side by side, each inevitably bound up with the other. In 1863 the first volume of *Corpus of Latin Inscriptions* appeared, his own work, in preparation for which he had been planning and toiling for almost twenty years. In the following year came the first of his two volumes of monographs on Roman History. Seven years later the Roman Constitutional Law appeared, a stupendous undertaking, as technical and erudite as the Roman History was popular and simple. Events were moving rapidly for him in these years. In 1872 he founded a periodical devoted to the Science of Inscriptions, — a sort of light-weight cavalry troop, preceding the slow moving infantry of the *Corpus*. In the following year he was made Perpetual Secretary of the Berlin Academy, and at the same time a member of the Prussian House of Representatives. Until 1882 he continued a member of the Prussian Diet, identifying himself with the Liberal party, and more particularly with that portion of it which stood aloof from Socialism. In these years following the Franco-Prussian war all eyes were turned on Bismarck. Mommsen's attitude here was one of intense hostility. He saw in Bismarck not the man who had given unity to Germany, Mommsen's own ideal, but merely the triumphant aristocrat with

whom he could have no sympathy. His hostility led him so far as to speak of Bismarck's policy as a "swindle." He was brought to trial for his words, and though he was ultimately acquitted by the Court of Appeals, it was in a sense the end of his active political life.

However, during the decade (1873–82) the scholar was not forgotten in the politician. In 1877, on the occasion of his sixtieth birthday, a memorial album was published in his honor by his friends and pupils. Six different languages are used as the medium of expression, and almost every branch of the study of antiquity is represented. In return Mommsen sent to each of the contributors a little volume entitled "*Roman History by Theodor Mommsen: Volume IV,*" — a reference to the famous fourth volume of his History, which has never appeared. It was inscribed with this motto: —

"Gerne hätte ich fortgeschrieben
Aber es ist liegen geblieben."¹

The book contained merely a reprint of a small article published in *Hermes* some time before. But while the fourth volume was never written, Volume V, the History of the Roman Provinces under the Empire, appeared in 1885. A great multitude of short articles and many revisions of already published works helped to fill up the next fourteen years. But his main occupation during this time was the preparation of the work on Roman Criminal Law, which appeared in 1899, — a closely printed book of over a thousand pages, crowded with references, and accompanied by all the paraphernalia of scholarship, published by this wonderful old gentleman in his eighty-second year. It is hardly necessary to add that this was his last large book, although he continued to publish articles until the end, and was at work on the Lives of the Roman Emperors when death stopped his busy pen, which had been writing for threescore years.

¹ I would have finished it gladly!
But alas! it lagged so sadly!

Mommsen's biography is more than a bibliography, for, wonderful as were his works, he was more man than book. We instinctively apply to him his own words: "Each one must specialize in one branch of learning, but not shut himself up in it. How miserable and small is the world in the eyes of the man who sees in it only Greek and Latin authors or mathematical problems!" There was no danger of this in his case, for in him were combined the man of books, the man of letters, the man of the state, and the man of the world. Scholarship, letters, and politics were all united in an unforgettable personality. Personally he was a curious combination of the ascetic savant and the man of the world; rising at five to drink a cup of cold coffee to begin his work, so absent-minded that he failed to recognize his own children on the street, so helpless that he put his crying baby in a scrap-basket and covered it with papers to deaden the noise, so absorbed that he set his hair on fire while looking for a book, — and yet alongside of this, the social favorite, a perfect dinner companion, fond of dining out and of entertaining. It is perhaps foolhardy at this early date to try to estimate the value of his life, and to appraise his worth along the various lines of activity which he pursued, and yet already certain great facts are evident.

With that curious fallacy of self-estimation of which history brings so many instances in the case of great men, Mommsen possibly set more store by his political work than by his scholarship or his letters, and probably he would rather go down in history as a great statesman than as a great scholar. Certainly in the last twenty years of his life the one drop of bitterness in his cup of joy was his lack of political power and influence. He cast longing eyes away from the honors of scholarship heaped at his feet to the laurels of the statesman which were being decreed to others. It is true that those who knew him cannot con-

ceive of him other than he was, and Mommsen without the political instinct would be a riddle beyond solution. His political interests are absolutely essential to his life; out of them much that is otherwise a puzzle may be explained, and his greatest and most popular work owes its greatness and popularity alike to them. It was no affectation, but the necessary expression of the whole man because he was a whole man. He never exchanged living citizenship in the present in return for the doubtful honor of being more at home in the ancient world than in the modern. His studies never brought with them that paralyzing conviction of the cyclic movement in history and the vanity of present endeavor. From the stirring year of 1843 on, when his sympathy for Schleswig-Holstein's liberty led him to seek Prussia, for sixty years he continued a German and a Prussian, — a valiant fighter for the liberty of the individual and the unity of the German people. He was devoid at once of all self-seeking and all fear. In 1850, with Haupt and Jahn, he lost his professorship at Leipsic in his defiance of Saxony; and what the youth of 1850 dared then, the old man of 1882 dared in his defiance of Bismarck. But, after all, it was Mommsen the scholar that lent dignity to Mommsen the politician. His vehemence of expression, which merely quickens our attention when it is turned against Cicero, makes us move uneasily when it strikes Bismarck, or the French, or the English. Especially in his later years he spoke with a freedom which the world loved, because it was the grand old man who spoke, and the world felt honored that he should speak of it at all; but his was never the sane, equable speech of the calm, deliberate statesman. However, just as little as we could afford to lose the touch of the born statesman Gladstone writing on the Homeric problem, just so little could we afford to lose the sight of the born scholar Mommsen attacking Bismarck. Homer

and Bismarck were not much injured, while Gladstone and Mommsen gained infinitely. The eye which saw so clearly the Cæsar of two thousand years ago was holden that it could not see the Cæsar of his own day. Whatever his political errors and indiscretion may have been, in at least two points he was a rock of strength, — in his opposition to the fatuous anti-Semitic movement in recent years, and in his championship of academic freedom.

But the man who failed to be in politics all he desired to be, succeeded in scholarship and in literature beyond his highest expectations. He was certainly the greatest scholar of our time, and in point of toilsome erudition turned into knowledge, it is doubtful if the world has ever seen his superior. To Mommsen, history and jurisprudence were inseparably combined, but any estimate of him must distinguish between the two fields, because, great as were his deserts in both, he accomplished a very different thing in one case than in the other. At the time when Mommsen turned to the study of Roman jurisprudence, private law had been rescued from the philologists by Savigny and his predecessors, but public law was still in the grasp of men who cared more about history than law, and more about literature than both law and history. It was fortunate that Mommsen's early training had taught him more of law than the average philologist knew, and that he was not a philologist attacking the study of law, but an out-and-out jurist, philologically trained. The result was that he accomplished what neither jurists nor philologists before him had been able to do, — namely, he presented Roman law as a lawyer would present it, but with the philological knowledge which a lawyer would ordinarily lack. His treatment marks, therefore, a distinct advance both in method and in knowledge: in method, because the subject was treated as jurisprudence, not as philology demanded; in knowledge, because

the philologist found new material, which had hitherto escaped the jurists.

Many men go into the vineyards of history and gather the grapes, many others press out the wine, but there are few who do both, as Mommsen did. There is hardly a source of Roman history where he has not been at work at some time in his busy life, improving texts, arranging chronology, pointing out parallels, explaining allusions. The largest source of all, the material in inscriptions, has been so widened and clarified by his lifework on the *Corpus of Latin Inscriptions* that it has become almost a new field. Of course there were many collaborators; that very fact redounds to his credit, partly because he was one of the greatest exponents of the coöperative method in scholarship, and partly because the presence of these collaborators, while it made the task feasible, by no means removed many of its difficulties. The ability to pick the best men, to gain their coöperation, and to keep them at the height of their output, and their output at its highest quality, — these are the traits of a great general, and here, too, Mommsen was tried and not found wanting. The infinitude of small detail incident to the publication of a volume of inscriptions is fully known only to one who has attempted it, but even a layman cannot pick up a volume of the *Corpus* without an overwhelming sense of the multitude of minute facts requisite to the proper fulfillment of the task. Yet in all the volumes for which Mommsen is directly responsible, inaccuracies are so rare that a positive interest attaches to one little inscription to which Mommsen wrote a Latin comment with this humiliating confession: "I have unfortunately neglected to make a note of where I found this inscription." One is tempted to feel that here in the *Corpus* and in his publication of the *Monumenta Germaniæ*, the sources of early German history, that better part of his work lies which shall not be taken from

him. It does not seem possible that scholarship will ever reach the point where these books will be out of date. Certainly no scholar now living can point out any reason why this should ever be so. But if that which is not at present conceivable should eventually be realized, if the day should come when some grand international Academy should reëdit the body of Roman inscriptions along some new and superior line, so that the present *Corpus* would have merely historic interest, Mommsen's name would still live, and that in a totally different connection, in the realm not of pure scholarship, but of mere literature.

Some one has well said that but for the Roman History Mommsen would be a great man "taken on faith." That is probably true, but we have the Roman History, — perhaps the most remarkable piece of German literature written in the middle of the nineteenth century. It is a wonderful testimony to the power of humanity over humanity that the most human work which Mommsen wrote should be the most popular. The Roman History was the expression of the whole man, and if ever it should cease to have value as Roman history, it will never cease to be of value as a spiritual document, as a picture of the hopes and ideals of Theodor Mommsen. By a happy chance, when the book was brought into the world it appeared in the naked simplicity of its narrative without the swaddling clothes of footnotes and sources. The clear-cut style showed forth to its best advantage. The world at large took its statements on faith, scholars were at liberty to test them in other books of Mommsen himself, or of other men. At the time when his history was published the world was feeling the reaction which was bound to follow the renunciation demanded by the new critical method of Niebuhr. That scholar had shown most brilliantly what Roman history was not. He had made many

erasures. It remained for Mommsen to fill them up and show what Roman history was. Mommsen had to help him, what Niebuhr had not had, the comparative method. Yet it is not even this method with its results, nor yet his commercial theory of the origin of Rome, which elevates his book to its rank in literature. It was the fact that the author wrote it out of the fullness of his own feelings. Rome had done, so Mommsen thought, what his own Germany had failed to do. With a careful guarding of all the liberties of the individual she had worked out her own unity. And so Mommsen read Roman history in the light of the nineteenth century, and studied contemporary politics in the light of Roman history. A book thus written with the heart enforcing the head could not fail of success. Impartial history it is not, but literature it is, — and of the first order. And yet, with all its exaggeration it does not go wide of the mark, and it is a question whether the artist Mommsen did not come nearer to ultimate historical truth than the scholar Mommsen did in his more objective works. It may lose in calm judicial weighing of opinion, but in passion and dramatic effect it gains almost the value of the narrative of a contemporary historian.

We are in an age of extreme reticence in regard to opinion. We are willing to write endless columns of the debit and credit of historical facts, yet few have the courage to add up and strike the balance. But learning can ripen into knowledge only in the sunshine of opinion. Mommsen opened up to the world a wealth of historical sources. Other men will use them, and scholarship will be advanced by them, yet their names and the name of Mommsen will be hidden under their own massive constructions. But the Roman History as a work of art is an abiding possession, never out of date as literature, a memorial to its author more lasting than bronze.

Jesse Benedict Carter.

A WIND-CALL.

DUST thou art, and unto dust,
Playfellow, return thou must;
Lingering death it is to stay
In the prison-house of clay—
Bricks of Egypt year by year
Walling up a sepulchre.

Better far the soul to free
From its close captivity,
And with us, thy comrades, go
Wheresoe'er we list to blow.
Come! for soon again to dust,
Playfellow, return thou must.

John B. Tabb.

THE DECENT THING.

I.

THE chattering typewriters had ceased their gossiping, and the telegraph instruments down the corridor were snapping out in sharp metallic clicks the lag end of things coming in too late for the last edition. The electric fan in the corner sang like a droning bee. The hot, dead air from the street below entered at the open window, was caught in its brass blades, and skirled out into the corridor to fight with the heavy odor of printers' ink. The clock hands were crawling toward five, and three men were watching them crawl. If ever five were reached without a summons from the city editor, Jackson, the tall man with the brierwood pipe, would go to the beach; Fay, the man with the corncob, would go home to his wife and three children; Barton, the cub, would go, — well, he did n't know where he would go.

Fay, who covered funerals and such things, whined a complaint about people dying in July.

"It's the most sensible thing a man can do," opined Jackson.

"And then," continued Fay, unloosening his collar, "to think of their having the nerve to go and get burned! Bah! I can stand a funeral in a house where the blinds are down and it's cool, but services at a crematory, with the forced draft and" —

"Oh, cut it out!" cried Barton.

"I shall dream of that" —

"Barton! Oh, Barton!" It was the office boy with a call from the city editor.

As Barton hurried out, Jackson removed the pipe from his mouth.

"He's about all in," said he.

"Good thing," answered Fay. "If he can get scared out of this work, he is to be congratulated."

"It is n't fear. I know what it is. I've had it."

"Home and mother?"

"Bah!" growled Jackson in disgust. "One could hold a more intelligent conversation with a rhinoceros on the uses of face powder."

Both men smoked on in silence. Then Fay said irritably, —

"Your simile is far-fetched, and you are n't up against the proposition of how to support five on twenty per week. Damn such weather! The baby is sick."

When Barton returned to the room, Jackson glanced curiously at him.

"What cher got, kid?"

There was a strained expression on Barton's face as of one very ill. His lips were white and compressed, and beaded with moisture. He threw himself in a chair without answering, and folding his arms on the desk before him, buried his face, not weeping.

Fay went out.

"What cher got, Billy?" asked Jackson again.

Barton slowly raised his head. He had delicate, sympathetic features, of the kind capable of hardening on occasion.

"What have I got?" he repeated fiercely; "I've got another misery story. Weymouth has a tip that old Baxter, who lost all his money last year, is living out of town here in a garret with his daughter. It is one of his damn human interest stories. 'Go write up the contrast,' said he, 'the poverty, the dying old man, faithful daughter brought up in society now doing housework. Whoop it up for a Sunday special!' Why can't he let 'em alone?"

"It's a good story," commented Jackson without removing his pipe.

For a second Billy stared straight ahead of him, and then suddenly leaning forward, he asked in a nervous, pleading voice, —

"I say, Jackson, is n't there anything decent in this world?"

"Lots of things, if you are blind enough to see them."

"Then God help me!" burst out Barton, rising to his feet. "I wish I were blind! I can't look a man in the face now without wondering when he is going crooked; I can't look at the outside of a respectable house, without wondering

when a skeleton is going to stalk forth; I — I can't look a woman in the face without — Oh, I'm sick of it, — sick of it, do you hear? I want to get back to the green fields, and the mountains, and the fresh air! I am sick of all this!"

He stood there with his nostrils quivering as though he had been running. Jackson arose, and going to his side, laid a hand upon his arm.

"See here, boy, I don't want the responsibility of inducing you to remain in this business. I believe as the Frenchman said, 'It's a good business if you get out of it soon enough.' Only there are some of us who don't get out; could n't get out if we wanted to. And we don't want to. That's the trouble, we don't want to. But don't run and don't get out too soon. That's worse. It's — it's like going behind the scenes and seeing the tinsel, and the paint, and the wheels, without waiting long enough to learn what it all means. Now listen, Billy; I don't set myself up as a philosopher, but I have learned this, — there is just one decent thing in all this world, but that one thing makes all things else decent. Find it before you quit. Find it for yourself."

He looked at Barton a moment as though about to say more, but changed his mind and started from the room. He knew the lad would be ashamed of himself for his temporary weakness, and likely enough would hate him for his advice. But he turned back once.

"Say, why don't you come down to the beach and have a swim before you start? You are looking kind of white."

"No," answered Billy, with sudden stubbornness, "I'm going. I'm going now."

So he took the 5.30 train for Wessex. The stuffy, suffocating cars were drawn over hot rails by a panting engine, leaving in their wake a cloud of dry, yellow dust. Men spoke seldom, and then mechanically, in emotionless monosyllables.

A querulous babe cried in spasms. The sun sank red behind the parched fields, and left an atmosphere as parched as the grass itself. The brown landscape flowed past the car windows, a dark stream, like a sluggish tropical river. The monotony of it all was only varied by the sight of factories and huts, and yards full of broken and unclean things.

He leaned far back in the seat, and closed his eyes. His mind became occupied with trying to find breath in the gas-laden atmosphere, and in thinking an exasperating air which he soon felt that he must hum in time with the clicking of the car wheels over the rails. It was an unpleasant task, but if he neglected it, the cars would go off the rail or something, and then there would be an odd, jumbled-up mass of twisted iron and splinters, with arms and legs sticking out. And he would have to go round and ask their names for his paper. Yes, he would have to shout into that pile of burning ties, —

"I say, you with the arm sticking out, I'm from the Times, what's your name?"

If the man died, gasping it, would that be a scoop?

He laughed mirthlessly as he straightened himself and gazed out the window again.

The lamps in the car had been lighted before the smutty-faced brakeman growled, "Wessex."

He found himself on the station platform. A small boy was watching the disappearing train, and wriggling his toes in an uncomfortable fashion. A baggage-man in blue overalls was making much ado over the single parcel left on the hot planks. Beyond the station, Billy saw a few houses, lights in the windows; beyond that, darkness. He stood there stupidly, looking at the lights.

"Waitin' fer some one?" queried the baggageman.

"Yes," answered Billy mechanically.

"Hot, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"Should n't wonder if we had a shower."

"Yes."

He wondered vaguely how much this fellow stole in the course of a year. He was of half a mind to ask him. It would make a good story, — trusted railroad employee, country station —

"— and so I reckon I'd better g'orn home and tell my wife and be done with it."

What had the man been talking about?

"I tell yer, young feller, don't you never git married. That's when yer troubles begin!"

Billy turned upon him fiercely, with sudden madness: —

"You lie! It's good for a man, I tell you. It's" —

The baggageman was staring in open-mouthed astonishment. Billy regained his senses.

"I beg your pardon. I — I — Where does old man Baxter live?"

"Old man Baxter?" asked the baggageman suspiciously.

"Poor old man Baxter."

"Dunno 's he's so poor. He lives on the old Baxter place down the road. Keep up over the hill and g'orn till you come to a little house with a flower garden before it."

The man sidled away, and from a safe distance watched Billy as he stumbled off down the road.

It was a pleasant road, a peaceful, quiet sort of road, with large maple trees either side of it and fields beyond, but it was full of a white hot dust that choked and burned. He hurried along unmindful of the cooling breeze trying to stir the large green leaves, unmindful that the air was freshening, unmindful of the night song of the birds. He continued to the turn, and kept on over the hill. By that sheer force of will power which a runner exercises on the last mile of a long race, he forced his legs down the hill to the house with the flower garden before it.

There was a light in the window.
He stumbled and fell.

II.

When Billy opened his eyes, he knew that two persons were bending over him, though in the dark he could not distinguish their faces.

"He's fainted, dad," said one in a voice soft, low, half full of fright. It was as though a shadow should speak.

With an effort Billy rose on his elbow.

"I—I beg pardon," he said.

A man's hand was laid upon his shoulder.

"What's the trouble, lad?"

It was the voice of an old man.

"Trouble? I—I don't know. I fell."

"I guess it's the heat. Can you walk a little? Ruth, take his other arm."

Between the two, still unconscious of where he was, he reached the cottage with the flower garden before it. They led him into the living-room, where a single candle was burning, and bade him sit while they hurried about for water and ice. Then he knew where he was,—knew with a rush of ugly thoughts that nearly drove him again into unconsciousness. This was old man Baxter's home.

He closed his eyes. He had no right there, no right to see. He would n't see! He would take their cooling draught, and then go out, his eyes still closed so that he should not be even tempted to describe what was within.

But he heard a voice near him,—

"Won't you drink this?"

And upon opening his eyes he saw beside him a young woman clothed in dainty white muslin, holding out to him a glass in which the ice tinkled. He drank, his eyes still upon her.

"You look very tired and — and hungry," she said. "Are you hungry?"

"No," he answered.

He should have been hungry, for he

had not eaten since breakfast, but all he knew now was that the mere sight of this girl, so fresh, so pure, so cool, was as balm to his eyes, and through his eyes reached and cooled his feverish brain.

Then dad came in with an ice bag for his head, and made him lie back in the chair a few moments while this took the heat from out the space over his brow. He studied him in the feeble candlelight, — an old man with hair snow-white and a clean shaven face furrowed with deep lines just above the aquiline nose and about the thin mouth, his eyes half hidden beneath shaggy brows. And beside him was his daughter, one arm thrown over his shoulder. Her face was his face without the lines, and throughout of a finer mould, differing only in that her eyes were gray and his were blue. And both were happy. He thanked God for that, — they both looked happy. He felt, as much as saw, that the room in which they sat was comfortably furnished; and in the dark, in one corner, he discovered the outlines of a piano. He thanked God for that, too.

The ice made him very comfortable and half drowsy. He would have liked to remain there so, indefinitely, just watching these two. There seemed to be no reason why he should n't until — he suddenly remembered who he was. He had no right there! He was a newspaper man! He had come to hurt them, — to lay bare to the world, in the brutal fashion of a Sunday paper, the sweet privacy of their life! He was to bring the world into this house, — the coarse, vulgar, curious world they had fled to escape! He felt as foul as he who spied upon Godiva!

Staggering to his feet, he started across the room.

"I must go," he said huskily. "I must go."

"No, no!" exclaimed the girl, "you must n't go yet. There is no carriage, and you cannot walk."

"Ruth is right," added the old gentle-

man. "You will faint before you reach the road. If you have important business" —

"No, I have n't any business, only" —

Why, that was it: he had n't any business. How simple it was! He returned to his chair with a heavy weight lifted from his shoulders. His thought up to now had been that he must obey orders, for that had been drilled into him as it is into a soldier. Well, and if he would not, what then? His brain started to reason about the matter, but he would not listen. He refused absolutely to listen, even at the beginning. He was sole master of himself, and that was the end of it.

"You are very good to me," he said; "I feel much better."

"You have walked far to-day?" asked the old gentleman, not to question, but out of sympathy.

"No, not far," answered Billy. "Only it has been a rough road and a hot, dusty road."

He glanced first at the girl and then at the father, with a curious look of doubt, pleading, and frankness.

"Do you mind if—if I forget a little?"

The father drew his daughter closer.

"No," he said, "forget. This is the house of Oblivion."

She kissed her father's hair and smiled her assent, too.

"I have a sister who looks like you," went on Billy. "My name is Barton. I come from Maine. She is down there now among the trees,—the big trees."

The old gentleman bowed slightly.

"My name is Baxter. This is my daughter."

Billy rose, but she motioned him to be seated again. He leaned far back in the big chair. Though still feeling weak, all the pain had vanished, all the fever. He felt as one tired and dusty does after a bath in a clear cold spring. Glancing about him once again, he noticed how each article in the room breathed that wonderful word, "Home."

"Oh, but this is good!" he exclaimed.

"You don't know how good this is!"

The old man's eyes and the young man's eyes met and they understood each other.

"You have learned early," said the elder. "It took me fifty years to learn what is good."

The girl was watching them both curiously, not understanding.

"You men!" she said, with a little laugh; "I envy you your power of learning. You learn—everything, and we women, we go on learning only by accident."

"But half of what we learn," said her father, "is learning all over again. We forget so much!"

"And we remember so much!" said she.

"And happiness is only learning what to remember and what to forget," said Billy.

"And we all get so mixed up and Maeterlincky when we try to be wise," she laughed.

And then they all laughed together, with the perfect sympathy of three notes going to make up a chord.

Billy settled himself more comfortably. But this was good! There was such a dead certainty about happiness like theirs, and it was big and wholesome and beautiful, like a spring morning.

They chatted away for an hour, the girl always laughing when the conversation threatened to become serious, and dad and Billy always stopping to listen, and then to laugh themselves. And finally dad asked her to play, and without excuse she melted into the shadow of the piano and struck a chord.

"But do you not play, Mr. Barton?" she asked, turning a moment.

"I used to play a little,—the violin,—but"—

The old gentleman straightened himself.

"Won't you try? I myself used to play, but now"—

He held out his palsied, trembling arm.

When he brought the instrument to the young man, he passed his hand over it as a father often does over his child's head when introducing him to a stranger.

"I think you will like it," he said simply.

And as Billy tuned it, he felt his nerves thrill at the softness of it, — the sympathy of it.

They sat there in the light of the single candle, she at the piano in the shadows, Billy in his chair, with the instrument tucked beneath his chin, and his eyes closed, the old gentleman with his hand over his brow, as though in prayer. He spoke only to ask them to play some favorite air of his. Billy seemed to remember everything that evening, and she at the piano followed him almost intuitively with rich soft chords and little laughing hurries of her own, up and down the keys. And as they listened, each followed a different path with his thoughts, — the old man, the young man, and the girl. But that which they dreamed that hour was sacred to them ever after.

The last air died away. There was a long silence in which the essence of all those songs still lingered like the perfume of flowers just removed. The old gentleman could be heard breathing deeply, regularly. Then Billy was conscious of a whisper.

"He has not slept so for long, — oh, very long!" she said.

"Do not wake him," he whispered in reply; "I will go. I am very strong now."

He tiptoed across the floor, she following.

"I am sure," she said, "he would wish you to remain. May I call him?"

It was odd, the way she asked if she might. He liked it.

"No," he answered; "such sleep should not be broken. You will thank him for me?"

He found his cap and she went with him to the end of the path. He hesitated

because he did not like to say good-by. Only her little form was visible in the dark, with just a white suggestion of the face.

"It is very wonderful how you two have come into my life," he said. There was a touch of finality in his tone which she was quick to catch.

"But you speak as though you were not to return," she said.

He seemed to ponder a moment.

"I thought so at first because — Why, perhaps I am to return!"

"Yes, I think you are to return," she said. "And — and dad asks you to tea to-morrow."

She had gone.

When Billy Barton stamped up the office stairs the next morning, he was whistling a brisk march. There was a swing to his shoulders, a careless poise to his head, and a brusqueness of manner which had not been his for many months.

The city editor glanced up as he entered the office.

"Well!" he growled.

"Nothin' doin'," said Billy cheerfully.

"What!"

"No story down there."

A moment the editor stared at him.

Then he said very slowly, —

"Young man, I feel way down deep in my heart that your talents are being wasted here. I wish you Godspeed."

"S'long," said Billy.

Down the corridor he saw Jackson, and made a dive for him.

"I've found it, Jackson! Oh, I've found it!" he shouted.

Then a broad grin slowly spread over his features, and he gave Jackson's hand a grip that made the latter wince.

"And say," he announced, "I'm fired!"

"So!" said Jackson. "What you going to do?"

"Do?" queried Billy as though surprised at the question; "do? Why, I'm going to Wessex for tea!"

Frederick Orin Bartlett.

THE BEGGAR'S POUCH.

A RICH American, with a kind heart and a lively sense of humor, was heard to remark as he crossed the Italian frontier, en route for Switzerland, "*Now*, if there be any one in the length and breadth of Italy who has not yet begged from me, this is his time to come forward."

It was a genial invitation, betokening that tolerance of mind rarely found in the traveling Saxon, who is fortified against beggars, as against many other foreign institutions, by a petition-proof armor of finely welded principle and prejudice. He disapproves of mendicancy in general. He believes — or he says he believes — that you wrong and degrade your fellow men by giving them coppers. He has the assurance of his guidebook that the corps of ragged veterans who mount guard over every church door in Rome are unworthy of alms, being themselves capitalists on no ignoble scale. His irritation, when sore beset, is natural and pardonable. His arguments are not easily answered. He can be vaguely statistical, — real figures are hard to come by in Italy, — he can be earnestly philosophical, he can quote Mr. Augustus Hare. In the end, he leaves you perplexed in spirit and dull of heart, with sixpence saved in your pocket, and the memory of pinched old faces — which do not look at all like the faces of capitalists at home — spoiling your appetite for dinner.

This may be right, but it is a melancholy attitude to adopt in a land where beggary is an ancient and not dishonorable profession. All art, all legend, all tradition, tell for the beggar. The splendid background against which he stands gives color and dignity to his part. We see him sheltered by St. Julian, — ah, beautiful young beggar of the Pitti! — fed by St. Elizabeth, clothed by St.

Martin, warmed by the fagots which St. Francesca Romano gathered for him in the wintry woods. What heavenly blessings have followed the charity shown to his needs, what evils have followed thick and fast where he has been rejected! I remember these things when I meet his piteous face and outstretched palm to-day. It is true that the Italian beggar almost always takes a courteous, or even an impatient denial in wonderfully good part; but, should he feel disposed to be malevolent, I am not one to be indifferent to his malevolence. I do not like to hear a shaken old voice wish that I may die unshriven. There are too many possibilities involved.

"So sang a withered Sibyl energetical,
And banned the ungiving door with lips prophetic."

Mr. Henry James is of the opinion (and one envies him his ability to hold it) that "the sum of Italian misery is, on the whole, less than the sum of the Italian knowledge of life. That people should thank you, with a smile of enchanting sweetness, for the gift of twopence is a proof certainly of an extreme and constant destitution; but — keeping in mind the sweetness — it is also a proof of a fortunate ability not to be depressed by circumstances." This is a comforting faith to foster, and more credible than the theory of secreted wealth within the beggar's pouch. It takes a great many pennies to build up a substantial fortune, and the competition in mendicancy is too keen to permit of the profits being large. The business — like other roads to fortune — is "not what it once was." A particularly good post, long held and undisputed, an imposingly venerable and patriarchal appearance, a total absence of legs or arms, — these things may lead to modest competency; but these things are rare equipments. My belief in the

affluence of beggars—a belief I was cherishing carefully for the sake of my own peace of mind—received a rude shock when I beheld a crippled old woman, whose post was in the Piazza S. Claudio, tucked into a doorway one cold December midnight, her idle crutches lying on her knees. If she had had a comfortable, or even an uncomfortable home to go to, why should she have stayed to shiver and freeze in the deserted Roman streets?

The latitude extended by the Italian Church to beggars, the patronage shown them, never ceases to vex the tourist mind. An American cannot reconcile himself to marching up the church steps between two rows of mendicants, each provided with a chair, a little *scaldino*, and a tin cup, in which a penny rattles lustily. There is nothing casual about the appearance of these freeholders. They make no pretense—as do beggars at home—of sudden emergency, or frustrated hopes. They are following their daily avocation,—the only one for which they are equipped,—and following it in a spirit of acute and healthy rivalry. To give to one and not to all is to arouse such a clamorous wail that it seems, on the whole, less stony-hearted to refuse altogether. Once inside the sacred walls, we find a small and well-selected body of practitioners hovering around the portals, waiting to exact their tiny toll when we are ready to depart. “Exact” is not too strong a word to use, for I have had a lame but comely young woman, dressed in decent black, with a black veil framing her expressive face, hold the door of the Araceli firmly barred with one arm, while she swept the other toward me in a gesture so fine, so full of mingled entreaty and command, that it was worth double the fee she asked. Occasionally—not often—an intrepid beggar steals around during mass, and, touching each member of the congregation on the shoulder, gently implores an alms. This is a practice frowned upon as a rule, save in Sicily,

where a “plentiful poverty” doth so abide that no device for moving compassion can be too rigidly condemned. I have been present at a high mass in Palermo, when a ragged woman with a baby in her arms moved slowly after the sacristan,—who was taking up the offertory collection,—and took up a second collection of her own, quite as though she were an authorized official. It was a scandalous sight to Western eyes,—in our well-ordered churches at home such a proceeding would be as impossible as a trapeze performance in the aisle,—but what depths of friendly tolerance it displayed, what gentle, if inert, compassion for the beggar’s desperate needs!

For in Italy, as in Spain, there is no gulf set between the rich and poor. What these lands lack in practical philanthropy is atoned for by a sweet and universal friendliness of demeanor, and by a prompt recognition of rights. It would be hard to find in England or America such tattered rags, such gaunt faces and hungry eyes; but it would be impossible to find in Italy or Spain a church where rags are relegated to some inconspicuous and appropriate background. The Roman beggar jostles—but jostles urbanely—the Roman prince; the noblest and the lowliest kneel side by side in the Cathedral of Seville. I have heard much all my life about the spirit of equality, and I have listened to fluent sermons, designed to prove that Christians—impelled by supernatural grace—love this equality with especial fervor; but I have never seen its practical workings, save in the churches of southern Europe. There tired mothers hush their babies to sleep, and wan children play at ease in their Father’s house. There I have been privileged to stand for hours, during long and beautiful services, because the only available chairs had been appropriated by forlorn creatures who would not have been permitted to intrude into the guarded pews at home.

It has been always thus. We have

the evidence of writers who give it with reluctant sincerity; — of Borrow, for example, who firmly believed he hated many things for which he had a natural and visible affinity. "To the honour of Spain be it spoken," he writes in *The Bible in Spain*, "that it is one of the few countries in Europe where poverty is never insulted, nor looked upon with contempt. Even at an inn the poor man is never spurned from the door, and, if not harboured, is at least dismissed with fair words, and consigned to the mercies of God and His Mother."

The more ribald Nash, writing centuries earlier, finds no words too warm in which to praise the charities of Catholic Rome. — "The bravest Ladies, in gownes of beaten gold, washing pilgrims' and poor soldiours' feete. . . . This I must say to the shame of us English; if good workes may merit Heaven, they doe them, we talk about them."

The Roman ladies "doe them" still; not so picturesquely as they did three hundred years ago, but in the same noble and delicate spirit. Their means and their methods are far below the means and methods of charitable organizations in England and America. They cannot find work where there is no work to be done. They cannot lift the hopeless burden of want which is the inevitable portion of the Italian poor. They can at best give only the scanty loaf which keeps starvation from the door. They cannot educate the children, nor make the swarming populace of Rome "self-respecting," by which we mean self-supporting. But they can and do respect the poverty they alleviate. Their mental attitude is simpler than ours. They know well that it is never the wretchedly poor who "fear fate and cheat nature," and they see, with more equanimity than we can muster, the ever recurring tragedy of birth. The hope — so dear to our Western hearts — of ultimately raising the whole standard of humanity shines very dimly on their horizon; but

if they plan less for the race, they draw closer to the individual. They would probably, if questioned, say frankly with Sir Thomas Browne, "I give no alms only to satisfy the hunger of my Brother, but to fulfil and accomplish the Will and Command of my God." And if the *Religio Medici* be somewhat out of date, — superseded, we are told, by a finer altruism which rejects the system of reward, — we may still remember Mr. Pater's half-rueful admission that it was all "pure profit" to its holder.

When Charles Lamb lamented, with innate perversity, the decay of beggars, he merely withdrew his mind from actualities, — which always annoyed him, — and set it to contemplate those more agreeable figures which were not suffering under the disadvantage of existence. It was the beggar of romance, of the ballads, of the countryside, of the merry old songs, whose departure he professed to regret. The outcast of the London streets could not have been — even in Lamb's time — a desirable feature. To-day we find him the most depressing object in the civilized world; and the fact that he is what is called, in the language of the philanthropist, "unworthy," makes him no whit more cheerful of contemplation. The ragged creature who rushes out of the darkness to cover the wheel of your hansom with his tattered sleeve manages to convey to your mind a sense of degraded wretchedness, calculated to lessen the happiness of living. His figure haunts you miserably, when you want to forget him and be light of heart. By his side, the venerable, white-bearded old humbugs who lift the leather curtains of Roman and Venetian churches stand forth as cheerful embodiments of self-respecting mendicancy. They, at least, are no pariahs, but recognized features of the social system. They are the Lord's poor, whose prayers are fertile in blessings. It is kind to drop a coin into the outstretched hand, and to run the risk — not so appalling as we seem to think —

of its being unworthily bestowed. "Rake not into the bowels of unwelcome truth to save a half-penny;" but remember, rather, the ever ready alms of Dr. Johnson, who pitied most those who were least deserving of compassion. Little doubt that he was often imposed upon. The fallen women went on their way, sinning as before. The "old struggler" probably spent his hard-earned shilling for gin. The sick beggar whom he carried on his back should by rights have been languishing in the poorhouse. But the human quality of his kindness made it a vital force, incapable of waste. It warmed sad hearts in his unhappy time, as it warms our sad hearts now. Like the human kindness of St. Martin, it still remains — a priceless heritage — to enrich us poor beggars in sentiment to-day.

And this reminds me to ask — without hope of answer — if the blessed St. Martin can be held responsible for the number of beggars in Tours? The town is not pinched and hunger-bitten like the sombre old cities of Italy, but possesses rather an air of comfort and gracious prosperity. It is in the heart of a province where cruel poverty is unknown, and where "thrift and success present themselves as matters of good taste." Yet we cannot walk half an hour in Tours without meeting a number of highly respectable beggars engrossed in their professional duties. They do not sin against the harmony of their surroundings by any revolting demonstration of raggedness or penury. On the contrary, they are always neat and decent; and, on Sundays, have an aspect of such unobtrusive well-being that one would never suspect them of mendicancy. When a clean, comfortably dressed old gentleman, with a broad straw hat and a rosebud in his buttonhole, crosses the street to affably ask an alms, I own I am surprised, until I remember St. Martin, who, sixteen hundred years ago, shared his military mantle with the beggar shiver-

ing by the way. It was at Amiens that the incident occurred, but the soldier saint became in time the apostle and bishop of Tours; wherefore it is in Tours, and not in Amiens, that beggars do plentifully abound to-day; it is in Tours, and not in Amiens, that the charming old tale moves us to sympathy with their not very obvious needs. They are an inheritance bequeathed us by the saint. They are in strict accord with the traditions of the spot. I am told that giving sous to old men at church doors is not a practical form of benevolence; but neither was it practical to cut a valuable cloak in two. Something must be allowed to impulse, something to the generous unreason of humanity.

And, after all, it is not begging, but only the beggar who has forfeited favor with the elect. We are begged from on an arrogantly large scale all our lives, and we are at liberty to beg from others. It may be wrong to give ten cents to a legless man at a street corner; but it is right, and even praiseworthy, to send ten tickets for some dismal entertainment to our dearest friend, who must either purchase the dreaded things, or harass her friends in turn. If we go to church, we are confronted by a system of begging so complicated and so resolute that all other demands sink into insignificance by its side. John Richard Green, the historian, was wont to maintain that the begging friar of the pre-reform period, "who at any rate had the honesty to sing for his supper, and preach a merry sermon from the portable pulpit he carried round," had been far outstripped by a "finer mendicant," the begging rector of to-day. A hospital nurse once told me that she was often too tired to go to church — when free — on Sundays. "But it does n't matter whether I go or not," she said with serious simplicity, "because in our church we have the envelope system." When asked what the system was which thus lifted church-going from the number of Christian obligations, she explained

that envelopes marked with each Sunday's date were distributed to the congregation, and duly returned with a quarter inclosed. When she stayed at home, she sent the envelope to represent her. The collecting of the quarters being the pivotal feature of the Sunday's service, her duty was fulfilled.

With this, and many similar recollections in my mind, I own I am disposed to think leniently of Italy's church-door mendicants. How moderate their demands, how disproportionate their gratitude, how numberless their disappointments, how unailing their courtesy! I can push back a leather curtain for myself, I can ring a sacristan's bell. But the patriarch who relieves me of these duties has some dim, mysterious right to stand in my way, — a right I cannot fathom, but will not pretend to dispute. He is, after all, a less insistent beggar than are the official guardians of galleries and museums, who relieve the unutterable weariness of their idle days by following me from room to room with exasperating explanations, until I pay them to go away. I have heard tourists protest harshly against the ever-recurring obligation of giving pennies to the old men who in Venice draw their gondolas in to shore, and push them out again. They say — what is perfectly true — that it is an extortion to be compelled to pay for unasked and unneces-

sary services, and they generally add something about not minding the money. It is the principle of the thing to which they are ruthlessly opposed. But these picturesque accessories of Venetian life are, for the most part, worn-out gondoliers, whose days of activity are over, and who are saved from starvation only by the semblance of service they perform. Their successors connive at their pretense of usefulness, knowing that some day they, too, must drop their oars, and stand patiently waiting, hook in hand, for the chance coin that is so grudgingly bestowed. That it should be begrudged — even on principle — seems strange to those whose love for Venice precludes the possibility of fault-finding. The graybeards sunning themselves on the marble steps are as much a part of the beautiful city as are the gondoliers silhouetted against the sky, or the brown boys paddling in the water. Such old age is meagre, but not wholly forlorn. A little food keeps body and soul together, and life yields sweetness to the end. "It takes a great deal to make a successful American," confesses Mr. James; "but to make a happy Venetian takes only a handful of quick sensibility. . . . Not the misery of Italians, but the way they elude their misery, is what pleases the sentimental tourist, who is gratified by the sight of a beautiful race that lives by the aid of its imagination."

Agnes Repplier.

A LETTER FROM GERMANY.

THE year 1903 was not an eventful one to Germany in its foreign relations. It brought, indeed, the conclusion of the Venezuela incident; but of the other large movements that agitated the world, — the Macedonian outbreak, Russia's position in Manchuria and the Russo-Japanese imbroglio, the surprising revival of

protectionism in England, — Germany occupied merely the attitude of an interested spectator. All the more interesting, on the other hand, were the home developments of the year, — the Reichstag elections, registering the amazing progress of Socialism; conditions in the Liberal parties, foreshadowing their possible

reunion and the rejuvenation of Liberalism ; army discipline, the maltreatment of soldiers, and the doings of military courts. Less important was the year's legislation ; while in the economic life of the Empire the watchword was the recuperation of business, along with the consolidation of industrial and financial interests.

"Our policy in East Asia is to hold on to what we have and develop it, without burning our fingers in matters that do not concern us." In these words Count von Bülow rejected the assumption that Germany should take an active hand in excluding Russia from Manchuria. According to the Chancellor there is no quarter of the world in which Germany has less to seek than in Manchuria. This declaration of policy by Germany's leading statesman may seem to approach the utmost verge of modesty, in view of the fact that Germany seized Kiao-Chau only six years ago for the express purpose of extending her trade relations in the Far East. Nevertheless, it merely extends to Asia what has grown to be Germany's traditional attitude toward Russia in the field of European politics. Ever since the estrangement between the two countries growing out of the Berlin Congress, Germany's policy has been to win back the confidence of the St. Petersburg Government. Hence, Russia's will must not be crossed, except upon the very gravest occasion. In view of possible developments beyond the Vosges, Germany must necessarily regard Russia's friendship as a most valuable asset in her political balance sheet ; and to transfer it to the side of liabilities for the sake of wholly problematical trade advantages in Manchuria would be moonshine madness. This is the view that prevails at Berlin, and it cannot be doubted that it meets the approval of the vast majority of the German people, Herr Bebel to the contrary notwithstanding. During the embroilment of Russia and Japan, too, this line of action has been rigidly adhered to.

Germany has maintained a strict neutrality ; no word or act of the Government has shown where its sympathies lie ; and the standpoint of the press, whether inspired or other, has been the same. Germany maintained a similar reserve during the Macedonian troubles. From the very beginning she took the position that Russia and Austria were the two foreign countries most immediately concerned, and that they should be given the lead in shaping the policy of the great Powers in respect to introducing reforms and removing the reasonable grievances of the Macedonian population. Berlin, therefore, loyally supported every line of action agreed upon at St. Petersburg and Vienna.

The most notable event in the relation between Germany and the United States during the year was the winding up of the Venezuela incident. While Germany succeeded beyond expectations in enforcing her claims against that vagabond republic, the feeling here was pretty general that the game was not worth the candle, since it aroused in the United States deep suspicions as to Germany's general policy for the future in South America ; and it also brought into bold relief the animosity against Germany that had accumulated in England during the unhappy war in South Africa. In some quarters, too, the Venezuela affair was regretted as having only increased the prestige of the United States in world politics, while damaging, rather than improving, that of Germany. This view found expression, at least, in the opposition speeches in the Reichstag. Certainly the whole matter did nothing to better the state of German feeling toward the people of the United States ; and when the little Panama revolution occurred the newspapers pretty generally vented their spleen against us by announcing that they heard "the rolling of the almighty dollar." With all the cocksureness of subjective journalism, — in the lack of a decent news-service abroad,

— German editors can spin out their disquisitions about the settled policy of the United States to absorb the whole of South America; and American machinations and American money are readily pressed into service to throw light on sinister events in that continent where simpler explanations would be more obvious.

Nevertheless, the Panama revolution certainly gave satisfaction to the German Government, and to the saner part of the press, from one standpoint, — namely, the possibility that it opens for the construction of the Isthmian canal. It was doubtless this consideration — along with the wish to do a friendly act to the United States — that moved the German Government to recognize the young republic with unusual promptness. The assumption that has found expression in a few American newspapers, that Germany would like in some way to hinder that enterprise, is too fantastic for sober treatment. On the contrary, she awaits the building of the canal by the United States with impatience, since her trade connections with the west coasts of North and South America, with Australia and the German possessions in the Pacific, can only be greatly improved through the establishment of this shorter route.

All that I said in this magazine a year ago regarding the serious situation created for us by the new German tariff law could be repeated here. Indeed, the prospect for satisfactory trade relations between the two countries has grown still more ominous since that time; for the probability foreshadowed in my letter of March, 1903, that Germany would withdraw from us trade advantages given to other countries under treaty, has now become a certainty. Indeed, before that letter appeared in print, Count Posadowsky announced in the Reichstag that the most-favored-nation clause no longer exists as between Germany and the United States, because our action in making special concessions to other coun-

tries, in order to secure reciprocity arrangements, amounts to its suspension. The correctness of this policy has only been strengthened, from the German standpoint, through the ratification of our Cuban Reciprocity Treaty, which will give the deathblow to Germany's sugar trade in the United States.

In view of the changed situation brought about by Count Posadowsky's announcement, it is high time that our statesmen should begin to consider what they can do to secure as favorable terms for the admission into Germany of our agricultural produce and other merchandise as other countries will enjoy. Nothing short of a radical revision of our tariff law in the direction of giving the President large discretion to reduce duties in return for equivalent advantages will enable him to secure to our farmers and exporters their due place in the German market. There are no indications, indeed, that anybody in Germany, beyond a handful of extreme Agrarians, wants a tariff war with us. With the German Government, however, the question will not be what it wants, but what the domestic and foreign political situation will force upon it. How can it again succeed in negotiating good commercial treaties with Russia and Austria, for example, if those countries know in advance that the United States can have, without the asking, all the trade advantages that they themselves must haggle and barter for? And, at home, how can it affront the powerful Agrarian parties, upon which it must rely for general political support, by making unbought concessions to the very country that offers the sharpest competition for German agriculture? The German Government is friendly enough toward us; but, for all that, the exigencies of home and foreign politics will compel it to apply to our goods, in the absence of treaty, rates of duty which it regards itself as excessive. Those rates are in the law against its will; only our action will enable it to

dispense with applying them against us. I am sure that the German Government would be thankful to us if we should relieve it from this unpleasant dilemma.

The passage of a law by Congress to prevent the pirating of literary and art productions exhibited by foreigners at the St. Louis Exposition, made a good impression here, and corresponds with the expressed wish of Germans interested in those lines. There was considerable agitation of the matter when many manufacturers of art prints refused to exhibit at St. Louis, on the ground that they had no protection from virtual theft. While the enactment of the law, therefore, has been received with satisfaction, the latter is tempered by the consideration that Congress only acted as an afterthought, in order to promote the material success of the Exposition, while ignoring the abiding equities in the matter. In this connection the German press has indulged in some rather bitter comment upon the general subject of copyright conditions in the United States. German laws, it is complained, give the American author and artist absolute protection from piracy, while our Copyright Law requires the manufacture of books and art prints in the United States before guaranteeing protection. It is a standing source of irritation among German writers that their stories are habitually reprinted by German newspapers in America, without their having any way of securing redress; and newspaper editors, given to plainness of speech, hold us up to contempt as "a state with legally authorized robbery of intellectual property."

The visit of an American squadron to Kiel, the Emperor's speech there at the banquet given by our ambassador at Berlin, together with his subsequent offer of a cup to American yacht clubs as a prize for an international race across the Atlantic, were all events making for good relations between the two countries. After reading his speech at Kiel, surely no intelligent American can doubt the

Emperor's sincere good will for the United States and its people. The organization of a thriving American Chamber of Commerce at Berlin creates another bond between the two lands that promises happy results for both. I mentioned last year the fact that many Germans were visiting the United States in order to study our industrial and transportation methods. Those economic pilgrimages became in 1903 more frequent and more important than ever; and during 1904 the St. Louis Exposition will cause such a migration of inquiring Germans on errands of investigation into various fields of American economic activity as we have never before witnessed. Indeed, it is no exaggeration now to speak of the United States as the economic Mecca of German manufacturers and students of affairs. The United States attracts more German visitors of this class than all other countries combined; even important lands like England and France scarcely count in comparison. Even newspapers that are little friendly to us are now saying that the German writer who undertakes to discuss the large economic questions and tendencies of the world without accurate knowledge of the United States, based upon personal observation, is only a second-rate authority, and his opinions carry no weight.

Herr Goldberger recently published his study, *Das Land der Unbegrenzten Moeglichkeiten*; and it is highly significant of the interest felt here in our country that six editions of the book were called for in two months, although the Germans proverbially buy few books. It is no less significant that its title speedily became a "winged word" in the fugitive literature of the day. Everybody is now talking about "Unbegrenzte Moeglichkeiten" in a thousand different applications, and everybody is asking his American friends what they think of Goldberger's book. These, if they are discriminating, have to admit that for once a German has taken a too rose-

colored view of the United States, that his keen appreciation of our material progress and our aptitude for marshaling purely economic forces, has misled the writer into an optimism hardly warranted by manifestations on higher planes of our national life. The late Wilhelm von Polenz also brought out during the year a book on the United States, founded on extended personal observations, and giving full recognition to the finer tendencies in our life, without ignoring our many shortcomings.

Along with this more careful study of our country, the exaggerated fear of the "American Danger" that agitated the German public several years ago has been greatly modified. The economic travelers referred to above all came home with an immense respect for our material resources and their magnificent development; nevertheless, some of them returned with the conviction that Germany's economic position in the world is not imperiled by our progress. Count Thiele-Winkler, indeed, was so impressed with what he saw in our iron industry that he came home and brought out a translation of Mr. Vanderlip's pamphlet on the American commercial invasion of Europe, adding a preface pitched in a tone of despondent concern as to Germany's prospects in competition with American iron and steel manufactures. Goldberger, on the other hand, boldly says, "For Germany there is no American Danger." This more confident attitude is due to tendencies and events observed in the United States. It rests chiefly upon the fact that the costs of production with us have risen through higher wages, dearer raw materials, heavier transportation charges; while the remarkable growth of labor unions and their autocratic methods for forcing high wages by multiplying strikes are referred to as a serious handicap for the American export trade. The financing of our industrial trusts, their over-capitalization, the breakdown of the Shipbuilding Trust,

and the forced retirement of the president of the Steel Corporation deepened the German distrust of our financial methods; while Mr. Morgan's contract with the British Admiralty was interpreted as a practical capitulation of the great financier. He was accordingly treated in the German press as shorn of his locks, and was compelled to make sport for the Philistines. Corresponding, too, with this waning of the American Danger, the great process of liquidation in Wall Street made almost no impression on the German security markets, notwithstanding the eager attention given to our stock quotations.

The pleasant facts already mentioned as making for satisfactory relations between us and Germany might convey a false impression, if left to be considered alone. Of course there is another side to the picture, — German chauvinism and German sensitiveness were sure to provide for that. An American living in Germany never ceases to be amazed at the supersensitiveness of many Germans in regard to their national dignity. There is an element here — characterized by the late Professor Mommsen as "our national fools, they are called Pan-Germans" — which is ever on the watch-towers of the nation's glory, ever seeking to espy some enemy who but crooks his finger at the object of their patriotic adoration. To them it is a deep humiliation for their nation when the German ambassador at Washington goes to the railway station to bid adieu to the President. When young Mr. Vanderbilt visited Dantzic last summer at the suggestion of the Emperor, the latter, in recognition of the American attentions to Prince Henry, had an unimportant government official detailed to receive him and show him objects of interest. Forthwith the alarm was sounded in a section of the German press, which suspected their Emperor of bending the knee to American Mammon; and the tempest in the national teapot fumed and

sputtered for weeks. Five months later, when the incident had sunk out of public view, it again came up in the Reichstag, where the Chancellor of the Empire thought it necessary to make an official statement about it. Alas, what a petty incident I am putting into my letter! — but how typically German!

German newspapers are never weary of attributing to our "yellow press" the blame for whatever unpleasantness may exist in the relations between the two countries; and even weighty professors of history write for the reviews in support of this assumption. One of the specialties of that press seems to be the invention of stories about Germany acquiring a coaling station somewhere in American waters. This canard has reappeared in so many forms that it has quite lost its adaptability for inch headlines on the American side. Nevertheless, it never fails to bring out a chorus of indignant protests in the German newspapers; and I suspect that the inventors of it are subscribers to some German clipping agency, and take a mean delight in studying the German echo to their cheap trick. At any rate, the story argues no special malice toward Germany, but rather a foolish love for sensation. What we Americans find to object to, however, in a part of the German press, is a more serious matter, — their brutal disregard of tact in treating of American affairs, their malevolent gibes, their studied superciliousness, their gross exaggeration of our national vices, — but the list is a long one, and I shall not try to complete it. What we complain of, too, is by no means confined to the newspapers. The following is a mild case: The Berlin Wagner Society recently protested against the performance of Parsifal in New York, as it had a perfect right to do; but it could not lose this opportunity to express its deep contempt for the musical taste of New York, thus: "The sacred legacy that Richard Wagner left to art is to be thrown away upon hear-

ers in the dollar-land, upon whom the true spirit of Wagnerian art has hardly dawned, and doubtless never will dawn." The Society was bidding for American support in preventing the "desecration;" here we have its conception of how to win it.

The protectionist revival in England naturally awakens lively interest in Germany. As that country affords far and away the largest market for German goods, the Chamberlain agitation cannot be viewed with indifference by German statesmen. The fact, too, has not escaped attention here that the erratic Englishman finds the ground prepared for his agitation by German help; for the anti-German feeling that has sprung up in England in connection with the Boer War, impartial writers admit, has given an immense impulse to that movement. The Germans had in 1903 another striking illustration, too, of the deep resentment now cherished against them in England. A group of London capitalists was about to join similar groups of German and French financiers last spring in organizing the Bagdad Railway, and were only awaiting the sanction of the British Cabinet for certain features of the enterprise. That sanction appeared to be no longer in doubt after the Prime Minister had spoken in Parliament, showing the desirability of enlisting English financial support for the undertaking, rather than leave it to the exclusive control of the Germans and French. Thereupon a storm of indignant protests was heard, the old cry of "British interests" was raised; and the result was that the Cabinet faced about sharply and refused to sanction the project.

The subject most strongly engaging the attention of Germany just now in its foreign relations is the negotiation of new commercial treaties. The old ones elapse with the current year; and all the business interests of the country are eagerly speculating as to their probable status under the forthcoming agreements.

It was expected, when the new tariff law was passed, that some of the treaties could be laid before the Reichstag within a twelvemonth. Instead of this, however, one hears only of negotiations with Russia and Switzerland, with no indication as to their completion. Meanwhile, the Conservatives in the Reichstag are interpellating the Government about them, and demanding that the old treaties, at least, be denounced. How the negotiations are progressing nobody knows; but the impression prevails that the Russian treaty presents very grave difficulties.

Indeed, the whole question of the treaties is involved in the greatest uncertainty. What the Reichstag will do with them nobody can predict. The Socialists, by whose votes the existing arrangements were ratified, have announced in advance that they will support no treaties that increase the price of the necessities of life. It is highly improbable, moreover, that any treaties that the Government can make will prove acceptable to the two Conservative parties and the Agrarian element among the Clericals and National Liberals; for they can only be ratified by conceding heavy reductions from the maximum scale of duties, — a thing which the Agrarians would bitterly resist. It may easily occur, therefore, that the most reactionary elements in German politics and the most radical, the Socialists, will unite to reject the Government's treaties.

What would then happen? Would the Government put the new tariff law into force, or would it — as some free-trade optimists predict — continue the present law, after having made agreements with the treaty powers to prolong existing arrangements? The former alternative would undoubtedly be exceedingly repugnant to the Government, since it is fully aware that the high duties forced into the law against its will would greatly damage German interests in many directions. On the other hand,

could it refuse to enforce the law and take the political risks involved? Constitutionally, indeed, the Cabinet is responsible, not to the Reichstag, but to the Emperor; and the latter can negative a law by refusing to promulgate it. This theoretical independence of the Cabinet, however, would hardly embolden it to break with its own supporters in a matter where they and their constituents have such large private interests at stake; for, after all, a German Cabinet cannot govern long without a majority.

Germany continues to round out her social reform legislation. Hitherto the various sick funds gave assistance for only thirteen weeks, while the invalid pension could be drawn only after twenty-six weeks of continuous sickness. A new measure passed last year closes the gap, so that the working classes are now completely insured against sickness. Another measure worthy of mention was the introduction of secret balloting at the Reichstag elections, which the country squires cannot quite forgive the Government for carrying through at the repeated demand of the Radicals and Socialists.

The Reichstag elections showing the prodigious growth of the Social Democracy was the largest event of the year in the national life. Indeed, this gain of 900,000 Socialist votes in five years is a most stupendous fact. It marks a significant milestone in the country's history, and the national consciousness has been busy for a half-year in contemplating and trying to explain it, — a milestone to which Germans will long revert as the starting-point of new conditions in the Empire. Those 3,000,000 votes weigh heavily upon the minds of men who fancy themselves the appointees of Providence to keep this mad world in its social orbit. Something must be done, they are saying; "we are on an express train that is rolling with the wind's velocity into the *Zukunfts-Staat*, and only the Government can save us; — let it put on the brakes!"

How was this Socialist victory possible? Was it, in fact, a Socialist victory? In my letter of a year ago I said that the cry of "Bread-usury" would be raised by the party, and its speakers would everywhere attack the new tariff law as designed to enhance the price of the laboring man's necessary food. Such, indeed, was the case; the burden of the Socialists' speeches was everywhere the tariff; they and their enemies are agreed as to that. Apart from this they made some political capital out of their treatment by the courts and the Government, the restrictions upon the liberties of the working population in the matter of their organizations, and the association of these for common action; out of army conditions, maltreatment of privates, and the sentences inflicted by military courts; finally, out of the Emperor's speeches against the Socialists, which they regarded as an unwarrantable interference by the Crown in the political controversies of the people. All live, present-day matters, — nothing anywhere about the Utopia of the Socialists, a state with all industries nationalized and everybody made happy under a system of collectivism. Thus their surprising success was hardly a victory of Socialism, but rather of radical Liberalism. Somebody has aptly characterized it by paraphrasing Disraeli's well-remembered *bon mot*: the Socialists caught the Liberals bathing and stole their clothes.

Under this view the election affords a sort of bitter-sweet solace for the three little radical parties, which are being ground to powder between the upper and nether millstones of the Reaction and Socialism. Indeed, it is recognized on all sides that the Socialist vote was swollen to its huge volume partly through the assistance of electors who do not dream of adopting the creed of that party. Large numbers of citizens were deeply disgusted with political conditions in the Empire, and wanted to give the strongest

possible expression to their protest. They found the Socialists ploughing with the Liberal heifer, cutting a much wider furrow, too, than the rightful owner, and so holding out the promise of exterminating the weeds more speedily and effectively. Hence, a vote for Socialist candidates would be the heaviest body blow against the Government that they could deliver; and so they voted. That party was thus the only one that came out of the election with a marked accession of strength. They gained twenty-one seats, raising their force in the Reichstag to eighty-one members; and they would have one hundred and twenty-five if the districts were apportioned according to population.

The election then demonstrated anew and with overwhelming force that Socialism is a great elementary movement in the life of the German people. What will come out of it? Did June Sixteenth register its high-water mark, or was it the point at which the dike began to crumble before the inrushing flood? Can the rising tide be stemmed in time to save the State? Where and how are the resisting walls to be built? Such are the anxious questions that people began to ask themselves last June.

While this perturbed state of the public mind was at its height an event occurred which partly relieved its tension. The yearly convention of the Social Democracy was held in Dresden in September, and presented such a repulsive picture of dissension and distrust in the party as to restore in a measure the equanimity of over-anxious souls. The Socialist leaders, the laurels of their June victory still fresh upon their brows, greeted one another there with such ejaculations as "lies!" "perfidy unparalleled!" One "comrade" was denounced as "deeply degraded morally;" and Herr Bebel, the fiery Boanerges of the party, was forced openly to admit, "We were never more divided than now." Then, too, the stringency of party discipline, brought

out in the debates where it was shown that Socialist writers had to apply to the National Committee for permission to print articles in bourgeois newspapers, was pointed to by the foes of Socialism as a tyranny that must ultimately grow intolerable and disrupt the party.

However, while the Dresden Convention reassured some minds, it was a distinct disappointment to others. Some progressive politicians and university professors had hoped that the Socialists, in view of their accession of new followers from various sections of the urban and rural population, would depart from their old policy of narrowly representing the interests of the proletariat and put their movement upon a broader basis. That hope was dashed at Dresden. The Revisionists were again voted down by an overwhelming majority; Bebel, who again proved himself the soul of the party, swept the Convention away with his declaration of undying hostility to the existing order of society; and his resolutions, reiterating that the Socialist movement is a class conflict, were emphatically indorsed. Hermann Sudermann, always a pronounced Liberal, thus confessed his disappointment over the outcome at Dresden: "Since the Dresden Convention the middle-class bourgeoisie is without hope, without a future."

The strife in the party as exhibited at Dresden was regarded in some quarters as foreshadowing its speedy dissolution; but the united front presented by it a few weeks later in the elections for the Prussian Diet demonstrated anew the ability of the Socialists to bury their theoretical differences and go to work. The Revisionists, under the leadership of Bernstein, continue to pound away at the Marxist groundwork of the party's creed, and perhaps they will crumble it in time—after Bebel is gone; but their faith in State collectivism remains intact, and harmony at this cardinal point will doubtless keep the party united and on a war footing for all practical tasks.

As to the final issue of the Socialist movement nobody at present can form an authoritative judgment; but conditions undoubtedly point to its ultimate success. The party has now shown its ability to win support from the peasantry; it has swept into its ranks vast numbers of petty tradesmen and independent artisans. It is spreading among the smaller Government officials; and many retired army officers, fretting over what they regard as the premature termination of their careers, quietly embrace Socialism. The crowded state of the professions, too, makes for the spread of that doctrine; and the Universities, with their 37,000 students, are yearly swelling the ranks of the discontented intellectual proletariat which lightly takes to Socialist views. A recent inquiry brought out the fact that thirty-one per cent of the physicians of Berlin have incomes of less than \$750 from their practice and all other sources. Now, a man living under these hard conditions is sure to think earnestly upon the social problem, and it is almost certain that he will think radically. Thus the crowded professions supply the material from which Socialism continually recruits its intellectual leaders.

Moreover, the foes of Socialism have apparently learned nothing from June Sixteenth, and continue to turn water upon its wheels. In the Reichstag a Conservative leader suggested a law for the disfranchisement of all Socialists professing to be republicans and revolutionists. The Chancellor, indeed, rejected the idea of special measures of repression, and announced his intention to enforce existing laws against open attack, and to extend social reform legislation; but he thought it necessary to give the following warning to Socialists: "The State will defend itself. Who is the State? If you once resort to action you will soon find out." In other words, the final argument is—the sword. Also, the Chancellor's announcement that no Government official

who is a Socialist would be retained in the service of the State will prove but a blow in the water; for a discreet silence can be practiced by the official, as well as by the soldier. The latter is forbidden by the regulations to confess himself a Socialist; indeed, a perturbed Conservative leader reminded the Chancellor that the time was coming when the army could no longer be relied upon to act unitedly against that party in an emergency.

The election has started a remarkable agitation in the four Liberal parties of the Empire. The impotence of German Liberalism, through its unhappy divisions, was never more apparent than now; and the outcome of the elections has forced it to serious questionings as to its future. There is something exceedingly pathetic in the disappointment of many of the best minds of Germany, like that of the late Professor Mommsen, over the decline of Liberalism and the apathy of the masses. In answer to an editor who asked for an expression of his views upon the result of the elections, the old historian wrote: "To me it seems that the battle is definitively lost. . . . I am too old and weary to give expression publicly in the press to absolute hopelessness."

Decimated by the advance of Socialism, and weakened by their own factional quarrels, the Radical Liberals see their modicum of political influence slipping from them; whereas the National Liberal Party, the controller of the Empire's destinies a generation ago, has more and more lost its Liberal principles, and succeeded in checking its numerical decline only by meekly voting for the measures of the Government. The three radical groups — the Radical People's Party, the Radical Union, and the South German People's Party — were nearly as strong as the Socialists in the old Reichstag; now they are not half so strong; and even including the National Liberals they only slightly outnumber the Socialists. The weakening of Liberalism and

the advance of Socialism have both tended in the same direction, so far as their influence upon the Government is concerned; the latter, namely, has been forced to ally itself more closely with the Conservatives and the powerful Clericals; and these latter parties have grown more disposed to bury their differences of religious creed, in order to interpose a common front against the rising tide of Socialism on the one hand, and intellectual freedom on the other. That the spirit of the age must be resisted and the principle of authority upheld are common articles of political faith with these parties; and they are known to cherish designs against the common schools, as well as against those bulwarks of Germany's intellectual liberty, the Universities.

Threatened thus from right and left, the Liberals are beginning to ask themselves what they can do to bring their principles again into favor. The idea of reuniting their scattered fragments is abroad in the land; the watchword of a Great Liberal Party has been spontaneously given out in many quarters; even in the ranks of the National Liberals the idea of union has taken hold, and is fermenting vigorously. When, however, the attempt is made to formulate a common creed for the new party, the enormous difficulties in the way of union become painfully apparent. The National Liberals, for example, are mostly high protectionists, being the party of the great manufacturers; the radical groups, on the other hand, are free-traders. On other important matters, like appropriations for the army and navy, the parties are equally at variance. However, a modest beginning toward reunion was made last autumn, when Pastor Naumann's little National Social Party was absorbed by the Radical Union. This move has deeply offended Eugen Richter, the leader of the Radical People's Party, who is a stiff Liberal of the old school, and who boasts that

he has not changed his opinions for forty years. Dr. Barth, the leader of the Union, realizes that no party can make headway in Germany which stands in the way of the national defense, and which opposes social reform legislation; while Richter, with his group, opposes all increases of army and navy, and still occupies toward social reform the old standpoint of *laissez-faire*. Barth, too, enthusiastically espouses the idea of reuniting the Liberals, while Richter regards this as a visionary plan, and coldly says, "Perhaps a great Liberal party will be possible after some decades." All things considered, therefore, it seems certain that the Great Liberal Party will remain a pious wish.

Dr. Barth has also started a new movement in the radical groups in favor of an alliance with the Social Democracy, and has argued his case with great force. His own party indorsed the idea in a modified form, and so did the South German Radicals; but the Richter group will none of it, and evidently the voters are averse to an alliance with the Socialists. The latter, on their part, have given the plan a cold reception; and apparently there is no encouragement for German Liberalism in this direction.

The army was, last year, again the subject of much discussion and much concern. The country has been treated within six months to one sensation after another in the shape of military trials for the maltreatment of soldiers. On a recent date a lieutenant was sentenced for 698 instances of maltreating his men, and a non-commissioned officer for 1520 instances. These and numbers of other cases of the kind have made an exceedingly unfavorable impression upon the country; and the public mind is appre-

hensive lest conditions in the army are even worse than revealed by these sensational cases. It was but natural that this public concern should be reflected in the recent Reichstag debates, and the speakers of all parties except the Conservatives tried a tilt at the army administration, which, of course, gave earnest assurances that the evils complained of would be rooted out.

It is interesting to note that literature has already seized upon this new aspect of the army for treatment. Hitherto the officer had figured in fiction and on the stage mainly as an agreeable social figure, irresistible to young maidens' hearts; now the more tragical note is caught. Baron von Schlicht has recently printed nine novelettes under the collective title, *Ein Ehrenwort*, with the following bill of fatalities: five officers resign under compulsion, five shoot themselves, and one is killed in a duel. The most widely read book of the year was Beyerlein's *Jena oder Sedan?* which casts doubt upon the efficiency of the army because of the spread of immorality and luxury therein. It is significant, too, that active corps commanders are writing in the magazines against luxury in the army, and urging the return to the good old simple ways. Another book, far less important as literature, but hardly less sensational than the one just mentioned, was Lieutenant Bille's *Aus einer Kleinen Garnison*. It would scarcely have attracted any attention if it had not been made the basis of a court-martial for the author, at which the astonishing fact was brought out that his realistic descriptions of moral decay in the social life of a small garrison battalion were largely photographic copies from real life.

William C. Dreher.

THE RETURN OF THE GENTLEWOMAN.

It is true she has not wholly left us, but her presence has grown rare, and at times she seems vanishing, as fringed gentians have a way of doing in favorite meadows, where once there were blue stretches of them, until a summer comes when the most diligent searcher is only rewarded by a scattered half-dozen.

To-day every New England town possesses localities in whose still stately mansions lived families spoken of as "best." These "Best Families" having diminished and faded away, their dwellings stand with closed blinds, or, it may be, have developed into homes for the aged, orphan asylums, schools, places where people lodge and board. Here and there a house retains its original character, and its mistress goes serenely in and out. She is surrounded by souvenirs of the past and the flowers of her garden, is much given to hospitality and the reading of good books, uses the most charming English we have ever heard, and has on all subjects views that are wise and witty and, withal, considerate and charitable. In brief,—a Gentlewoman.

But it is like the half-dozen fringed gentians in the meadow. Only now and then does one find her.

There is a descriptive word of dreary import formerly applied with freedom to a Gentlewoman in such moments of adversity as involved the loss of friends and fortune. In this sad situation one was apt to call her "decayed," exactly as if one were speaking of a fallen house or a ruined castle, instead of a sweet and gracious soul that would always be greater than anything that could happen to it.

Heaven be thanked, this word, in her connection, is becoming obsolete and not likely to be associated with her in the future. The modern Gentlewoman will

have profited by the modern processes of life and learned how to defend herself against evil days.

The fashion of this world passeth, and it was no doubt decreed from the beginning that a number of things should cease to exist, that there should be a passing of the spare room, of the front doorway, of the polite art of letter-writing, of the pleasant companionship of the horse in drives through town and country, of that receptacle, once so essential a part of a woman's dress, the convenient pocket. The Gentlewoman is not a fashion of this world. She is of that world that was and is and ever shall be.

But when she comes again, what will be the conditions? Will she serve tea as of old in delicate heirloom china? Will her pleasant rooms, hung with ancestral portraits, look into a well-kept garden, rose-planted, and shaded by ancestral fruit trees? Possibly, since the title she bears implies wealth of years, and hence opportunities of inheriting things having the charm of years. Still the immediate ancestors of the Gentlewoman of the future are no longer home-makers in the sense that their own ancestors were. Many of them are birds of passage, flitting from one point to another, collecting memories and experiences in greater numbers than household treasures or plants in gardens. They board; they live in apartments; they spend six months here and six months there; they give away their old gowns and coats and hats, instead of packing them in attic chests to be taken out half a century later for use in charades and tableaux and private theatricals. Or if too much occupied, or not sufficiently well-informed concerning the need of their neighbors to distribute intelligently of their abundance, societies stand ready to do this for them, societies

whose business it is not only to dispense thoughtfully the necessities of life, but also its feathers and ornaments and flowers; as, for instance, that of the "International Sunshine" with its motto, —

"Have you had a kindness shown,
Pass it on;" —

which means, literally, if you have a ball dress, or a fan, or a volume of poems, or a piece of embroidery lying idle, send it to us and we will see that it gives pleasure elsewhere.

This habit of modern life, so essential to a Bird-of-Passage Person who has no hoarding-place save in the hired corner of a public storehouse, somewhat limits the future Gentlewoman's chances of inheriting ancestral articles. However, all people of to-day are not birds of passage. Some there be who have built or bought themselves houses, and in making the latter habitable, followed the tendency of the age to put old wine into new bottles, that is to say, old furniture collected from the earth's four corners into modern rooms. Having safely passed the unbeautiful period of parlor sets and chamber sets and vases in pairs, they thirst for unmatched pieces of antiquity. Go into a twentieth-century dwelling and you will find chairs and tables that must be enjoying a sensation of renewed youth, since in place of growing daily more venerable in native air, they have knocked about all over Bohemia, and are now making new acquaintances in a manner quite unusual with things of their day and generation. Here is a chair acquired yesterday at a sale of old colonial furniture from Virginia; here is a clock bought last summer in a Dutch fishing village; here is a dressing-table that once crossed the sea in that ship prepared, so the story runs, to rescue the unhappy Marie Antoinette, and finally obliged to set sail without her. Here is an old stool, carved and gilded, and a spinnet with some yellow music resting open upon it, — stool found in one town, spinnet in a second, and music in a third.

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If these things, with others, can be kept together until the future Gentlewoman, now a child, has herself grown old among them, her surroundings, in appearance at least, will in no wise greatly differ from those of the Gentlewomen of her ancestors. The difference will be in the history of her surroundings.

The other day I heard some one say, alluding to the death of an aged relative, "She was the last gentlewoman of our family." It was as if the speaker had said, "The last princess of a royal line; there will never be another."

And it may be that never again shall we see Gentlewomen like those now going from us, as it may be that never again will there be a field white and gold and fragrant in exactly the same manner as the one through which we walked last June, never again a summer night like that of last July, when the evening primroses, little sisters to the moon, were shining along the garden path; but the memory of the afternoon in June and of the evening in the midsummer garden is ours to keep forever, and each of us has a heritage bequeathed by the Gentlewoman we loved, also to keep forever, if we can, — a heritage that has nothing in common with real estate or the safety deposit bank, that is not subject to damage by fire or flood and yet demands more care than ever material possessions.

Each year of living means more rush and more haste, and less time for thinking, since the main thing seems to be to arrive, and to do that one must run faster and faster. It is well to arrive, and advisable. It is also well to make one's haste after the fashion recommended by the German proverb, "Eile mit Weile," even at the risk of not arriving at all. It is safer for the heritage left us by the Gentlewoman we loved. In the break-neck speed of modern life there are so many chances of accidents to things other than limbs.

Happening to call upon a friend the other evening at the moment of a dinner

party, I was shown into the presence of the young son and daughter of the house, aged fourteen and thirteen. They gave me cordial greeting, and after I had been told the names of the guests in the dining-room, and we had somewhat discussed them and wondered how much longer they would sit at the table, and talked of the animals at the Zoo and the birds in the Park and the books we liked best, the children showed me a picture that had been occupying their attention when I entered.

It was a large colored print of a Christy girl playing golf.

"I am going to have it framed for my room," said Ruth. "What do you think of it? Oh! I forgot," she added, "you don't approve of the modern girl."

There was a pretty apology in her voice, and nothing in her manner to give the impression that a person in the state of mind she had indicated might be unreasonable or unnatural or otherwise objectionable. But Richard arose, asking in a voice that sounded like a challenge, "Not approve of her, — why not?"

"Well," I said, "I don't exactly know. It's a sort of feeling. Of course it does n't include every modern girl. It would never include Ruth. The young woman in the picture is certainly bewitching, but I should n't think of giving such a picture to Ruth for her room; or at least I might give one, but not a whole row of them, there are so many other pictures to give her" —

Under Richard's clear and questioning gaze I was growing confused, when Ruth spoke for me.

"You see, Richard," she said, "you were not with us last August, but there was a girl who used to come into the dining-room with such a stride! and she always wore her sleeves stripped up above her elbows, and her arms had got fearfully burned; in fact, they were quite black, and she was so proud of them; but of course they did n't look very well, especially at dinner with pretty dresses; and her hair was rather wild, and she never wore a hat, not even when she went into the business part of the town; and she knew a good deal of slang, but she was a very nice girl, and" — Just here the dinner party was heard wending its way into the drawing-room, and we three being invited to join it, the strain of the situation ended.

What makes a Gentlewoman? Put the question in another form. Who made the Gentlewoman? God made her. To say that He made the Society Woman, and the Club Woman, and the Sportswoman with her sisterhood, would be not unlike saying that He made the town and the steam cars and green carnations and gray roses. But we may be quite sure that He made the Gentlewoman, and that with every generation adopting the best of things new and keeping the best of things old, she will return in all her sweet dignity to add to the joy of the world.

Harriet Lewis Bradley.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

HANS HOLBEIN AND SOME OTHER MASTERS.

THIS is a lawless age in matters of art. There are as many "schools" as there are painters clever enough to impose their ideas, or eccentricities, on two or

three men younger than themselves. Dumas used to say that all he needed for the making of a drama was two trestles, some boards, and a passion. Nowadays

all that is needed for the making of an artistic "movement" is a handful of brushes, some colors, and a new trick. I remember the first exhibition of the New Salon, — it was new once. There was probably not a man there whom somebody or other was not calling "*cher Maître*." Well, these "schools" disappear. Even Whistler's following, that wonderful source of Whistlerian symphonies which in essence were neither Whistlerian nor symphonic, is not to-day what it was. But while the old cliques pass new ones arise, and the general tendency of artists to run after this or that specious novelty is always with us. It is comforting, therefore, whenever a book appears like the one which Mr. Gerald S. Davies has published on Hans Holbein the Younger.¹ This author brought out, a year ago, a book on Frans Hals which showed that he was well qualified to assume the duties of an historian of art. He has knowledge, sympathy, taste, and common sense. These qualities have gone to the making of a book on Holbein which was much needed, for the bibliography of the subject has hitherto included nothing in English sufficiently comprehensive, nothing embodying all the fruits of recent research. Wornum's book is nearly forty years old, and the last edition of the translation of Woltmann's *Holbein und Seine Zeit* dates from 1872. Both works are of value, but for the preparation of a really definitive biography Mr. Davies has had practically a clear field. He has entered it not only well equipped as a writer, but with all the advantages which modern reproductive processes could give him. His illustrations include fine photogravures of the paintings, tinted facsimiles of the drawings, and good reproductions of Holbein's decorative designs and of the Dance of Death.

Somewhere, in contemplating the writ-

ings of the Fathers, and the huge mass of literature based on the firm foundation they provided, Matthew Arnold speaks of the disposition of the man of imagination, "in spite of her tendency to burn him," to gravitate toward the Church of Rome. In spite of its tendency to freeze him, the connoisseur must always, sooner or later, gravitate toward the school whose principles make for law and order. It does not smother idiosyncrasy, but it has a way of putting that element of artistic interest in its proper place. It implies, no doubt, certain renunciations, and the rank and file in any age, but especially in our own, find it difficult, if not impossible, to accept its conditions. But there have been great masters to whom the keen airs on the heights most congenial to the methods of this school are as the very breath of life, and Hans Holbein was one of them. He is great, first by virtue of the clearness of his vision, and then through the perfection of his skill in realizing what he saw in terms of form and color, without even the most trifling deviation into obscurity or mannerism. He, too, made his renunciations, though it is perhaps more accurate to say that his works involve renunciations for us rather than for him, since he was indubitably unconscious of just what was sacrificed to the realistic trend of his genius. The point refers, of course, to the diminution of the force of the spiritual motive in Holbein by the assertiveness of that material fabric which it was his peculiar gift to express. Mr. Davies takes a more favorable view of the matter, but this is due, I fear, to the common weakness of biographers, who cannot well live absorbed for a long period in the works of a single master without unconsciously seeing them too much with that master's eyes.

He says of the central figure in the Solothurn Madonna that "nothing more womanly, more pure, more gentle, more sweet, and yet more strong has been given to us by any painter who has essayed

¹ *Hans Holbein the Younger*. By GERALD S. DAVIES, M. A. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

this subject and made us richer by this vision or by that of divine motherhood." Passing from this to the Meier Madonna at Darmstadt, he maintains the same attitude. It is hard to quarrel with him. Both pictures have great sweetness and beauty as religious conceptions. But in such conceptions the North must yield to the South, and though a completely Italianized Holbein would have been a Holbein weakened, it seems to me that admiration of his Madonnas should rest, if it is to be discriminating, somewhere on the safe side of the ecstatic. Mr. Davies is even more provocative in what he has to say in describing the two panels in monochrome at Basel, the *Ecce Homo* and *Mater Dolorosa*. Both designs are powerful, but when this biographer remarks that "the figure of Christ in the Man of Sorrows has, for its expressiveness of its great theme, few equals in Art," he is overstating the case. Is it really possible, in studying this famous panel, to place the artist's purely anatomical preoccupation in the subsidiary position to which it should be relegated? I doubt it. The difficulty, and the loss that it implies, will be made manifest even more clearly, perhaps, by a comparison of the Entombment, also at Basel, with, say, Mantegna's Dead Christ, in the Brera, with Michael Angelo's *Pietà*, in St. Peter's, or with the latter's beautiful drawing in the British Museum. Instantly Holbein's want of tragic passion makes itself felt. But to dwell on his limitations would be, after all, seriously to distort the perspective in which Holbein must be seen, and it is pleasant, in returning to the qualities that give him his high rank, to find the best possible light thrown upon them in a passage by Mr. Davies.

Alluding to the German's realistic method, which is, "in the hands of any man of less genius, apt to degenerate into mere laborious accuracy, or to take the place and usurp the interest in the picture which ought to be left for the products

of the higher imagination," he points out that with Holbein it never takes this pedestrian turn, and continues: "It is to him the natural and only method of expressing himself, — absolute perfection of craftsmanship, in all that he handles, carried into every part of the picture, and yet all of it so kept in due relation and due subordination, because of the dominating presence of the higher interests and aims of the picture, that you are unconscious, until you begin purposely to forget these higher interests in order to search into his way of doing things, that you are looking at a work in which industry and perfect craftsmanship have borne their part in carrying out the master thought." There is a sure touchstone here, ready to the hand of the student of Holbein; and it is gratifying to observe that Mr. Davies renders a further service to his reader in laying stress upon the fact that while his artist's method is wholly unlike that of later painters, such as Velasquez, Frans Hals, and Van Dyck, "neither method is righter than the other."

If Holbein's method rests too much upon a basis of reality to lift his religious pictures to the loftiest plane, it serves, at all events, to make him one of the supreme masters of portraiture. In what he has to say under this head, Mr. Davies rarely provokes dissent. His efforts to deprive Holbein of the Dorothea Offenburg and the *Lais Corinthiaea*, and to give them to Cesare da Sesto, are more zealous and ingenious than convincing. — I do not believe the Milanese ever saw either of the two, — but in traversing the bulk of the master's work as a portrait painter, he is content to avoid adventurous hypotheses. He might have taken safely a firmer line in following Miss Hervey's opinion, rather than that of Mr. W. F. Dickes, in the curious controversy over the identity of the figures in the Ambassadors, of the National Gallery. The main point, however, is that he does full justice to those incomparable portraits, like the George Gyze,

at Berlin, the Derich de Born, at Windsor, and the Erasmus, at Longford Castle, which, for insight into character, heroic simplicity, and beauty of style, stand as monuments, so to say, to the glory of realistic art. Holbein is, in these portraits, a *painter* if ever there was one, despite the glib assumption made in some quarters that only Velasquez and one or two others deserve the title; yet there is no denying the great part which a purely linear quality plays in these very works. Mr. Davies rightly pays attention to the drawings as of no less significance than the paintings, for in Holbein's line, wherever we find it, we have the most characteristic reflection of his genius; in it he illustrates, with crystalline clearness, the power of knowledge and authority in art.

He stumbles over no details, he evades no problems, but draws with a kind of naked force, and proves, what it is always so important to remember, that in the artistic interpretation of beauty it is not in the least necessary to be esoteric, or to torture technique and experiment with the point or with the brush, until the truth is lost in a maze of self-conscious or eccentric "method." In his portraits, painted or drawn, you have art in its bare integrity. It is a testimony to the illimitable scope of art taken in that estate, that it still gives the freest sway to individuality. Holbein is almost scientific in his precision, but his style remains one of the most original in the annals of European painting. He is a standing protest against the theory that emotional rapture is the only source of great achievement in art. From his triumphs, as from those of Raphael, for example, we may know that intellectual power is also a key to artistic immortality.

With Holbein the drawing and the painting are practically interchangeable if we are pursuing the secret of his art;

but, with most men, work with the pencil or chalk has meant a more spontaneous disclosure of personal qualities than usually goes with work in oils, and this circumstance has given to drawings a special place in the history of connoisseurship. Such souvenirs of a great artist have, of course, a strictly historical value, and are of much practical use in the clearing up of questions of attribution and the like. But if a study in chalk for some famous picture or decoration has much the same curious and instructive interest as attaches to a poet's first draft for some famous composition, it possesses, also, much more than the literary sketch, an intrinsic charm. The pressure of an artist's hand upon his crayon is an affair peculiarly self-revealing; it is like the violinist's pressure upon his bow, with this difference, that your musician must blend his personality with a definite idea if he is to make a successful appeal, whereas, in the case of the artist, it sometimes scarcely matters whether he has anything important to say or not; it is his way of saying it, it is his accent, which he can convey in the veriest trifle, that counts.

Mr. Berenson's work on the Drawings of the Florentine Painters¹ possesses unusual importance on its scientific side alone. The two huge volumes — too huge for mere convenience — were undertaken in a spirit of severe research. The author has classified his material, he has threshed out many questions of authenticity, and he has framed a catalogue, embracing nearly three thousand numbers, which constitutes in itself an indispensable work of reference. Surveying his draughtsmen, from the Primitives down to Pontormo and Rosso, in chronological order, he has annotated their works with a fullness of detail that places the student in search of critical information deeply in his debt. The facsimiles

¹ *The Drawings of the Florentine Painters. Classified, Criticized and Studied as Documents in the History and Appreciation of Tuscan*

Art. With a Copious Catalogue Raisonné. By BERNHARD BERENSON. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

he gives are among the finest reproductions I have ever seen; they are, for ordinary working purposes, equivalents for the originals as nearly exact as could be desired. But I confess that it is not of the workshop that I am disposed to think longest in considering Mr. Berenson's book. I am grateful for the additions he has made to the tools of art criticism, but I am grateful also for the influence which the volumes must exert in developing artistic taste where it is too often weak.

I once heard a drawing of Dürer's criticised because the man it portrayed was made to appear cross-eyed. Perhaps the poor creature was really so afflicted, but, supposing that Dürer had libeled him, we might deplore the slip without losing sight of the linear beauty with which the drawing brims over. Beauty of this sort does not need to be impeccable as regards fidelity to nature. In Holbein's drawings truth happens to be of prime significance. With many other masters, whether truth be present or not, our pleasure remains the same. It is the pleasure which you find in a delicately turned phrase, in an intonation, or even in a sudden and well-placed silence, — the counterpart of the omission in linear art, one of the most potent of all sources of effect. Line is, in short, a language by itself, susceptible of being used for the conveyance of great thoughts or for the most casual and intimate purposes. The early Florentine fascinates you by flinging some new and beautiful creation in all its freshness upon the paper, giving it a poignancy which may disappear when he comes to elaborate it into a formal scheme; or, with the best intentions in the world, seeking to carry out a given idea within the limits of a drawing, he actually ends by leaving you indifferent to his subject, as subject, and absorbed in what I may call purely autographic qualities. Mr. Berenson well clarifies this point in speaking of Botticelli's illustrations to Dante. "Their value," he says, "consists in their being

drawings by Botticelli, not at all in their being illustrations to Dante," and he happily remarks of the Florentine that "he loved to make the line run and leap, to make it whirl and dance." Botticelli, being what he was, — a poet and a dreamer, — wove his line into beautiful forms, and he moves the imagination, as he satisfies the eye, in these Dantesque drawings; they have the glamour of his fancy as they have the glamour of his style. But it is the glamour of style that we could not afford to do without.

It is the same with all the masters discussed by Mr. Berenson, and the fact ought never to be forgotten by the student, since it explains and justifies the survival across the ages, as objects of enthusiasm among artists and collectors, of drawings sometimes very nearly meaningless so far as subject is concerned. The merest scrap will often exert this perhaps sensuous spell upon the discerning critic. Witness Van Dyck's celebrated sketchbook at Chatsworth, which contains odds and ends of no earthly interest save as fragments of that language which the painter used when he dashed off a pictorial memorandum, a note on some masterpiece he saw in Italy. On the other hand, Mr. Berenson's collection of facsimiles emphasizes once more that element in Italian art which makes it unique, the instinctive and often, no doubt, unconscious expression, on the part of every painter or sculptor of any consequence whatever, of a feeling for the imponderable beauty that seems somehow bound up with all that was finest in the Italian genius of the golden age. They had something to say even when they were not themselves aware of it. That is, they put into their work character, distinction, the things that come from imaginative fervor. It is interesting to place an old Italian study of a limb or bit of drapery beside similar drawings from any modern studio, no matter how eminent. The old work quivers with inspiration, it has a kind of

soul. The modern work may be all compact of cleverness, it may suggest a wonderful eye and an extraordinarily skillful hand, but beside the other it is like an empty shell. Mr. Berenson gives us abundant data to support this contention, confining himself to the Florentines. I hope the preparation of a similar book by him, treating of the North Italian masters, is only a question of time, — and not simply, I may add, because he writes about drawings to such good purpose, but because, in the course of his work, he has so much to say that is worth reading on the general aspects of Italian art. His chapters on Leonardo and Michael Angelo in this book are so suggestive, they are so rich in the fruits of scholarship, presented with far less pedantry than has hitherto marred his criticisms, that they deserve publication in a form more widely accessible. It might easily be worth while to publish the text and catalogue given in these volumes in a handy octavo, the illustrations being put in portfolios by themselves.

Mr. Berenson's heroic folios rather dwarf the other contributions which have recently been made to the literature of Italian art, but several of these nevertheless command high respect. I would place well in the forefront of this comparatively minor group of publications what is, in great measure, an old book, yet practically a new one, the revised edition of Crowe and Cavalcaselle's *History of Painting in Italy*,¹ which has long been out of print. Though it has never lost its usefulness, it has been much in need of correction. Sir Joseph Crowe, before he died in 1896, had finished the rewriting of more than a third of the book, and with the help of the additional manuscripts he left, and their own not inconsiderable resources, Mr. Langton

Douglas and Mr. S. Arthur Strong have undertaken to overhaul this classic of criticism and bring it abreast of the latest modern research. The publishers are giving it substantial if not luxurious form, numerous good half-tones being used as illustrations, with a few photogravures. The edition is to be completed in six volumes, two of which have thus far appeared, devoted respectively to Early Christian Art and Giotto and the Giottesques. In the first of these volumes there are brief sketches of the two authors, in which Mr. Douglas speaks of them with appreciation not only of their historical and critical aptitudes, but of their admirable personal qualities. Crowe and Cavalcaselle have suffered too much patronage at the hands of certain later writers, who, pinning their faith upon Morelli, have liked to assume that only from him — or from themselves — could the student expect to receive the pure milk of the word. Mr. Douglas, with a little needless temper, redresses the balance. The fact is that one has only to dip into these familiar pages to recall the services the devoted pair have rendered in illuminating many a bewildering question, and to realize anew with how much insight and thoroughness they did their work. Of course to-day they require editing. In Mr. Douglas's notes on the Rucellai Madonna, which he prefers to give to Duccio rather than to Cimabue, we have a good instance of the desirability of reëditing periodically a work of the sort. But it is noticeable that occasions for the drastic rehandling of any matter dealt with by Crowe and Cavalcaselle have not been frequent. This is one of the new art books which the student could not possibly ignore. With it must be bracketed the translation, bearing the hybrid title of *The Anonimo*,²

¹ *A History of Painting in Italy.* By J. A. CROWE and G. B. CAVALCASELLE. Edited by R. LANGTON DOUGLAS, assisted by S. ARTHUR STRONG. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

² *The Anonimo. Notes on Pictures and Works of Art in Italy made by an Anonymous Writer in the Sixteenth Century.* Translated by PAOLO MUSSI. Edited by G. C. WILLIAMSON, Litt. D. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

of those anonymous sixteenth-century notes which have been familiar to specialists in the original, but which have not hitherto been put into English. They record the observations of an intelligent traveler, whose pages are useful inasmuch as they give the original locations of certain famous works of art, describe others which have since been lost and may some day reappear, and give suggestive hints to the critic hunting down mysteries of attribution. The book has been well translated by Paolo Mussi, and Mr. G. C. Williamson has discreetly edited it. This edition contains, moreover, a number of good illustrations.

A book to be commended not only to the student but to the layman with artistic predilections is Mr. Charles Holroyd's *Michael Angelo Buonarroti*,¹ which is really a translation of *Condivi's Life*, with the three famous dialogues by Francisco d'Olanda placed at the back. Modern biographies of Michael Angelo, like the one which Symonds made almost but not quite definitive some ten years ago, are numerous enough, but *Condivi's* first-hand narrative has virtues to which none of his successors can lay claim, and which make it difficult to understand why it was not sooner put into English. It is full of living personal details. The tragic story of the tomb for Pope Julius has never been set forth elsewhere with the direct and vivid touch which we find in *Condivi*. Mr. Holroyd supplements his translation with some chapters of his own on Michael Angelo's work, exhibiting acumen and an admirable faculty for the blending of critical with biographical notes; and his version of the Portuguese dialogues rounds out a book which has a

much more tangible reason for existing than is often to be discovered where art publications are concerned. It is the first volume in a series published under the general title of the Library of Art. It has been followed by a monograph on Donatello,² by Lord Balcarras, a carefully written production, supplying guidance that is trustworthy, but none of the glow which it would be good to find in a study of such an inspiring theme. Both books are attractively made and have many half-tone illustrations. Only subjects of the highest importance are to be treated in the series. It is to include volumes on Titian, Dürer, Correggio, and Pisanello, and there are to be others on groups or schools of painters, as, for example, Ghirlandajo and the Earlier Florentines, Raphael and his School in Rome, and the Three Bellini and the Earlier Venetians. The prospectus is exceptionally promising, and the two volumes briefly touched upon above warrant the assumption that the series will be maintained upon a level of serious, authoritative workmanship.

Of no popular series, however, is it safe to predicate absolutely uniform excellence. In the one, for example, edited by Dr. Williamson under the title of the Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture, the *Botticelli*³ by Mr. A. Streeter, which has recently appeared, is a mildly creditable handbook, but nothing more. The *Michael Angelo Buonarroti*⁴ of Lord Ronald Gower, though painstaking enough, is, on the whole, rather wooden. The same author's *Thomas Gainsborough*,⁵ in the British Artists Series, is a better book, and will serve as a rapid sketch of the subject; but it is at bottom a

¹ *Michael Angelo Buonarroti*. By CHARLES HOLROYD, Keeper of the National Gallery of British Art, with Translations of the Life of the Master by his Scholar, ASCANIO CONDIVI, and Three Dialogues from the Portuguese of Francisco d'Olanda. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

² *Donatello*. By LORD BALCARRES. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

³ *Botticelli*. By A. STREETER. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

⁴ *Michael Angelo Buonarroti*. By LORD RONALD SUTHERLAND GOWER, F. S. A. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

⁵ *Thomas Gainsborough*. By LORD RONALD SUTHERLAND GOWER, F. S. A. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

commonplace piece of work, and is chiefly to be valued for its illustrations, which include a welcome batch of the painter's drawings and studies. The series of pocket volumes called the Popular Library of Art, edited by Edward Garnett, has thus far preserved, in its modest way, a good standard. Dr. Gronau's *Leonardo da Vinci*¹ is a first-rate piece of condensation. Less weighty, but thoroughly intelligent and readable, are the booklets written for this series by Miss Lina Eckenstein on Albrecht Dürer,² by M. Romain Rolland on Millet,³ by M. Camille Mauclair on the French Impressionists,⁴ and by Mr. A. B. Chamberlain on Thomas Gainsborough.⁵ This series is a good one for beginners. The monographs in it are brief, they contain enough information, and though published at a small price are very well illustrated. The last series I have to mention is the Artist's Library, in which four new volumes have recently appeared. Two of them, on Van Dyck,⁶ are written by Mr. Lionel Cust, who has published a large volume on the Flemish painter, and knows his subject well. He treats it adequately in these brief chapters, and at the same time gives too much the impression of a piece of clever hack work. Miss Frances C. Weale's Hubert and John Van Eyck⁷ is similarly thoroughgoing, and similarly innocent of the faintest spark of kindling emotion. The best of the recent publications in this series is Mr. Herbert P. Horne's *Leonardo da Vinci*,⁸ which is formed of a felicitous translation of Vasari's life of the painter, with interpolations by the English critic. It is a somewhat audacious performance, but Mr.

Horne knows what he is about, and has brought some really serviceable ideas and facts to the completion of his unconventional task. In these books the full-page illustrations are always at the back, by themselves. The Leonardo plates are particularly welcome since they include some of his drawings.

Every series of popular handbooks on art that is published nowadays follows much the same editorial policy. One may differ from another in size and price, but all are alike in that all run to a sort of specialization. It is assumed that what is wanted by the public addressed is concise instruction on this or that famous man. The system has its merits and its drawbacks. It leads, for one thing, as in literary enterprises of a kindred nature, to the useless duplication by one publisher of projects undertaken by another. Furthermore, as the authors engaged are, as a rule, simply good journeymen, without anything very fresh or startling to communicate, safe but not in the least inspiring ciceroni, the ultimate results threaten to be more imposing in bulk than in quality, and we shall not improbably see many a pretty volume dismembered for the sake of its illustrations, by those who have found out the usefulness of a well-ordered scheme of scrapbooks. In the meantime these innumerable little manuals are fertilizing the soil, — one may cheerfully admit that without taking them too seriously, — and it is good to know, moreover, that the rule of brevity forced upon the writers of them spares us a lot of highfalutin.

But to whom is the student to go for general ideas, for the broader edification

¹ *Leonardo da Vinci*. By Dr. GEORG GRONAU. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

² *Albrecht Dürer*. By LINA ECKENSTEIN. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

³ *Millet*. By ROMAIN ROLLAND. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

⁴ *The French Impressionists*. By CAMILLE MAUCLAIR. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

⁵ *Thomas Gainsborough*. By A. B. CHAM-

BERLAIN. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

⁶ *Van Dyck*. By LIONEL CUST. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1903.

⁷ *Hubert and John Van Eyck*. By FRANCES C. WEALE. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1903.

⁸ *Leonardo da Vinci*. By HERBERT P. HORNE. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1903.

which, when all is said, is more important to him than the minutiae of any single artist's history? If such ideas are present in the more elaborate works, like those of Mr. Davies and Mr. Berenson at which we have just glanced, they are necessarily incidental to analysis of a leading theme. The few new books in which masters or schools are discussed at large are interesting, but not momentous. The *Art of the Italian Renaissance*,¹ by Professor Wofflin, offers a rational interpretation of a subject often enveloped by historians in a haze of metaphysics. The learned author has common-sense views of Leonardo, Michael Angelo, Raphael, and the lesser masters; and in his explication of the significance of pure form in their work, he takes his reader close to the constructive principle underlying much of the most characteristic art of the Renaissance. He helps to clear the air of æsthetic cant; his artists, when he has completed his surveys of them, are seen more as *artists* in the true sense, less as the seers and high priests which loose-thinking writers like to consider them. Yet the book wants gusto; it is a shade too professorial. Klaczo's *Rome and the Renaissance*,² in the agreeable translation which has been made by John Dennie, is not so deeply pondered, and when the author gives rein to his fancy, inventing conversation with the hope of lending verisimilitude to his picture, he is more diverting than instructive. But the work embodies an excellent idea. It portrays Pope Julius in his artistic relations, and the pages on the masters he employed are written partly in exposition of their individual traits, but

still more with the purpose of reproducing the atmosphere in which they labored. We have here not a body of technical analysis, but a panorama drawn with scholarship, flexibility, and a constant feeling for the human aspect of artistic affairs.

Since they are not strictly works on art, I may only give a few words to Isabella D'Este, Marchioness of Mantua,³ by Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady), and to the new edition of Beatrice D'Este, Duchess of Milan,⁴ by the same author, but they are, as a matter of fact, worth a dozen textbooks as aids to an apprehension of the conditions under which art was produced in the time of which they treat. These great ladies of the Renaissance patronized the painters, sculptors, and artistic craftsmen of their day with ardor and intelligence, and their biographies contain many passages showing their relations with the masters, relations typical of a great epoch in civilization. The story, delightfully told by Mrs. Ady, of Isabella's efforts to secure for her collection certain marbles, an antique, and a Cupid of Michael Angelo's, that had fallen into the hands of Cesare Borgia, is exactly the kind of story to set the reader on a clearer notion of Renaissance taste and of those racial springs of high enthusiasm to which we owe such a wilderness of things of beauty. Some interesting sidelights on what the South has done to influence and color European culture are afforded by the *Book of Italian Travel*,⁵ a compilation in which Mr. Neville Maugham has put together the impressions recorded by famous travelers as far back as the sixteenth century, and by writers as

¹ *The Art of the Italian Renaissance*. By Professor HEINRICH WOFFLIN. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1903.

² *Rome and the Renaissance*. The Pontificate of Julius II. From the French of JULIAN KLACZO. Authorized Translation by JOHN DENNIE. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1903.

³ *Isabella D'Este, Marchioness of Mantua,*

1474-1539. By JULIA CARTWRIGHT (Mrs. Ady). New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

⁴ *Beatrice D'Este, Duchess of Milan*, 1475-1497. By JULIA CARTWRIGHT (Mrs. Ady). New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

⁵ *The Book of Italian Travel (1580-1900)*. By H. NEVILLE MAUGHAM. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

near our own time as Symonds and Henry James. The patchwork is the outcome of wide but judicious reading, and is deftly arranged. It may not overwhelm the reader with a flood of those general ideas for which he is looking, but it will put him in a frame of mind, giving him something of that glamour of Italy which never comes amiss in the study of Italian art. The efficacy of Cellini's Autobiography as a means of initiation into the spirit of the Renaissance is a commonplace of criticism. Miss Anne Macdonell has newly translated this classic of picaresque and artistic literature,¹ and though she has not shaken my loyalty to Symonds's version, I confess that her animated treatment of the text is very beguiling. She has a pointed note on Cellini's portrait, discrediting the familiar image of a "white-bearded, benevolent person," the one prefixed to Symonds's translation, and identifying with Cellini a certain head, which she reproduces, in a fresco by Vasari in the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence. The portrait bears out her contention. It is of a "vigorous, fiery man," and readily persuades us that in it we have, as Miss Macdonell asserts, "our Benvenuto to the life."

Mr. La Farge's *Great Masters*² is a collection of papers on Michael Angelo, Raphael, Rembrandt, Rubens, Velasquez, Dürer, and Hokusai, which were originally written for a popular magazine, and have the qualities essential in discourse addressed to a large and miscellaneous audience. The author avoids technical jargon, and, though writing from the artist's point of view, gives to his fellows a perfect illustration of the way in which to appeal to laymen with no risk of being misunderstood. Indeed, if the book errs anywhere it is on the side of simplicity. The history of each

artist is carefully traversed, and his salient characteristics are clearly indicated. Here and there an observation, reminding us that the author has views of his own, ripples the surface of the expeditious and businesslike narrative, but the tone of the book as a whole is neither as original nor as stimulating as Mr. La Farge's previous excursions into art criticism have caused one to expect. He has gained much in clearness of style, but while his book should prove beneficial when placed in quite inexperienced hands, it leaves the reader who has made any artistic investigations at all practically where it finds him. A popular introduction to the study of some of the masters, as well written as this is, could not but be a credit to any one, even to a painter who is himself a master. Yet it would be a great gain if Mr. La Farge were to give his pen to flights worthy of his powers, if he were to write a book taking a wider sweep and going deeper into the subject. In place of the rich banquet for mature minds which he might spread, he has set forth the mild fare suited to the naive young reader, and, coming from him, it inspires gratitude tempered with regret. I cannot grudge the multitude of undisciplined seekers after artistic instruction the benefit and pleasure they will derive from these pages, but it is impossible to suppress a wish that Mr. La Farge might at least have given them a freer scope.

He is not the only American who has of late been occupied with the public discussion of artistic topics. Mr. Lorado Taft has written an excellent *History of American Sculpture*³ in a new series, treating of all the manifestations of art in this country, which is being edited by Mr. John C. Van Dyke. We have no other book covering the field so thor-

¹ *The Life of Benvenuto Cellini*. Written by Himself. Translated out of the Italian with an Introduction by ANNE MACDONELL. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

² *Great Masters*. By JOHN LA FARGE. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1903.

³ *The History of American Sculpture*. By LORADO TAFT. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

oughly. Mr. Taft treats in chronological order all of our sculptors down to the men who are still living, and he has given his book the more authority by taking pains to avoid too enthusiastic or too severe a tone. He is just to exploded reputations, he loses sight of nothing that is good in the work of artists generally so feeble as Hiram Powers, or Harriet Hosmer, and he does not lose his head when he is talking about either St. Gaudens or French. A truthful, sober book, which places the American school of sculpture in a clear light, and supplies the information that is needed about all its members, famous and obscure. With Mr. Whistler, of course, the makers of books are already busy, but not, so far as the first fruits of their labors go to show, to very good purpose. Mr. Arthur Jerome Eddy's *Recollections and Impressions of James A. McNeill Whistler*¹ is an ill-formed collection of anecdotes and other miscellaneous data. It contains a quantity of raw material which some future biographer may find useful, but it is neither serious biography nor soundly reasoned criticism; it belongs in the category of distinctly ephemeral productions. The illustrations are good photogravures. The *Art of James McNeill Whistler*,² by Mr. T. R. Way and Mr. G. R. Dennis, has likewise the defects of the "occasional" publication; it is superficial and scrappy, but the authors keep to a dignified key, and one of them, Mr. Way, through his personal relations with Whistler, has been enabled to contribute some interesting information to the volume, especially with reference to his work in lithography. This book contains many illustrations that have not hitherto been accessible to the student. Whistler's own book, the *Gentle Art of*

Making Enemies,³ has just been brought out in a new edition with some additional matter, notably the catalogue of the famous exhibition of Nocturnes, Marines, and Chevalet Pieces, in which the artist repeated his trick of discomfiting his critics by reproducing, with ingenious malice, the comments on his work in which they had had the misfortune to indulge. I have so recently discussed the volume in these pages that I merely call attention now to the fact of its reappearance.

Mr. Whistler's brilliant fellow countryman, the painter whose fame not only equals but has threatened to overshadow his own, the painter whose *Carmen-cita* figures no less triumphantly in the Luxembourg than the famous *Portrait of the Artist's Mother*, has been made the hero of a book which for divers delightful reasons can only be characterized as astonishing. The *Work of John S. Sargent*, R. A.⁴ is, in a way, unique. Other modern men have been celebrated in books, and some of them have deserved the honor. Paul Baudry, for example, was the kind of artist to bear the severe test of an exhibition of his works within the covers of a book, and Ingres has more than deserved the beautiful tribute paid him not long ago through the devotion of M. Lapauze in getting his drawings reproduced. But Mr. Sargent's case remains an extraordinary one. He has withheld from this volume a great number of his paintings, and he still has years of activity before him. Yet in a selection from his works—including many of his best things, but still only a selection—there is enough genius to keep a dozen ordinary men going all their lives.

Mr. Sargent has something of the fecundity and the power of the old masters.

¹ *Recollections and Impressions of James A. McNeill Whistler*. By ARTHUR JEROME EDDY. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1903.

² *The Art of James McNeill Whistler. An Appreciation*. By T. R. WAY and G. R. DENNIS. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

³ *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*. By JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1903.

⁴ *The Work of John S. Sargent, R. A.* With an Introductory Note by Mrs. MEYNELL. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

Whether or not he will ever attain to their rank is an interesting problem. If he falls short of it, it will be, I think, because of his limitations as a colorist, and because of his want of spiritual depth. On other grounds he moves us already as we are moved by the great executants of the historical epochs. This collection of sixty large photogravures is dazzling to the eye somewhat as the collection of paintings by Frans Hals in the little old building at Haarlem is dazzling. To keep the latter memorable assemblage of portraits in the mind's eye, as one considers the portraits in this book, is to revive dubiety as to Mr. Sargent's ever standing on equal terms with the Dutchman. The latter has a broader humanity. His art, for all that it is so thoroughly realistic, goes deeper. Yet it might fairly be argued that Hals's sincerity, as we see it, draws a great deal of its virtue from his models, and that the feverish flush on the modern man's work is there just because he is a modern man, — in other words, that the restless brilliancy so characteristic of Mr. Sargent is but the natural expression of the leading traits in the world he depicts. This much is certain, that no painter of his time could face the future with more confidence in its verdict than Mr. Sargent is justified in feeling. He knows what he wants to do, and he knows how to do it. He paints his sitters with a fluency that no other living artist can rival, and it is not the fluency of the merely clever man, it is that of a positive master.

His range promised at one time to be wider than it seems to-day. He painted canvases like the *Carnation*, *Lily*, *Rose*, and *El Jaleo*, and in them approved himself a true maker of pictures. But long after, when he undertook the decorations for the Boston Public Library, he got out of his depth, and it is perhaps fortunate that since he has aban-

doned the pictorial ambitions of his earlier years he has devoted himself more to portraiture than to anything else. There he gives play to his inborn gifts with the ease and buoyancy of some giant exulting in his strength; he grasps, without apparent effort, one individuality after another, covers scores of canvases with seemingly inexhaustible fertility of design and unchanging sureness of hand, and never for a moment ceases to exert the fascination of an original and splendid style. He is spectacular, if you like, but there is not a trace of vulgarity in the spectacle. Like the giant aforesaid, he is a type of materialism triumphant. But his is a materialism wonderfully refined by intelligence and taste, and if on opening this book of reproductions one is seized with an emotion of unquestioning admiration, one closes it with feelings of the most thoughtful respect. It is a pity that the plates are accompanied by an essay by Mrs. Meynell, whose delicate affectations are totally inappropriate to the occasion. Mr. Sargent's work is too masculine, too brilliant, to be made the subject of pretty vaporings.

The half-dozen publications to which brief allusion remains to be made are works of reference or books of special interest to collectors. Two of the five volumes in which the new edition of Bryan's *Dictionary of Painters and Engravers*¹ is to be completed have thus far appeared. A revision of the text has for some time been required, and many omissions have needed to be repaired. Dr. Williamson is bringing the book up to date with judgment, and the publishers are greatly enhancing its interest by filling it with full-page illustrations, though a rather arbitrary mode of selection slightly discounts their good intentions. Some of the plates seem only to reflect the editor's whim. The *Sculptures of the Parthenon*,² by Dr.

¹ *Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers*. Edited by G. C. WILLIAMSON, Litt. D. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

² *The Sculptures of the Parthenon*. By Dr. A. S. MURRAY. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

A. S. Murray, gives in a few terse chapters a vivid description of the marbles, with explanations, never idly speculative, of their significance. The illustrations have been prepared with solicitude for the interests of the student following his researches in his own library. They have been planned so that he may examine the sculptures in their decorative and architectural relations, no less than for their individual character, as nearly as possible as though he were looking at the Parthenon itself.

Mr. J. J. Foster's *Miniature Painters, British and Foreign, with Some Account of Those who Practised in America in the Eighteenth Century*,¹ a work in two handsome volumes, contains well-written text and some very useful lists, but for collectors the significance of the book lies largely in its plates, which reproduce more than two hundred examples. In the department of prints two good books have been issued. Mr. Cyril Davenport's *Mezzotints*² appears in the *Connoisseur's Library*, a series practical in aim and luxurious in form. The author of this volume writes with authority on the technical side of his subject, and discourses pleasantly on the engravers whose works he describes. The plates are beautiful photogravures. Samuel William Reynolds,³ by Alfred Whitman, deals at length with an English master of mezzotint, to whom, of course, Mr. Davenport can only give a limited amount of space. This volume also is fully illustrated. The two indirectly draw attention to a fashion of collecting which has become a fad. The high prices paid in the auction room for eighteenth-century mezzotints are out of all proportion to their intrinsic value. But the best plates of the best men have unquestionably great beauty, and appre-

ciation of them cannot fail to be greatly furthered by the books I have just mentioned.

Royal Cortissoz.

ONE of the latest evidences of growing American civilization is the interest manifested in housing reform. Stimulated largely by the work of the New York Tenement House Commission of 1901, many cities are now investigating their slums and framing laws for their improvement. The importance of this awakening is emphasized by the growth of immigration and by the change in its character. The congested sections of our large cities are populated mainly from the immigrant ships. In New York the connection has always been so close that popular movements for tenement reform have almost invariably followed periods of the largest immigration. These uprisings against the physical shortcomings of the city have been about as frequent, and, as far as lasting results are concerned, almost as ineffectual, as the periodical outbursts against its governmental failings. The one commission that resulted in widespread and permanent betterment was that appointed by Governor Roosevelt in 1900. Its most active members were its chairman, Mr. Robert W. de Forest, and its secretary, Mr. Lawrence Veiller. They directed the investigations that formed the basis of the law; and the law itself, incorporating the new Tenement Department, was framed by them. They were promptly selected by Mayor Low as the organizers and administrators of the new department, which, under their supervision, was one of the strongest features of the reform government. Their most recent service to the cause of housing reform is two exhaustive volumes on the Tenement

¹ *Miniature Painters, British and Foreign, with Some Account of Those who Practised in America in the Eighteenth Century.* By J. J. FOSTER. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

² *Mezzotints.* By CYRIL DAVENPORT. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1903.

³ *Samuel William Reynolds.* By ALFRED WHITMAN. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

House Problem,¹ which present a graphic description of existing conditions in New York, a concise and reasonably thorough record of the seventy-five years' agitation which finally resulted in the law of 1901, and a large amount of cognate material on tenement conditions both in this country and in Europe.

It is evident at once that Chicago, Boston, and other leading American cities, herding a large impoverished population, have everything to learn from the experience of New York. The preponderant space allotted to the metropolis does not detract from the general interest of the book. It is true that Manhattan Island's tenement situation is unique; but the same tendencies are at work elsewhere. The city is useful especially as a warning. It is a horrible example of what a metropolis can become, once vested interests, with abundant opportunity for employment, are given free scope. In spite of the excellent results accomplished under the De Forest law, the tenement problem in New York is, to a considerable degree, insolvable. The mischief, in great sections of the city, has already been done. The East Side, the abiding place of not far from 600,000 Jews, 200,000 Italians, and scattering representations of other races, is almost entirely built up with the worst type of tenement. The same is true of other congested areas. These buildings are far more profitable than any that could replace them, because they hold at least one third more people. They will not be demolished except by municipal action, — a contingency not immediately possible, — and they must therefore continue to house the bulk of the city's poor. Such parcels of unimproved land as remain will, under the new law, be built up with sanitary tenements; and the future of the now vacant outlying sections is also assured. But

for the most part the city must remain as it is. It is an extreme evidence of the fathers' sins visited upon the children. In Manhattan Island to-day we see the results of a century's neglect. Had the repeated warnings of public-spirited citizens, philanthropic organizations, and state and municipal commissions been heeded, the poor people of New York, instead of being among the worst housed in the world, would have been among the best. The present volumes review the repeated attempts made to secure better ventilated and more sanitary tenements. As far back as 1842 Dr. John H. Griscom, the City Inspector of the Board of Health, attempted to rouse public interest in the subject, the evils he described being substantially those that exist to-day. The report of the first Tenement Commission, that of 1853, devoted much space to one of the city's most notorious tenements, — a certain Gotham Court on Cherry Street. This structure was not destroyed until 1896. Some gain resulted, of course, from the numerous agitations extending from 1842 to 1900; but real tenement reform begins at the latter date. That is, it was not until then that the builders were forced to abandon the old tenement type, and to begin the construction of large, well-ventilated, fire-protected, many-family dwellings.

A distinction should be made between tenement evils and bad housing. London, for example, which has comparatively few tenements, is famous for its slums. The working people live for the most part in small two and three story dwellings. The chief problems are overcrowding in single rooms and lack of adequate sanitation. In New York, on the other hand, the poorer classes live almost exclusively in four, five, and six story tenements, usually built upon a 25-foot lot, each floor divided into four two and

¹ *The Tenement House Problem*. Including the Report of the New York State Tenement House Commission of 1900. By Various Writ-

ers. Edited by ROBERT W. DE FOREST and LAWRENCE VEILIER. Two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

three room apartments. The only rooms in these structures receiving direct light and air are those facing the street and the yard. Those in the interior are almost entirely without ventilation. Their occupants are thus deprived of the two gifts of nature which, perhaps above all, make for health and happiness, — fresh air and sunshine. Life in these buildings is practically one long Arctic twilight. The development of an entire city along these lines, and the consequent dwarfing of the physical and moral nature of at least one half its population, would seem a fearful reflection upon American twentieth-century civilization. This, however, is the tenement problem of New York. It is evident at once that it is difficult of solution. Insanitary two and three story dwellings can be destroyed, and replaced with model cottages. This is the favorite method of correcting bad housing in England. But the razing of whole tenement blocks, each populated by 2000 or 3000 people, is too drastic and expensive a process for this generation. The proper treatment evidently is not correction, but prevention.

Thus the experience of New York is of the utmost importance to other cities. It is true that tenement evils, as described above, have not developed elsewhere to the same alarming degree. Compared with Europe, housing in American cities is almost ideal. Mr. Veiller has investigated twenty-seven municipalities, and finds even the beginnings of a tenement house problem in only six. These, besides New York, are Boston, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Jersey City, and Hartford. Bad housing conditions are found occasionally elsewhere; but the wholesale erection of tenements, except in the cities mentioned, is unknown. This general immunity, however, is not likely to last. The poor of Chicago are housed mostly in one and two story dwellings. A few of the orthodox New York double-decker tenements, however, began recently to

appear. Had Chicago followed the example of New York, the portent would have been officially ignored; and, in a few years, a tenement system would have been deep-seated. The City Homes Association, however, made a thorough investigation, and secured the passage of a tenement act closely following that of New York. As a result, Chicago can never become a city of insanitary tenements. Other places, even those where the "tenementization" process has not begun, have thus forever forestalled it. Mr. Veiller finds fairly satisfactory housing conditions in Cleveland. About five per cent of the houses are occupied by more than one family. Yet the citizens of Cleveland are now framing a law based upon that of New York. Thus Cleveland again can never become a city of insanitary tenements. Here and elsewhere the same tendencies, unless checked in time, threaten to duplicate the New York conditions. All our large cities have poor and ignorant populations which must be housed. They all have rich and not over-scrupulous property owners and builders, eager to invest their money at profitable rates. The danger increases every day, with the growth of an especially benighted class of immigrants. These immigrants not only furnish the tenants, but the real estate speculators, the builders, and the landlords. Thus thousands of the tenements of New York are owned by Jews, Germans, and Italians, who fight hard whenever the system is attacked. Such antagonisms will not be aroused in cities in which the tenement has not developed. Land prices are not predicated upon the possible construction of many-storied dwellings; and, in other ways, property interests are not greatly involved. The present is thus a favorable time for those cities that have no tenement laws to pass them. Reform in this particular case should properly begin before there is anything to reform.

Burton J. Hendrick.

THE series of essays which Mr. Woodberry here assembles¹ constitutes a fairly complete though extremely compact summary of American literary activity and achievement. The activity has been considerable, he decides, the achievement in pure literature small. American readers who have been brought up to a theory of patriotism which holds that one can hardly be loyal to the flag without exaggerating, among other things, the feats of American authorship, will not be pleased with these papers. The writer does not scruple to assert that our production of work which possesses some absolute literary value begins with Irving. He professes no reverence for "the received tradition of our colonial literature which has so swelled in bulk by the labors of our literary historians." He has no mercy even upon those few colonial relics in which, many of us think, a true spark is to be discerned. "What of the Day of Doom, The New England Primer, and Poor Richard's Almanack, and the other wooden worthies of our Noah's Ark, survivors from the Flood, archaic idols? These are relics of a literary fetishism, together with Franklin's Autobiography and Edwards's On the Freedom of the Will, except that the great character of Franklin still pleads for one, and the great intellect of Edwards for the other, with a few. They do not belong with the books that become the classics of a nation." Here Mr. Woodberry is speaking of literature in the polite sense; elsewhere he more commonly uses the word to mean any utterance in print of any human activity. So in speaking of New York he says: "In no other city is the power of the printed word more impressive. The true literature of the city is, in reality, and long has been, its great dailies; they are for the later time what the sermons of the old clergy were in

New England, — the mental sphere of the community; and in them are to be found all the elements of literature except the qualities that secure permanence."

The paper on the Knickerbocker Era is the most finished and adequate of the four chapters which deal with special periods. The power of Mr. Woodberry's style is in general cumulative rather than episodic; yet there are pithy phrases of his which stick in the memory: "It is hard in any case to localize Bryant. . . . That something Druidical which there is in his aspect sets him apart." . . . "Drake and Halleck stand for our boyish precocity; death nipped the one, trade sterilized the other; there is a mortuary suggestion in the memory of both." . . . "Every metropolis, however, breeds its own race of local writers, like mites in a cheese, numerous and active, the literary coteries of the moment. To name one of them, there was Willis; he was gigantic in his contemporaneity."

Mr. Woodberry's treatment of the New England period, or, as he has it, the Literary Age of Boston, is far slighter; it reminds us that the present book is a collection of separately published essays, and not a composition of chapters. For the book, it is unfortunate that the scale of the Knickerbocker paper should not have been maintained. The material at the critic's disposal here (he includes the Cambridge and Concord writers and Whittier) would seem to be quite equal in importance to all the rest of his subject matter. His discussion of Emerson, Hawthorne, and Longfellow, the three in whom "the genius of the people, working out in the place and among the things of its New England nativity, reached its height," is full and satisfying. But we are not quite prepared to find Thoreau disposed of with a bare mention, and Holmes, Whittier, and Lowell each hit off in a brief paragraph. We should have liked some qualification, or expansion of some of his judgments,

¹ *America in Literature*. By GEORGE E. WOODBERRY. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1903.

as this of Holmes: "Such a writer is seldom understood except by the generation with which he is in social touch; magnetism leaves him; he amuses his own time with a brilliant mental vivacity, but there it ends." There should end, by this same token, one reflects, your Horace, your Pepys, your Lamb, all your blessed provincials, whether rural or town-made, who have made shift to keep their audiences thus far.

He has much to say of Southern writers, and little to say for them. Simms composed "facile and feeble poems;" Timrod had, "like the whippoorwill, a thin, pathetic, twilight note;" Hayne, "one would rather liken to the mocking-bird, except that it does no kind of justice to the bird;" Lanier, with his "emotional phases . . . seems like Ixion, embracing the cloud." Poe, finally, is "the one genius of the highest American rank who belongs to the South."

The tone of these judgments would seem less severe if it did not chance that in the ensuing essay on the West, the author places much stress upon the agreeable wild notes of Joaquin Miller, and upon the "pietistic" romancer, Lew Wallace. The moods of the two essays seem to be somewhat different. The Southern writers are attacked upon the stern ground of literary merit; the Western writers are forgiven much because they seem to embody the Western spirit. The volume is, we may repeat, a collection of essays, not a treatise. The final chapter, in which the discussion of general "results and conditions" is no longer hampered by the necessity for personal estimates, conveys an impression of entire consistency. In it the author's mysticism, his profound faith, are seen to mellow and ennoble the sobriety of his attitude toward what has been and what is: "Special cultures arise . . . and mingle with currents from above and under, and with crossing circles in the present; and the best that man has found in any quarter, nationalized in many peoples,

takes the race and shapes it to itself after its own image, and especially with power in those who live the soul's life. . . . But now in our own time, and in this halt of our literary genius, it is plain that our nobler literature, with its little Western afterglow, belonged to an heredity and environment, and a spirit of local culture whose place, in the East, was before the great passion of the Civil War, and, in the West, has also passed away. It all lies a generation, and more, behind us. The field is open, and calls loudly for new champions."

H. W. B.

URBANITY of manner, breadth of Mr. Mabie's view, tolerance of temper, and Latest Book. a kindly, easy, genial attitude toward life, — these are the qualities ascribed to Irving in the latest book by Mr. Mabie. Fortunate is the man of letters who possesses them; they account in part for the charm of *Backgrounds of Literature*,¹ but they also serve to explain the ungracious and perhaps illogical irritation with which some of Mr. Mabie's readers will close the pages of his attractive volume.

There is no question of Mr. Mabie's competency for commenting upon the natural and social surroundings which have affected the work of these seven well-known, although quite unrelated authors. He is a man of wide reading, of swift and sympathetic observation. A long row of popular books already bears witness to his facility of expression. In the present volume, the easiest task was to describe the Lorna Doone country, and the most difficult was to analyze the American spirit in the poetry of Walt Whitman. Both papers are extraordinarily well done. The constructive criticism of Whitman is quite as skillful in its complex workmanship as is the essentially slight but pleasing record of the obvious emotions of a sentimental tourist in

¹ *Backgrounds of Literature*. By HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE. New York: The Outlook Co. 1903.

the Doone valley. Goethe, Scott, Wordsworth, Irving, and Emerson are the subjects of the other papers. That they are graceful and well-informed goes without saying. The better one knows Weimar and Edinburgh and Concord the better one realizes how admirable these essays are up to a certain point; but the greater also is one's regret that Mr. Mabie so rarely chooses to go beyond the bounds which he has set for himself.

An author's choice of company is of course his own affair; as far as conscious election plays a part in it he may write for posterity or for "antiquity" as he prefers. Mr. Mabie early chose the modest and useful part of preaching the gospel of culture to the half-cultivated. He has talked long and well to the Christian Endeavorers of literature. He has earned the right of addressing himself more directly to the saints. No American writer of our day has done more "good," in the simple sense of that word; but he has been gradually educating the more thoughtful portion of his large audience away from those mellifluous commonplaces in which he seems to think that the greatest good for the greatest number is still to be found. Many excellent missionaries have, through long and fluent preaching in a foreign tongue, forgotten how to use English. Danger lurks in Mr. Mabie's hierophantic manner of chanting the eternal truths of literature. Those rich cadences may please the ear without leaving any trace upon the memory. His is not, in its characteristic features, a style that "bites," but rather one of smoothly woven periods, produced by words thrown deftly back and forth upon a well-oiled shuttle, reversing automatically at every "but" or "yet," and then, as the arithmetics used to say, "proceeding as before."

Our quarrel, it will be perceived, is not with one of the most genial and gifted of our writers, but with that missionary

spirit which keeps him so frequently in Macedonia when he ought to be preaching to the Athenians on Mars' hill. No man reasons more persuasively concerning righteousness and temperance in letters, yet he might, we think, say more than he does about the judgment sure to come upon faulty theory and slovenly practice. Mr. Mabie uses every word in a critic's vocabulary except that one indispensable word "damn." His public does not like this expression, and all publishers unite in thinking it very bad form. Mr. Mabie courteously refrains from its use. This is a pity, for we have few men who care more sincerely for excellence, and who might say with greater authority to our generation:—

"Thou ail'st here, and here!"

If any proof of this were needed, it may be found in the essay on America in Whitman's *Poetry* in the present volume. Here is discriminating criticism, expressed with vigor and precision. For penetration, steady grasp of a complicated matter, and luminous statement, it is the best critique of Whitman thus far written in England or America. B. P.

UNIFORM with their excellent reprint *Father Hennepin* of the Expedition of Lewis and Clark, issued a year or more ago, Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Company have now published, under the editorship of Reuben Gold Thwaites, Father Hennepin's famous *New Discovery*.¹ The text is that of the second London issue of 1698, and there are facsimiles of original title-pages, maps, and illustrations, together with a breezy introduction by Mr. Thwaites, and a bibliography of Hennepin's works by Mr. Victor Paltsits of the Lenox Library. Father Hennepin was one of the most entertaining liars who ever journeyed into a far country. His account of Niagara, of "the incomparable River Meschabited by REUBEN GOLD THWAITES. Chicago; A. C. McClurg & Co. 1903.

¹ *A New Discovery of a Vast Country in America*. By FATHER LOUIS HENNEPIN. Ed-

sipi," and of the savage tribes that inhabited the vast Mississippi basin, loses no whit of its interest as the learned editor of the Jesuit Relations points out the precise measure of his departure from the truth. As if in anticipation of an age of historical scholarship, note how charmingly the mendicant friar defends himself against his future annotators:—

"I am not insensible of the Reflections I shall meet with from such as never dar'd to travel themselves, or never read the Histories of the Curious and Brave, who have given Relations of the strange Countries they have taken upon them to see; I doubt not but that sort of Cattle will account of this my Discovery as being false and incredible. But what they say shall not trouble me much: They themselves were never Masters of the Courage and Valour which inspires Men to undertake the glorious Enterprizes that gain 'em Reputation in the World, being confin'd within narrow Bounds, and wanting a Soul to achieve any thing that can procure 'em a distinguishing and advantageous Character among Men. It were better therefore for such to admire what they cannot comprehend, and rest satisfy'd in a wise and profound Silence, than thus foolishly to blame what they know nothing of."

No less delightful is his melancholy summary of the causes of his failure to propagate the gospel among the Indians at Fort Frontenac:—

"They were attentive and diligent in coming to their Prayers, tho they had none of that openness of Spirit which is necessary to enter into the Verities of Religion. They came to seek Instruction with a Spirit of Interest, to have our Knives, Awls, and such like things." Surely our contemporary apostles of the New Education, which endeavors, alike in the innocent tasks of the kindergarten and in the Graduate Schools of Ap-

plied Science, "to seek Instruction with a Spirit of Interest," should give their days and nights to a study of Hennepin. They will find no edition so good as this.

B. P.

"SULLENLY" was the adverb which Dr. Johnson chose to describe the temper in which Gray passed his days in his Cambridge chambers. For once the Leviathan's judgment of men, usually so convincing, was at fault. The case against him has become clearer with time, and the issue of *The Poet Gray as a Naturalist*¹ only serves to illustrate more vividly the perversity of phrase. Mason had written at length of Gray's wholesome concern with the out-of-door sciences, and his protégé Bonstetten had written of his preoccupation with the *Systema Naturae*: "After breakfast appear Shakespeare and old Lineus [*sic*] struggling together as two ghosts would do for a damned soul. Sometimes the one gets the better, sometimes the other." But not until now has it been possible to know the extent and quality of the poet's dealings with this same old "Lineus." Gray's copy of the *Systema*, passing through several hands, came at last to Ruskin's, and after his death was given by his heir to Charles Eliot Norton. Now we have a selection from Gray's notes therein and facsimiles of his drawings, edited by Mr. Norton with his familiar fine carefulness, and published in a form of much distinction and beauty.

In the three volumes of the *Systema*, Gray, it seems, caused to be inserted 1380 pages of interleaving, which he all but quite covered with Latin notes in his delicate, cursive script, and with easy and spirited delineations of birds and insects. Along with the laborious learning which we might expect, the notes show a skill as a descriptive naturalist.

By CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. Boston: Charles E. Goodspeed. 1903.

¹ *The Poet Gray as a Naturalist*. With Selections from his Notes on the *Systema Naturae* of Linnaeus and Facsimiles of Some of his Draw-

which could only come from the nice observation of the types of nature, *sub Jove*. The relation of these studies to the classic quality of Gray's poetic art, to his poetic taciturnity, would be a choice theme for the expatiation of a casual critic who could keep his reader in ignorance of the awkward fact that they were chiefly the occupation of Gray's last years, when his brief poetic activity had ceased. It is, however, certainly not out of place to note how the firm hold of the substantial forms of things which marks these notes comports with the reality of image, which for all his personifications and allusiveness is the life of his poetry.

And it is, at least, amusing to trace specific parallelisms between his poetry and his scientific annotation. To take a single instance: does not this description of *Felis catus* serve to illustrate the mood of the elegist of Selima? "*Domesticus parum docilis, subdolis, adulatorius; domino dorsum, latera, caput, affricare amat. Junior mire lusbis deditus et jocis; adultus tranquillior . . .*" and so to more technical items. Indeed, to a careful critic nothing which makes clearer the mind of a poet is quite foreign to the appreciation of his art; and this little book—so full of the reality of scholarship—is a true piece of Gray's mind. F. G.

"TRUE POETS."

At a time when the flattering proposals of a publisher, who—for a suitable sum in hand—"has faith in poetry," bring before an inattentive public too many meagre volumes of unripe and bewildered verse, it is cheering to find four books containing the artistic expression of sincere imaginative moods. The latest volumes of Mr. Carman and Mrs. Watson, whatever we may think of the worth of the thoughts informing them, have that measure of virtue at least; Mr. Taylor's first book shares it, and has a very marked poetic idiosyncrasy beside; while Mr. Woodberry's collected Poems is almost unique among recent books of verse in giving evidence of all three of the aptitudes of the "true poet" in harmonious accord,—temperament, skilled mastery of the ancient resources of the poetic art, and a poet's mind.¹

Mr. Carman's attempted compellation of the shade of Sappho in the rewriting of her hundred lost odes is an instructive experiment, colored by a very pleasing poetic quality. Handicapped as it is by Mr. Roberts's emotional Introduction singularly lacking in "the high, imperious verbal economy" which it celebrates, and notwithstanding the copious sameness of the work itself, it contains scarcely a line which read by itself will not trouble and delight the imagination with a vague sense of

"Old, unhappy, far-off things,"

and quicken it with the poignancy of

"the first sob of the south wind
Sighing at the latch with spring."

Yet a haunting sense of poetic imperfection will stay with the reader. This is particularly noticeable in the different

¹ *Sappho*. One Hundred Lyrics. By BLISS CARMAN. With an Introduction by CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 1904.
After Sunset. By ROSAMUND MARRIOTT-WATSON. New York and London: John Lane. 1904.

The Overture. By JOSEPH RUSSELL TAYLOR. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

Poems. By GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

lustre of the tags from Wordsworth and from Mr. Carman which we have just quoted. Mr. Carman's half-quantitative, unrhymed versification, with its subtle suggestion of Sapphic metre, is a technical triumph, the atmosphere and mood suffer no lapse, and the phrase is always suave and limpid; but its very suavity and limpidity are allied to the source of its defect. Sings Mr. Carman, —

And there as darkness gathers
In the rose-scented garden
The god who prospers music
Shall give me skill to play.
And thou shalt hear, all startled,
A flute blown in the twilight
With the soft pleading magic
The greenwood heard of old.

This sweetness of phrase and tune is everywhere in the book, but it goes along with a kind of facile profusion which is never drawn together in a single great line, compact, pregnant, and immortal like the one of Wordsworth's we have applied as a touchstone, and like all of Sappho's. Furthermore, there is a letting down of tone, a coolness of passion, that estops the verse from dateless perfection. For a time the magic of the flute (and with all its useful tone-color and connotation, the word occurs in nearly every poem) makes us oblivious of the real mood of what we are reading. Gradually we are aware: it is not Love, not Sapphic love, not even Theocritean love; it is *l'amour*.

Mrs. Watson's writing in verse has the poetic effectiveness that inheres in the simple and musical expression of moods of real tenderness and regret. Her pieces rarely convey the effect of bookishness so common in the plaintive music of fellow poets not for nothing called minor. Her chief literary inspiration is clearly from the German lyric Muse; but the likeness is one of affinity rather than of imitation. This connection is most obvious in her naming of poems, where such titles as Abschied, "Einst O Wunder," or Zigeunerlied

aptly suggest the burden of her song. Her gift of intimating a lyric mood in the German fashion, with the sparing use of "poetic" imagery and diction, as well as her tone of casual, unrevising spontaneity will appear from these fine memorial verses: —

The wind blows sweet through the valley,
A strong wind, pleasant and free;
It blows with a rumour of travel
To the moorland up from the sea.

The miles and the desolate distance,
It shatters them all at will,
While we wait here for a message
From a voice forever still.

O wind from the great new countries,
What know you of pain or loss?
We are weeping for him in England
Who died 'neath the Southern Cross.

Herrick in Ohio would have been an apt sub-title for the little book of an uncommonly attractive individuality which Mr. Taylor has happily called *The Overture*. Mr. Taylor has little of the limpidity of Mr. Carman, and less of the simplicity of Mrs. Watson. His work is exuberant with imagery and sound drawn from American woods and fields, conveyed in a prodigious number of lyric words drawn from the vast storehouse of the poets. But this opulence is more promising than penury; it is so often controlled by an imaginative heat, and so invariably modulated in unusual and effective rhythms, that it augurs still better work to be done. There is no other poet now writing who adventures irregular swallow flights of dactyls and anapaests so successfully as Mr. Taylor; witness these enraptured lines: —

Hark, how the bobolinks ripple and bubble!
Out of the orchard what rapture of robins!
And look, the brown thrush up and facing the
storm
With a shaken, jubilant splendor and storm of
song,
And more than the heart can bear!

We like Mr. Taylor better in his dealings with bird songs and the Ohio countryside than we always do in his

celebrations of more social sentiments. He is rather too much disposed toward undue detail and unction in his enumeration of a girl's charms, too prone to dally over some one of them, like the ankle, not particularly expressive of character. Some of the Elizabethans and Herrick contrived to produce fine poetry in spite of a similar predilection. But nowadays it is haply a dangerous thing to attempt to poetize the passion of love unidealized either by the mood of romantic devotion, or by that foreboding of motherhood which has ennobled most English poetry in this kind. Mr. Taylor has the advantage that his dalliance is out of doors, and the keen air and sunlight which fill his lines keep the sentiment just above *l'amour*. As is often the case with young poets, whose store of allusion and observation is an embarrassment, Mr. Taylor is seen at his best in set verse forms. This sonnet might to advantage have known more of file and hammer, but nevertheless it represents the quality of his best achievement, and conveys his characteristic mood and poetic creed:—

Not only through old legend's royal guise,
Nor in the quest that sought the fleece, the grail,
The sudden god looks forth to turn men pale
With wonder looking out of beauty's eyes.
At times a light of great enchantment lies
On my plain fields; in woods as through a veil
Gleams the unknown romance; and the lost tale
Informs familiar rivers with surprise.
Once, when upon the utmost hills the sun
An hour unmoving hung, and, all song dead,
Grew lovelier, sterner, deepening into red,
Harrow of stars, shaping the arrow blade
I saw the wild geese go. Summer was done.
The wingèd longing left me half afraid.

Writing in the Atlantic fourteen years ago Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, then editor of the magazine, said at the close of an extended review of Mr. Woodberry's first volume of verse: "The reviewer whose diversions in this sort are not many counts it a fortunate month, indeed a fortunate year when he can say, 'Here is a new poet,' and commend a

volume which makes so rich promise as the North Shore Watch." But two characteristics of Mr. Woodberry's life have passed since then; "a life," as he says, in his preface, "never so fortunate as to permit more than momentary and incidental cultivation of that art which is the chief grace of the intellectual life;" yet the promise has been made good. The collected edition will be welcomed by many readers to whom the North Shore Watch and Wild Eden are not so much books of admirable verse to be respectfully neglected, as a constant and intimate possession. Though it is too fine and sincere a product ever to be the idol of a cult, there are qualities in Mr. Woodberry's poetry which make it, in a certain loose sense, esoteric. For all its human wistfulness it is not quite poetry for the man in the street, nor is it poetry for the lean and slippered pantaloon; it is peculiarly the poetry of young men, of young men of generous mind, no strangers to the old paths of the Muses and soaring philosophies, yet quick with the sense of present beauty, and earnest with the thought of present obligation. It will, perhaps, not be amiss to take occasion of the appearance of this collected edition to consider the quality and significance of Mr. Woodberry's work.

It is impossible to open the volume anywhere, at random, without at once observing as its prime characteristics a purity of line, a sweetness of melody, a fineness of sentiment, not to be found present in such perfect and unbroken harmony in the work of any other among contemporary poets. These lines from the little Platonic drama of Agathon are not a purple patch; they represent the color and texture of the woof of the poem:—

Love comes in youth, and in the wakeful heart
Delight begins, soft as Aurora's breath
Fretting the silver waves, and dimly sweet
As stir of birds in branches of the dawn,
So soft, so sweet, thy touches round my heart.
O, fable, fable on!

Here, in little, are many of the qualities of Mr. Woodberry's work; its musical sweetness, its fineness, its concern with maidenhood, and maiden youth. But to see these traits in their intensity we shall have to turn to some of the lyrics, where in a true lyrical mood is poetized, with firm lyrical structure, and with the canorous quality that invites to reading aloud. Take, for example, these stanzas:—

O, strange to me and wondrous,
The storm passed by,
With sound of voices thundrous
Swept from the sky;
But stranger, love, thy fashion, —
O, tell me why
Art thou, dark storm of passion,
So slow to die?

As roll the billowy ridges
When the great gale has blown o'er;
As the long winter dirges
From frozen branches pour;
As the whole sea's harsh December
Pounds on the pine-hung shore;
So will love's deep remember,
So will deep love deplore.

In the deepening music of the vowels, in subtle and haunting repetends, in perfect fusion of syntax in cadence, as well as in the imaginative rightness of the underlying similitude, this is as perfect in its way as — why should we hesitate — the songs of Tennyson.

There are in these lines qualities, other than those of formal perfection, which will lead us inward. The view of nature in them is of a piece with that found in every poem. There is almost no piece without its setting of landscape, — Italy, the Cyclop's shore, the sea, the prairie; — but most often it is the keen, sweet New England countryside and seashore. This is the real natural background of Mr. Woodberry's mind, and it is so sharply realized that all of his work has a peculiarly racy and indigenous tang. In that noble elegy the North Shore Watch, for all its freightage of idealistic monism, the mood of the old lament for Bion is as perfectly reproduced amid the "brine and bloom" of the Beverly shore

as it was by Milton on the banks of Cam, or by Arnold on Thameside. But here, as everywhere else in the volume, there is one striking fact to be noted which will help us to apprehend the quality of the poetry still more intimately. The natural background is uncommonly real and vivid, but we do not enter upon it by the aid of many details of observation, as in the case of Mr. Taylor's verse, or through very much concrete imagery. Mr. Woodberry's affair is not so much with the types of Nature, as with her moods and symbolical processes, with the turn of tides and seasons, and with the temperament of the weather. It is Nature recollected in tranquillity — and Platonized.

Here we have foreshadowed the trait of Mr. Woodberry's poetry that gives it its power with youth, and justifies our attribution to him of the poet's mind. His work has the tonical coherence that springs from a single view of the world, clearly conceived, and firmly and consistently maintained. It is easy for the whimsicalist who has never found — or has lost — himself to smile at "idealism;" it is easy for the Lockist to confute it; yet it is the indispensable stuff of poetry which is life. Mr. Woodberry is a Puritan by inheritance, a Platonist by temperament, and a cosmopolitan student of letters by training. Out of these strands he has woven and presented elsewhere in prose an idealistic programme which is pretty much that of Sidney and Shelley ripened for the times. Held by an immature mind of any age, such a faith is often far from convincing, but when it is put forth with mature enthusiasm, and informed with the results of sound historical and literary scholarship, it gains an evidential import that will not be gainsaid. This is the vital principle in Mr. Woodberry's poetry, and it will appear more clearly from almost any stanza of the poetry itself than from many paragraphs of expository tediousness. These stanzas, torn from an ode

remarkable for its sustained flight in a perilous course, will serve for illustration. We quote from Wild Eden (1899), which here, as in several other cases, presents a better text, to our mind, than that of the collected edition : —

I shall go singing over-seas :

"The million years of the planet's increase,
All pangs of death, all cries of birth,
Are clasped at one by the heart of earth."

I shall go singing by tower and town :

"The thousand cities of men that crown
Empire slow-rising from horde and clan
Are clasped at one by the heart of man."

I shall go singing by flower and brier :

"The multitudinous stars of fire,
And man made infinite under the sod
Are clasped at one by the heart of God."

It is clear that poetry so intellectual as this, so constantly — even in occasional pieces — guided by the spiritual sense of life, is not calculated to win to the outer circles of popularity. There will, moreover, be those who will call it "academic." This is a true characterization, but if it be used in dispraise it involves a misconception. Mr. Woodberry is an academic poet in precisely the sense that Virgil and Catullus, Milton and

Tennyson were academic poets ; not in the sense that Addison and Leo XIII were so. He has the sieve for noble words. Everywhere in the volume are images, turns of thought, cadences, symbols, that send the lettered mind flashing away to Shelley, or Gray, or Tasso, or Theocritus ; yet no piece is merely bookish. The mood is always real and deeply felt, and if for the expression of it the author has drawn deeply from the old stores of the Muses, it is but the rightful privilege of the *ultimus calamus*, the last pen, which, so it make them its own by eminent domain, may use at will all the riches of its predecessors. It may well be that here and there is a turn of this sort that is "bookish" in the sense that it fails quite to carry to a reader not acquainted with the classics of our own and other tongues. In the main, however, Mr. Woodberry's volume is a vindication of the scholarly mode of poetry. His envisagement of life is the richer for his scholarship, his expression more suave and eloquent. And if there be a loss in extensiveness of appeal, there is a compensating gain in the intensity of delight for qualified readers. *F. G.*

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

WHEN I declare my preference for the pen over the typewriter, the hustling business man of to-day will class me among the cranks who would abolish the railway in favor of the stagecoach. But I am no bigoted devotee of ancient ways. I have myself used the typewriter for thirteen years, and would not hesitate to give it a testimonial for services rendered. I can understand, too, that to the merchant or lawyer, with his immense correspondence, it has become a necessary labor-saving device. I do not dispute its use-

fulness as a commercial instrument ; it is as a literary instrument that I believe its value to be commonly over-rated.

Let it be granted that in many cases the machine promotes legibility. There are persons of so vexatious a handwriting that the Golden Rule would prohibit them from putting their thoughts on paper without its assistance. Yet, in spite of the neglect of penmanship in modern schools, these are exceptions. The next advantage is speed. No doubt this counts for much in an office, or in the reporters' room of a daily paper, but where it is a

question of thoughtful composition, and not of the mere transcribing of shorthand notes, the supposed profit is illusory. You do not need a literary automobile for ideas that can scarcely keep up with a pedestrian pace. I have serious doubts about the ingenious conceptions that have been lost to the world because the author's pen lagged behind his imagination.

Now for my grievances against this vaunted substitute for the old-fashioned pen. First, there is its weight, which restricts its use to the table or desk at home. Next, there is the fact that, being a machine, it is subject to all the ills that machinery is heir to. All makes of typewriter except one—see advertisements and circulars *passim*—have a tendency to get out of order, and the law of chances makes it unlikely that any individual among us will capture that elusive perfect creation. Now, as a rule, the professional author is not of a mechanical bent: neither natural aptitude nor training has given him the knack of dealing authoritatively with levers and pawls. And the derangements are sure to come at the most irritating moments, with disastrous effects upon the writer's moods. There was no unhealthiness of tone about Oliver Wendell Holmes, yet he was careful to avoid all possible friction that might interrupt the act of composition. Many a fine thought, he said, had perished ere it was fairly born, being strangled in the birth by a hair on the nib of the pen or choked out of life by muddy ink. How much more apprehensive would he have been of the intellectual parts of an erratic type-bar or a refractory ribbon! Then, the physical labor involved in the working of any make of machine must consume much more energy than the formation of letters by the pen. Possibly the average literary man would be better if he took more exercise, but indoor athletics of this sedentary type scarcely supply the lack. Further, although one may not be acutely conscious of the noise of the operation,

the constant rattle cannot but add to the strain, and produce a certain nervous wear and tear.

A novice at typewriting commonly fears that the demand of the machine upon the attention must make original composition upon it impossible. Actually there is no difficulty here, for after a little practice he thinks as little about his keys as the bicyclist about his balance. The real drawback does not lie in any sense of the unnaturalness of the medium, but in the awkwardness of making corrections while writing. It is a clumsy task to alter a word, or change the order of clauses, or make interlineations while the paper is on the cylinder, so we decide to wait until the sheet comes off the machine. By the time we have reached the bottom of the page the projected amendment has slipped our memory. To some kinds of writing the forfeiture of this opportunity means a serious loss. Literary quality is still further impaired by a temptation to which the typewriter exposes those authors for whose work there is a great demand. In the facilities it supplies for the copying of dictated matter in a short time, and at a cheap rate, some professional writers have discerned an expedient for increasing their output. This inevitably means the production of poorer stuff. Mr. Herbert Spencer confessed not long ago that in re-reading his own books he found those which had been dictated inferior in style to the others. When a writer attempts to compose at shorthand speed he turns himself into an extempore speaker; he is insensibly drawn to cultivate the style of the man on the platform, and his article has the diffuseness of an harangue. It might be impressive with an audience, but it wearies the reader.

But suppose that the book or article is completed without the aid of either stenographer or machine, is it not desirable that the manuscript should then be translated into the clearer letterpress of the

typewriter before coming into the printer's hands? Only in one case, — namely, when the author performs this translation himself. If his own handwriting is hard to read, better let him send his autograph sheets to the printer in all their tangle and uncouthness than have them "straightened out" in a typewriting office. The average compositor, in a good house, is far more competent than the average girl typist to decipher difficult manuscript, and when his sagacity fails he has expert assistance close at hand to appeal to. The typist will misread a word and substitute another, which, though it goes a long way toward spoiling the sentence, does not make nonsense of it. The author, glancing hurriedly through the typewritten sheets and not comparing them minutely with the first draft, does not notice the difference, and the printer, of course, follows the copy that is set before him. If the autograph original had gone straight to the compositor's case the mistake would not have been made. I could give instances within my own knowledge, illustrating the corruption of a text by the process just described. As I said at the outset, I am no unreasoning foe to the typewriter, for it has been a helper and friend to the journalist and author as well as to the man of business; but at a time when there are so many other causes of slovenliness in the production of printed matter it will be a great pity if its indiscriminate use leads to a degeneration in literary style, or to a lowering of the standard of high-class printing.

I BEGAN to read the Contribution called **Unhandsomely Illustrated.** "Handsomely Illustrated," in a recent Club, with all the pleasant anticipation of the small boy who sees his contemporary about to come in for an application of the maternal slipper. (Let me correct myself and say paternal, for the Contributor has done his utmost for the credit of the Club by betraying his sex.) I read with interest and sympathy, but finished disappointed. Was it possible that he had failed to

bring the slipper down on the right spot, — which meant, of course, the one I was thinking of? Should that bad boy still go unpunished for that particular sin? Discipline forbid! Not if I have to give him what he deserves myself!

"He [the illustrator] derives his idea from the text just as the reader derives his," remarks the Contributor. But there are times when we are forced sadly to doubt the truth of this statement, in fact, to wonder whether the illustrator derives his idea from the text at all. "Sophronia sat in the twilight pondering," Sophronia being represented in the story as a gentle, quiet New England maid. Illustration, a thick-lipped, fierce-eyed, disheveled, tropical sort of creature whom one suspects of mixed descent. Or Alicia's straitened circumstances and narrow village life are happily indicated by a modish, low-cut, evening frock. Two generations ago we could forgive a Becky Sharp who was apparently a decrepit Italian hag. And in 1840, when the burning of the Steamer Lexington was pictured, we were much edified to see all the gentlemen, escaping on mattresses or floating in the water, prudently attired in high hats. We should not, I think, have caviled if we had seen them courteously removing those stately coverings in deference to the ladies whom they were helping to places of refuge. But times have changed since then, and our demands have changed with them. It appears, however, that methods have not changed so much as we are sometimes led to fancy. With all the boasted advance in illustration, Sophronia's West Indian countenance and Alicia's low-necked dress seem to my humble perception to belong to the same stage of development as the early Becky and the "toppers" of the Lexington's passengers.

Another weakness we should surely have outgrown. "Isabel watched Robert's changing expression," remarks an author in a late magazine. But in the illustration, Isabel's attention is deter-

minedly fixed upon a spot on the wall, about on a level with Robert's waist. Again I am sent back to the past, this time to those large wall-engravings that within not so very long a memory no gentleman's parlor was without. "The Marriage of Pocahontas" was especially admirable for the ingenuity of the artist in providing separate points of attention for all the numerous wedding guests, and still avoiding the necessity of having a single one glance in the direction of the pair just making their vows to Heaven. "The Declaration of Independence" presents the same effect with no less success, the august Signers showing an entire lack of interest in the great document before them, and bending their minds, to judge from their evident uneasy self-consciousness and rapt gaze at vacancy, on having their pictures taken. The illustrator who gave us Isabel cannot rival these examples in point of elaborate composition, but so far as his subject permits he has followed their tradition faithfully.

I quite agree with the Contributor. Illustrations should illustrate. Is it too much to ask that they also make a nearer approach to that realism which we are so often assured is the most striking characteristic of our time?

It is a matter of self-gratulation with me that I am at one and the same time an American, and not a millionaire. Because of the first I may go to Europe; because of the second, I have n't been there already.

But I find two fears menacing my airship fancies. Do I know enough to go to Europe? When I am ready to see Europe, will there be a Europe there to see? For I am densely, deeply ignorant. That is all very well in America, where I am only one among a nation of bluffers; but would not Europe see through me, find me out, refuse to shake hands? I fear that the Grandmother Past would not take me on her lap and tell me stories if I could n't recite my English sovereigns, if I proved hazy on architecture, and im-

perfect in geography. Would the dead come forth debonair out of their crypts to welcome me, if I could furnish no dates by way of credentials? I knowing no Italian, would the gondoliers sing into my heart all the gayety of Venice? My French being rusted, would Paris pass with me the merry time of day? I am afraid Europe will say to me, Out of my palaces, away from my pictures, don't lay finger on my cathedrals, — no ignoramus wanted here! — But I have no time to study all these matters, nor patience either. Nor am I minded to do Europe by Baedeker; I am right gypsy with the lust for strange faces and beckoning byways, and with no nose whatsoever to be buried in a guidebook. I mentioned these my doubts and fears to a fellow worker, who had scraped and saved and bought herself a summer, and returned as one likes to see travelers return — shabby-coated, shining-eyed, speaking little, with do-it-again-as-soon-as-possible writ large over all her plans and purposes. She answered promptly, "It is much better to study about it after you have seen it than before." Perhaps it is; I will leave it that way, I think. Europe must take me just as I am; if it does n't, so much the worse for Europe.

Yet when I take stock of my knowledge of that various other side, what a small parcel it is, and how shakily done up! London, for instance. In London there are the Tower, and Westminster, and the Temple, and lodgings, — streets and streets of lodgings. In the Tower are beef-eaters, — a sort of mediæval policemen carrying halberds; and crown jewels in glass cases, — I never did care much for things in glass cases; and then there are bloodstains; but I am afraid to appreciate bloodstains; I should have gone abroad younger. Westminster is a great dim place where you may stay all day, like a Mr. Addison or a Mr. Harding, or poking about the Poets' Corner, feeling the ashes of the great mouldering genially all about you, — only it would

be just my luck to be thrilled by a cenotaph.

The Temple is a name of magic. I've no notion of its appearance. There is an Inner Temple, — that implies, I suppose, a building like an American apartment house built around a court. But it is the Temple, the Inner Temple that I want to see in London, because *he* lived there, had chambers there, held his Wednesday evenings there, — the saddest, merriest soul that ever chuckled in print.

Those London lodgings, — I should have to live in lodgings in London, poor lodgings, because they are cheap and I am cheap, — frowzy lodgings, savored with frying, garnished at intervals with a slatternly landlady and a little slavey. In lodgings they furnish candles and toast and tea, a diet which would have to be washed down with plentiful draughts from that cask I carry with me, that wine called *Traveler's Delight*.

My Continental itinerary is delightfully vague; my imagination supplies a map of the everywhere, marked with bright red crosses where are the Alps, Paris, Rome, Venice. My general impression of the Continent is that, as a whole, it suffers from a lack of the great American bathtub, and does not supply ice water. Dirty and thirsty and happy-hearted shall I make my pilgrimage. Paris first, where you can sit — sit on *what*? — and see all the world drive by, see all the world out pleasuring; Paris, that performs all manner of naughtiness so prettily that nobody cares, because it's Paris, — should I dare to sip the tiniest sip of absinthe myself? Paris, — where I should be cheated of my hard-wrung dollars with shrugs so picturesque and smiles so ready that I would gladly pay the price. But I have heard that in Paris strange men speak to young girls on the street. I am not a young girl, but a man *might* speak to me, and being an American, I should n't like it.

Posting southward, I shall find my

Italy, with its sunshine, its brown, care-free beggars, its old gardens, its old palaces, its old statues, all its grace of beautiful decay. I want to see Rome, Horace's Rome, Hawthorne's Rome, Crawford's Rome; I want to see the Pope, and St. Peter's, and the Faun, and Miriam. And I want to see the catacombs. How do you get to them? I picture myself running about the streets hunting diligently for a stairway down, just as I hunt for the basement in a department store. How damp and shivery and fearsome and Poe-ish! Let no man cheat me of my catacombs.

Venice is the next red spot on my map, Venice by day and Venice by night, with the music over the water, the rhythmic dip of oars, the lights of palace windows, and the gliding through moonlight into shadow. But my American soul rises up in query, as thus, — if Venice were in America, what a clatter it would make in the press with its typhoid and its malaria! what in the world does Venice do about microbes and mosquitoes? This is irreverence. Let me here admonish myself betimes, — look 'ee, miss, when you go to Europe, do not carry the skeleton of a microbe with you to spoil the feast.

But even as I dream of my red crosses, and the brave unknown roads that lead to them, that other fear of mine comes knocking, knocking, — will Europe wait for me? Even now it shows signs of impatience at my delay, says, "Hurry up!" and knocks down a Campanile in dudgeon. It is causing its cathedrals to crumble, it is girdling its Alps with trolley lines, it is undressing its peasants to trick them out in ugly clothes like ours, it is even muttering threats of household sanitation. If it would only wait a little while!

Such titles as "Vanishing London" alarm me. I had not supposed that London would be vulgar enough to vanish. I thought they did things better over there; Henry James gave me so to understand. I should have thought John

Bull would thrust forward his jaw as who should say, "Pooh, pooh. Don't talk to me about vanishing!"

Not long since there appeared a series of articles showing forth the commercial conquest of Europe by America. I did not read the articles; the illustrations made me sufficiently sick at heart. They represented glaring American dollar signs hung out all over the landscape from Labrador to the boot-toe of Italy, from Portugal to Siberia! Matter of apprehension, indeed, to the wanderer held at home!

You travelers who are setting out ahead of me, who are even now shouldering scrip and taking up staff for the pilgrimage, carry my message over the seas, — tell Europe to wait for me, pray Europe to sit down hard and hold on to itself with both hands to keep from vanishing, for I am surely coming, — I, the great American wage-earner — tramp, tramp! — I am coming!

A PHASE of the rural life of New England, often touched upon by **New England Vis-
ionaries.** local writers, surely needs further elucidation. No attempt to define the cause or even the nature of a well-known feature of this part of our country seems adequate. There are not many villages or settlements in New England where there is not at least one person afflicted — if you choose to use that word — with a sort of mild monomania, an unshaken belief in something which does not exist, either a remembering of what has never happened, or a hoping for what cannot come. One can hardly call this insanity, madness, for upon all other points the mind is clear and healthy. Some have styled these hallucinations dreams. But we wake from dreams, and I have never known a case of the kind referred to cured, or one of these illusions or delusions dispelled. I would not bring such a trite subject to these pages had I not met lately with two or three illustrations which seem to me somewhat significant.

For several years I have met at intervals in one of our northern hill villages a pleasant little countrywoman. Her neat, white cottage and gay little garden are well known to many summer boarders. She is a tiny creature, with twinkling black eyes and intelligent face, and I have always enjoyed my chats with her about her posies, her dog and cat, and her neighbors. For years I never saw in her the faintest sign of an unbalanced mind, nor did any of the country folk about seem to regard her as anything but sane and sensible. But one day when she came to bring me a bunch of "posy-peas" — a name given to distinguish the decorative sweet peas of the borders from the homelier blossoms of the kitchen garden — she told me a story. I knew that she had lost two children under painful circumstances many years before, but had forgotten that she had a son still living. Some word of mine showed that I thought her childless, and she exclaimed, "Why, don't you know I've got a boy livin' way out West?" Her whole face shone as she went on speaking of that boy. In her story he was the best, the most devoted of sons, steady, industrious, prosperous, and, moreover, very religious. He was married, and had two children, little girls. These she had never seen, but they loved her dearly, and always sent her messages of affection in their father's weekly letters. "I wish I'd got their picturs here," she said wistfully. "I'd 'a' fetched 'em along if I'd thought; so pretty and cunnin' they be in their little white frocks, with their hair all slicked and curled. John says in his last letter — Here, I'll read it to you." She put her hand to the bosom of her dress as if to draw forth the cherished paper, but withdrew it, saying, "No, I left it to home. But I can say it off every word." And she repeated slowly, as if from memory, "'Mary Ann and 'Lizy' — that one's named for me — 'send their love to dear grandma. They keep a-talkin' about you, and every

single night when they say their prayers they put in "God bless grandma and take care of her." "The old woman's voice broke, and the tears rolled down her face as she quoted this. She gave me many homely details, till I seemed to know all about this loving son and his filial piety. It was a pathetic tale, but as she used the broadest dialect of the region, and introduced many odd idioms of her own, I often "smiled as well as sighed." When she spoke earnestly of her daughter-in-law, "John's wife, Libby Jane, the best woman that ever breathed the breath o' life," I was touched, and thought of Jean Ingelow's lines, —

"A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my son's wife, Elizabeth."

But when she added that Libby Jane was a real Christian though she did weigh nigh on to two hundred pounds, I smiled inwardly.

She went away, promising to bring the pictures and letters soon.

Now for my sequel: The poor woman's story was true only in one particular, — she had a son living. But he was a scamp. He left her years before, and had never sent her a word since he went away. She heard of him from time to time, of his ill repute as a drunken, worthless vagabond. He had married, but had abandoned his wife after a few months. These were the hard foundation facts upon which was reared the airy, beautiful castle shown me that day.

Now, nobody can make me believe that this little woman was deliberately lying. That she thoroughly believed, at the time, all she told me, I cannot doubt. You would not doubt had you seen and heard her. The neighbors whom I questioned all gave her credit for being honest and truthful, and all pronounced her sane. "But," as one of them said in explanation, "she's had a sight of trouble, and no child to be a mite of comfort, so she's just got to believing this about her son being good and all that, and we never let on it is n't so." Well,

I hope no sincere but mistaken stickler for truth will ever let on to the poor woman that it is n't so. I have met her again and again since that time, but she has rarely spoken of her son. Once she met me, with a beaming face, saying, as soon as she was within hearing, "I got a letter from John last night, and I'm goin' to fetch it over." She never fetched it. Now, where and how did her story, with its many little details of her son's devotion and that of his family, come to the simple soul? She could not have manufactured all at any one time. It must have been the growth of years, all that the poor creature had heard or seen of filial affection being woven into it, bit by bit. It seems to me it must have begun with a yearning desire which at last became to her the firm substance of the "things hoped for."

I was driving in northern New England a few years ago, and stopped for the night at a small inn. When I went to my room I was at once struck by the odd look of a piece of furniture there. It was a low, benchlike table or tablelike bench, not a foot-stove, nor a shelf, but a little like either or both. Its decoration was the most striking thing about it. This was in gaudy color, — a wild, flying, sprawling, bold, free creation. Was it a dragon or an archangel? Was it meant for a winged victory or the spirit of plague, pestilence, and famine? I cannot describe it; I never saw anything so weird as this — Thing — as it tossed its limbs or wings or tentacles about and flung them across that wooden background. I found myself saying over to myself some lines from an old hymn my father used to sing: —

"And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad."

When the landlady's little daughter came into the room I asked her what the strange object was. She answered glibly, but I could not understand her. The reply seemed one long, unintelligible

word. I repeated my inquiry. This embarrassed the bashful child, and rattling off the name again she fled from the room. But this time I made out the syllables of the strange utterance, "crazy-man's-vision." And she spoke the strange name as if it was the well-known designation of any ordinary bit of household furnishing, as one should say, a low-boy, or a settle, or a secretary.

As I passed through the hall on my way downstairs I glanced into two or three bedrooms, and in each I saw an exact counterpart of the article in my own room. Later I found one in the parlor and another in the dining-room. Then I questioned the landlady, an intelligent, sensible woman, and this is what she told me:—

These objects were all made by a resident of the village, a man of some means, not obliged to work for a living. For years his one occupation had been the making and decorating these strange, useless things. They were all exactly alike, having upon each the same marvelous, spreading, flying—as my informant described it, "*sprangling*"—creature. And it was his own name for these which the little girl had given me, crazy-man's-vision. He never sold one, but gave them all to friends and neighbors. "He don't need money," the good

woman said, "being about the well-to-doest man about here." And she added, "There is n't a house in the village, I guess, that has n't got at least one of these crazy-man's-visions." The man himself was said to be sensible and bright, esteemed by his neighbors, and often consulted by them in matters of business and village affairs. He had never shown the slightest sign of an unsound mind save in this one matter. But my landlady and one or two neighbors with whom I talked all spoke of his strange absorption in this occupation, and his intense admiration of the completed work. "I've seen him sit and look at one of those outlandish figures," said one old man, "by the hour, and I've heard him say that folks did n't know how splendid that picture was, but they would some day."

These two illustrations—drawn from real life and not retouched or exaggerated in the slightest degree—seem to have much in common.

The mother-love, disappointed and objectless, seeking a resting-place so earnestly that it seems already gained; the artistic, imaginative nature, untaught, untrained, aspiring toward expression, and finding this strange outlet and utterance,—these are not dissimilar. But I found no theory upon them. I leave that to wiser heads.

